THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

5cts. 10c. in Canada NOVEMBER 2, 1918

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Lieut. H. K. Black — Oliver M. Sayler — Frederick Orin Bartlett — Elizabeth Frazer
Henry Milner Rideout — Samuel G. Blythe — Kennett Harris — Joseph Hergesheimer

Skookum
the Nation's Supreme
Apples

—a *New Season* motto from the Northwest's famous mountain apple-lands: *"Better Apples*

Build Redder-Blooded Youth!"

—the safest child in America is that child who takes another apple from the box on the pantry floor and forgets the candy-stick and the sweet-cake on the shelf. One *good* apple deserves another, *and yet another,* blessing that child at last with that apple habit which spells *apple-health!* That child's bright old age is already won. It is golden truth that the greatest health discovery a mother can make is the empty apple box and the full child.

There is no safer health than apple-health

Every good apple is a cup of priceless juices, laden with Nature's exhilarating delights and those precious nutritive mineral salts which are the very jewels of the blood. A box of *good* apples open in the pantry is the medicine chest closed in the closet. A box of one hundred *good* apples costs no more than a box of one hundred choice candies. The *good* apple's cost is really nothing—it is saved in the drug store. The apple family is the happy family—*good* apples passed to all; the steaming, savory pan of rich baked apples; the deep apple pie! There is nothing like it! Start with *good* apples. Keep on with *good* apples. Dozens—boxes of them. A *good* apple is the best thing in the house. Always remember, constantly think of it, that *the box emptied of apples is the house filled with health.*

SKOOKUM EXCLUSIVE SERVICE: Skookum apples are individually selected apples. They are exclusively from the famous volcanic-ash apple highlands of the Pacific Northwest. Nowhere else in the world has Nature endowed apple orchards with so rich a soil and such abundant sunshine and so vigorous a climate. The apples are naturally *robust,* rich in essences. They are of tantalizing flavor and aroma, of beautiful appearance and keeping quality. Skookum thus supplies the needed *good apple.* Moreover *see the Calendar*—get acquainted with the varieties at their very best.

TWO GRADES: *"Dessert"* grade (wrapped in tissue bearing trade mark). Supreme in quality, color and form. *"Utility"* grade (in plain wrapper). Just as good as *Dessert* grade except in form and color. Lower in cost.

FREE RECIPE BOOK: Free from your dealer, or send 2c in stamps to defray mailing.

Skookum Apple Butter adds enticing flavor to unsatisfactory war breads. You'll like the fruity, spicy flavor. Sealed jars protect its goodness. Try it and save half the cost of creamery butter. At all first class grocers.

NORTHWESTERN FRUIT EXCHANGE, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Largest Shippers of Boxed Apples in the World

Jobbers: You can get Skookum Apples from us or the North American Fruit Exchange, our representatives in all large cities.

National Apple Day is November 7th

Eat Skookum Apples

SKOOKUM APPLE CALENDAR

There are thirteen varieties of Skookum apples. Each variety has its own peculiarities, and its rich qualities are at their best during the months of its prime, given below.

1. **Grimes**—October, November. Eating and cooking.
2. **Jonathan**—October, November. Eating and cooking.
3. **Banana**—Oct., Nov., Dec. Eating and cooking.
4. **Spitzenberg**—November, December, January. Both eating and cooking.
5. **Ortley**—Nov., Dec., Jan. Eating and cooking.
6. **Delicious**—November, December. Eating only.
7. **Wagener**—Nov., Dec. Eating and cooking.
8. **Stayman**—Dec., Jan., Feb. Eating and cooking.
9. **Rome Beauty**—December, January, February, March. Supreme baker. Excellent eating.
10. **White Winter Pearmain**—January, February, March. Cooking and eating.
11. **Arkansas Black**—February, March, April, May. Cooking only.
12. **Newtown**—March, April, May. Cooking and eating.
13. **Winesap**—Feb., March, April. Eating only.

Go by the calendar, and you will get *all* the apple's goodness and you will never blame the apple.

Each Skookum is wrapped in sanitary, protective tissue.

Good fabrics are "good business"

HERE'S one thing you can't lose sight of if you want clothes that last and save —get good fabrics. Prices are higher; and in many clothes, fabric-quality is lower. Ours isn't.

We make our clothes of lasting fabrics, as always; we guarantee your satisfaction with fabric, style, wear, tailoring, dye — as we always have. You pay more for such clothes but they're worth it.

Our clothes are all wool.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Clothes that save

Copyright, 1916, Hart Schaffner & Marx

The Thanksgiving Dessert

MAKE steamed oat flour pudding your dessert for the feast of the home-coming day and you will give the boys a dessert worthy of them and of you. Light and spicy, with a creamy sauce as delicious as nectar; yet the recipe strictly conforms to the Government's conservation plans. In its making Crisco has a most important part.

You will like this pudding any time. The directions are found nowhere else. Clip them for your Cook Book.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco is a wholly vegetable product, the solid cream of sweet edible oil. It is tasteless and odorless. It is so rich and delicate a cooking fat that you cannot go amiss in using it in all puddings and sauces in which you have been accustomed to use butter.

You can buy Crisco in airtight, sanitary packages, one pound and upward, net weight. It costs about the same as you would pay for fat sold in bulk, unprotected from impurities. Try it.

Steamed Oat Flour Pudding

A New Recipe Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Mildred Maddocks, Director.

¾ cupful Crisco
½ cupful molasses
1 egg, beaten light
½ cupful milk
2 cupfuls oat flour
1 teaspoonful salt
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful mixed spices
1 cupful raisins

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Cream the Crisco, add the molasses, egg and milk. Sift together the dry ingredients and stir into the first mixture, add the raisins. Steam in a Criscoed mold two and one-half hours. Serve with Cream Pudding Sauce. A mixture of Crisco and flour gives a perfect medium for oiling molds or pans. It is a method that insures even distribution of oil and flour.

Cream Pudding Sauce

⅓ cupful Crisco
½ cupful sugar
2 teaspoonfuls corn flour
½ teaspoonful salt
4 tablespoonfuls cold water
1 cupful boiling water
1 teaspoonful vanilla or orange extract

(Use accurate **level** measurements)

Cream the Crisco and beat in the sugar; stir the flour and salt with the cold water to a smooth paste; pour on the boiling water, stirring constantly meanwhile; continue to stir until the sauce boils; let boil ten minutes, keep hot till ready to serve, then with a wire whisk gradually beat into the Crisco and sugar; add the flavoring and serve.

Send for War-Time Recipes

No American woman should neglect to take advantage of this invitation to secure a copy of Janet McKenzie Hill's new and timely cook book. It tells how to use all war flours successfully. It contains over 300 new conservation recipes, all tested by the founder of the Boston Cooking School. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send you a copy for a dime. Address Department K-11, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR
F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors
Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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CALL UP THE BALLOON

By Lieut. H. K. Black, Flying Officer Observer, R. F. C., C. F. A.

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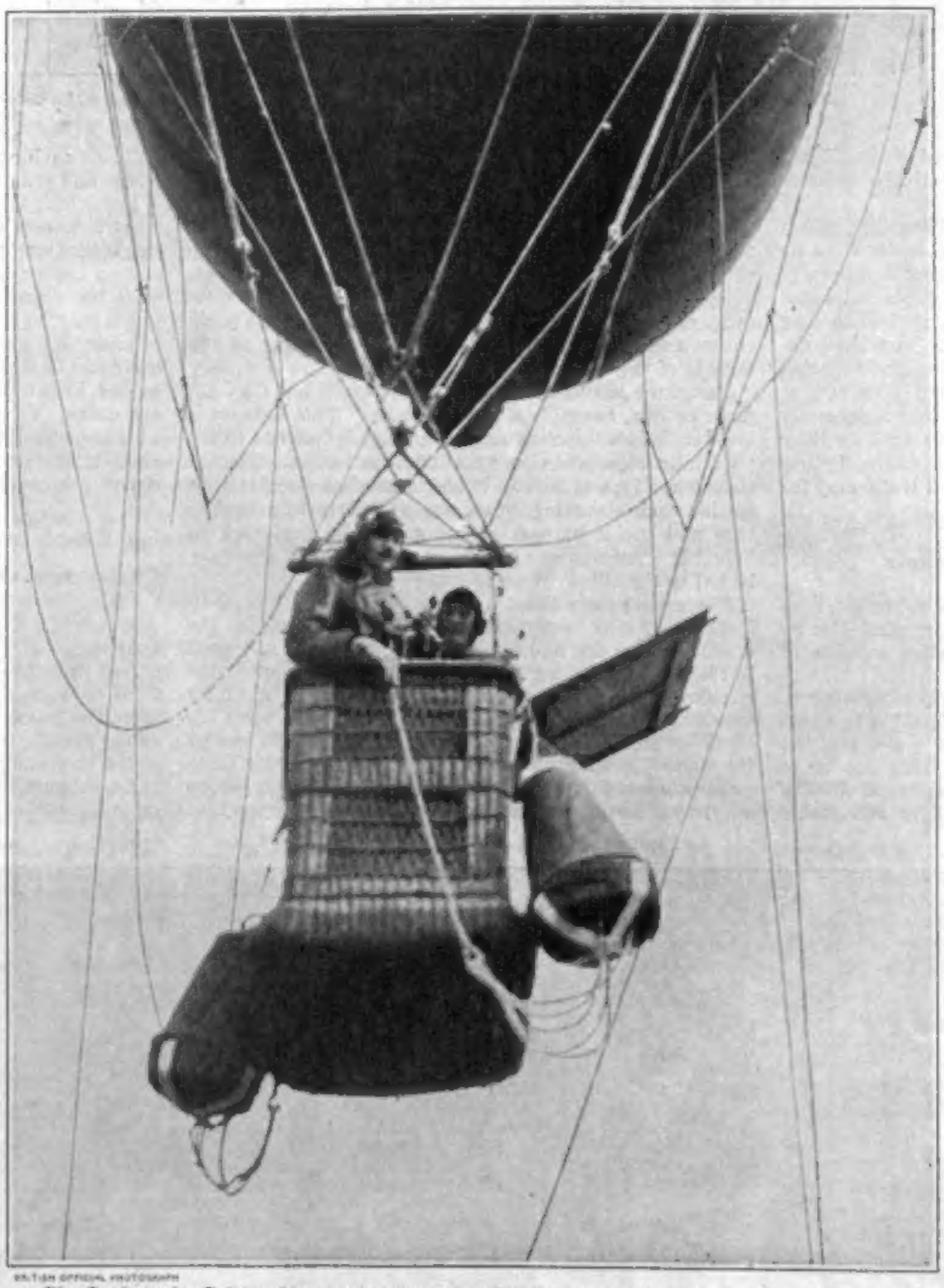


BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

The Basket of a British Observation Balloon. The Two Cone-Shaped Bags Hanging on the Outside are Parachutes, One of Which is Attached to Each Observer. Upon the Flat Board Protruding From the Basket is a Map. The Observer in the Foreground Holds in His Left Hand a Telephone by Which He Communicates With Those on the Ground

WHEN, after some two years of fairly strenuous service in the field artillery in France, my transfer to the kite-balloon section of the Royal air force was completed, I found myself at wing headquarters waiting to report my arrival to the officer commanding. I had always been used to seeing fairly elderly men wearing the badges of a lieutenant colonel, so I was hardly prepared for the young officers of the flying corps. None of them were present, however, when I arrived. The sergeant major told me they would be back about five o'clock. He took me into a very comfortable mess room, put cigarettes and magazines at my disposal and left me.

Then and there I began to like the flying corps immensely. I was very comfortable and possibly a little drowsy. My magazine slipped unheeded to the floor as I watched the smoke from my cigarette curling up to the ceiling. A door slammed and I awoke. A young man, bundled up in a leather flying coat, exploded into the room. I got up leisurely and nodded to him.

"Are you the adjutant?" I inquired casually.

"No," the young man responded as he struggled out of his overcoat. "No, not exactly; I'm the colonel."

He saw the joke quicker than I did and laughed over it while I tried to apologize through my own laughter.

This incident, however, coming as it did on my entrance to the balloon service, did me one good turn: It got me an identity with the colonel. He could never forget me after that. There was no chance that I would be "one" of his officers—I should have a status all my own from then on, and it would be my own fault if I did not improve on it.

The colonel called upan officer, who assigned me to a section, and then I clambered into a motor tender and left for my new home.

Though balloons and their functions are becoming better known now, still there are comparatively very few people who know anything about observation balloons except that they go up in the air.

In the Royal air force at the present time there is one balloon wing to an army, and as there were five British armies in France when I left, there were five balloon wings. Each wing is divided into several companies. The number is elastic. Each company is divided into two balloon sections, and each section owns and operates one balloon. There are several officers in a section, who take their turns at observing, but no matter how many there are—if one would believe those same officers—there are never nearly enough officers to do the work. As a matter of fact, when there is plenty of work to be done, as there was in 1917, the balloons are somewhat understaffed; but, then, where there is plenty of work the same thing probably holds good in every branch of the service.

Though the entire air service is a new thing in this war and, therefore, a good deal talked of, still it is the aëroplane which attracts the most attention. There are several reasons for this, chiefly because there are considerably more aëroplanes than balloons. Moreover, the aëroplane navigates and fights in the air, and its performances are very spectacular from a newspaper point of view and from the Hun-killing standpoint. Though the aëroplane kills individual Huns by shooting them down to earth with a mighty crash it is largely through the agency of the observation balloon that the Hun batteries are smashed up. Moreover, considerably more Huns meet their death by our artillery fire, directed by balloons, than by air fighting. It is true that aëroplanes direct artillery fire also, but not with nearly so much accuracy as the balloon is capable of.

I wish I could tell some of the things I have seen some aëroplanes do—how they registered their batteries on altogether the wrong targets, and a few other things. They were doing their best, I know, but they were handicapped by three things: Antiaircraft fire, the fact that they were moving very fast through the air over the target, and the limitations of their communication.

Since one is absolutely stationary in a balloon an observer can check observations very accurately. The antiaircraft fire is not so intense against a kite balloon, though sometimes it is uncomfortable enough. Further than that, the balloon has the advantage of speaking directly over the telephone to the battery with which it is working. I know that on many occasions—I don't intend to say how many—when I went to complete a shoot which an aëroplane had commenced I found our battery shooting wide of the target.

For fighting, for bombing, for reconnaissance, for keeping Fritz blinded in the air—our aëroplanes are unbeatable; but for artillery observation I am confident from my experience that the observation balloon is the best observation post yet invented. People will challenge that statement, I know, but I think anyone who has done observation from a balloon and from an aëroplane will corroborate my statement.

At a height of four thousand feet on a clear day one can detect with strong binoculars a difference of fifteen feet in the fall of a shell.

Up till the spring of 1917 the balloon was *persona non grata* with a great majority of artillerists, but during that spring the sausages came into their own, and their importance has been recognized ever since. I do not desire to belittle the utility of aëroplanes in the least. The point I am trying to drive home is the relative importance of the balloons for purposes of observation.

The balloon section I first joined was the one which, in the battle of Neuve Chapelle, when all communication with the rear had failed, stayed in the air for twenty-nine consecutive hours and kept headquarters informed of the entire progress of the battle. That section has, hung in its mess room, framed copies of the letters of thanks from the divisional, corps and army commanders and the commander in chief.

To describe things briefly, then, an observation balloon is not spherical but elongated; in fact, it looks like a huge sausage, and generally goes by that name. The balloon will

lift approximately a ton. Of course, the higher the balloon goes the less weight it will lift, as the air is of less density at heights than on the ground. The density of the air at a given height is in a constant ratio to that at ground level, and so the aneroid barometer can be used to register altitudes.

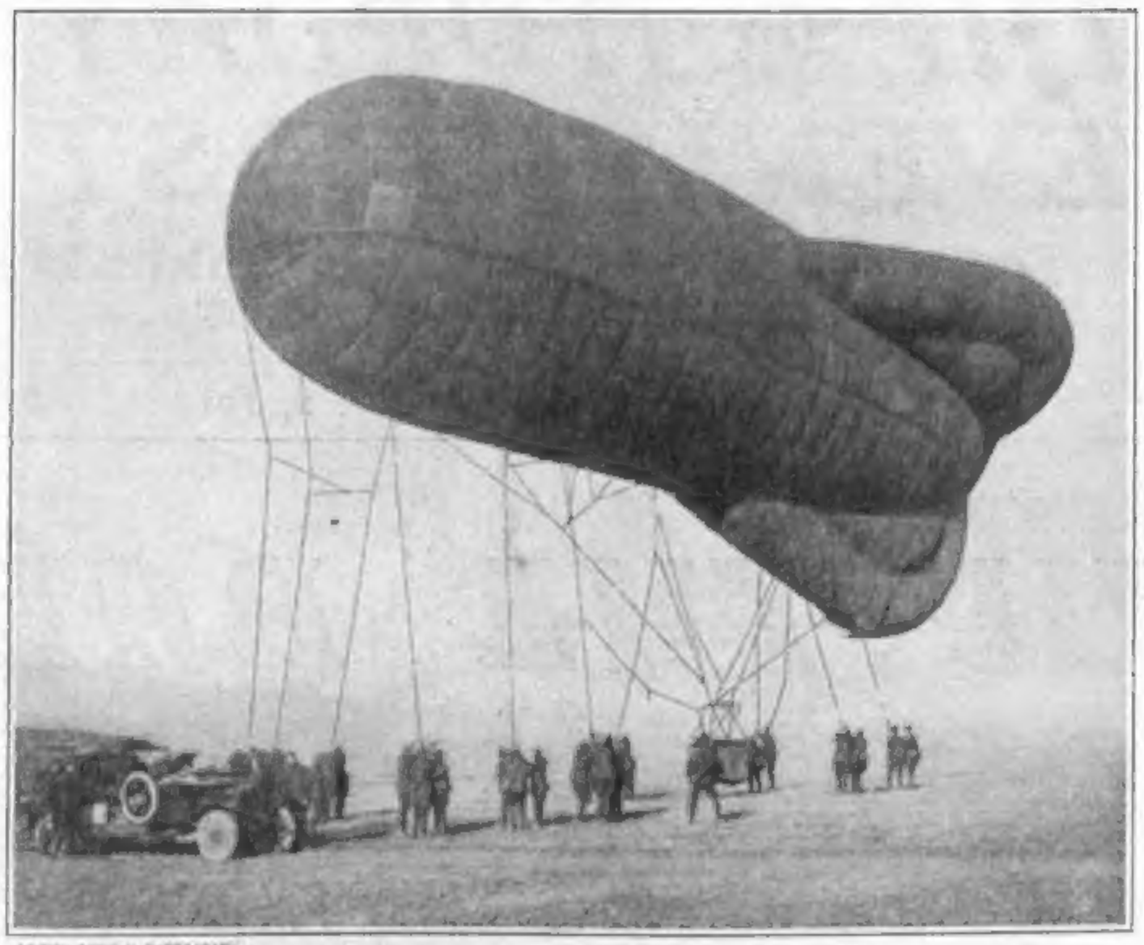
The balloon is generally made of silk, coated with a rubber solution. It is anchored by a steel cable about the thickness of a lead pencil, which is capable of enduring great strain.

The old lady was in error when she inquired of a balloon officer why they didn't have a rope ladder or something instead of climbing up and down that steel cable.

The motor winch, which lets the balloon up and hauls it down, is mounted on a motor truck and can, therefore, move about the country under its own power. It is therefore possible to let the balloon, with the observers, up into the air and then, by running the winch forward along a road, get considerably closer to the Hun's lines than would be possible otherwise.

Though it is not altogether possible to conceal the whereabouts of a balloon section we found it advisable to refrain from forcing ourselves on the Hun's attention while the balloon was on the ground. While there the sausage made a shining mark for the Hun's artillery, and he could strafe us very effectively by aëroplane observation.

In the air it was a different matter. When the balloon was up Fritz could see the balloon much better than he could on the ground, but he could not shoot it up nearly so well. This apparent paradox will be explained later. While a flight was being made, however, we had to take our chances with the hostile aëroplanes. They had developed a nasty habit of flying over the lines and shooting tracer bullets into the gas bag. If a flaming bullet of that sort punctured the gas bag the result was that it generally came down in flames, while the observers took to their parachutes. Though we considered this distinctly unpleasant, like the Kaiser we always blamed the enemy for starting the trouble.



BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

A British Observation Balloon About to Ascend to Watch Enemy Movements. A Large Electric Windlass on the Lorry Controls the Balloon

Balloon Observers in Harness

WHAT with the balloon crew proper, telephonists, linemen, riggers, transport men and cooking staff—for we lived high in the balloon service—a section consists of slightly less than one hundred men.

A balloon section is a mobile unit, entirely motor drawn. It can pack up and move itself to a new location in a surprisingly short space of time. Arrived at a new position a bed is prepared for the balloon itself. This may be of several different characters, but usually a ground cloth of canvas is staked to the ground and a light steel cable fastened round it with pickets. The balloon is fastened down to this ridge wire, as it is called, and weighted down with sandbags.

The telephonists erect a portable chart room and run their wires from that to the traveling telephone exchange, which also is in a motor truck. A knockdown wireless hut is also generally erected.

One of the big advantages a kite balloon has over an aëroplane for observation work is that the balloon has direct telephonic communication. The observer in the balloon has a head and breast telephone set fastened to his body, and from the basket he can speak to the chart room, the exchange, any of his batteries, and also with the balloons on either side of him.

The basket is made of wickerwork and is about four by five feet in dimensions; some balloons have been tried with two somewhat smaller single-man baskets. The basket is equipped with the telephone, binoculars of varying powers, a barometer, a thermometer, a compass, a prepared map board with the maps of the area fastened to it, and either a Pitot tube or an anemometer to measure the velocity of the wind. One more parachute than there are passengers is hung over the side of the basket. The extra one is for use in case one parachute becomes a casualty for any reason. In a high wind a parachute may blow away or become crushed by hitting something. The parachutes are packed in cone-shaped cases and hang on the outside of the basket.

Parachute harnesses are of different types, but they all, more or less, resemble a breeches buoy. This harness is laced on before the observer goes up and is fastened to the parachute rope when he gets into the basket. Though there was a type of harness issued to us when we joined the section each observing officer was at liberty to manufacture and use a harness of his own if he preferred it. Whether a harness was safe to use or not could generally be left to the officer who was going to use it.

The main points about a harness are: It must be comfortable—if it is heavy and uncomfortable it weighs the observer down and affects his efficiency during a long spell in the basket; it must be loose enough not to impede the circulation in the bitter cold of high altitudes in winter weather, and tight enough so that it will not slip when the observer jumps, and leave him suspended more or less by the knees—landing on the back of the neck under these circumstances is not a practice to be encouraged; above all, the harness that gives the best results must be one that will not get in the observer's way in the basket. Harnesses that flop about, getting tangled with the telephones and the binoculars, have ruined many a promising shoot. There have been times, even in civilian life, when a man with a very equable temper has been reduced to ungovernable rage by a poor telephone connection. On active service the telephone service is never all that could be desired. So, take a telephone that is not all it should be, add to that a high wind and a swinging basket, and further complicate matters by a parachute harness that is determined to get itself mixed up in the wires, and you have all that is necessary to cause a rupture between the artillery and the balloon.

After all, an artillery officer is only human and he thinks a lot of his arm of the service. It took a long time for the balloon service to convince the artillery that the balloons could help them to any great extent. The artillery fought shy of the sausages for a long time, and it wasn't until well into 1917 that they really believed in balloons. That confidence, so laboriously built up, can be destroyed very easily by a poor telephone. It was our experience that the closer liaison we kept up with the artillery the better were our results. When the balloonists visited the artillery and the artillerists visited the balloons each one found out that the other was a regular fellow and only too anxious to work to the common end.

For a long time the telephone system was operated on what is known as the earth-return system—that is, one single wire was run between the two stations, and by each station connecting the other side of the telephone to the earth the current passed along the single wire and returned to the starting point through the ground. This was unsatisfactory for several reasons. First, it caused induction—one could hear several conversations going on at once; and second, Fritz could hear our conversations with his listening apparatus. To make it more difficult for him to hear what we were saying and to improve the service generally the metallic system was adopted—that is, the whole of the circuit was carried by two wires strung off the ground.

Initiated by the Major

SOME sections had three or four switchboards, and in those cases the exchange took on more or less the appearance of a city exchange, and at times was just about as busy, also. We have had as many as fifty-eight batteries on our exchange at one time, and these, with our connections to company and wing headquarters, the transport lines, the balloons on either side of us and with the buried cables running in every direction, made us a tangible factor in the communication system of the armies.

An exhaustive description of balloons and their equipment cannot of course be crowded into this amount of space, but I think that with this the reader can get a sort of idea that will make what follows more clear.

When I reported from wing headquarters to company headquarters I was received by the company commander, a major, who was six feet four inches in height and nearly as broad as he was long. He weighed about seventeen or eighteen stone, which works out at about the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty pounds. On the occasion before mentioned, when a balloon stayed twenty-nine hours in the air, he was the chap who had done nineteen hours of the twenty-nine in the basket. A finer character or a worse balloonatic I never saw. He simply loved it.

When I reported to him he assigned me to a section and took me down himself to introduce me. When he presented me to my future messmates—a wonderful bunch of fellows—he put a nickname on me which I

(Continued on Page 73)

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

Observers Fixing On Harness Which is Connected With the Parachute. Note the Fur-Lined Boots They Wear

THE PRINCE AND THE PIKER

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

When He Came Back He Brought Mrs. Harold Crudson and Her Epochal Six Trunks Back With Him

"He who is too liberal cannot long continue so; he will become poor and contemptible. . . .

"And . . . he cannot retrace his steps and replenish his finances without being accused of avarice." —MACHIAVELLI—*The Prince.*

THE Prince was Harold Crudson, only son and heir apparent of Old Oliver P. Crudson, who had a title of his own, being High-Muck-a-Muck of Middleville, which is no inconsiderable place in the eyes of its inhabitants. To particularize, Middleville had then the courthouse of the county, two banks, eight churches, nearly seven miles of paved street, an electric-light plant, a public square with a band stand, where the band boys played regularly on Saturday nights, a three-story brick hotel, two newspapers, a progressive class of people, a canning factory, a culture club and a rosy future. To be a leading or even a prominent citizen of such a town is no little or light thing; to be High-Muck-a-Muck of it puts a man pretty well up on the perilous pinnacle of pride and power.

If you wanted anything in Middleville—an accommodation at one of the banks, public office of any kind, an easy letdown or favorable decision in civil or criminal proceedings, a contract, a franchise, an organ for the church or a vacant lot for a circus performance—you went to see Old Oliver first; if you were wise you did. And you took your little *quid pro quo* along with you and contrived to let the old gentleman know that you had it, even if you didn't crudely haul it out and lay it on his desk; supposing that you were wide-awake, onto the ropes and of a sage, reflective temperament. In other words, if you had any cutaneous disorder on back or palm Old Doctor Crudson was willing and able to relieve the itch, but being similarly afflicted himself he wanted to be sure that the palliative scratching or greasing would be reciprocal.

Of course, Prince Harold was made an exception to this proviso. Anything that Harold wanted he got, and if there had been any difficulty about it Old Lady Crudson would have seen to it that it was overcome. Born in the purple, Harold's face during his infancy instantly assumed that royal complexion at any denial of his wishes, and his supplementary and stentorian bellow invariably brought the household to time in mighty short order. A little prince!—and he looked it every inch of him, with his bright handsome face and sunny curls, and his slender well-formed body arrayed in costly garments of the most picturesque juvenile mode. All the women said so—even those with boys of their own.

"Doesn't he just look a little prince!"

Behaved like one, too, for the bellowing was infrequent after all. It wasn't often necessary to bellow. He had a charming smile too; something very gracious and winning about it, and there wasn't a mean hair on his curly little pate. Everybody said so.

Messer Niccolo Machiavelli, of Florence, Italy, prefacing his well-known Teutonic treatise already quoted, observed that "those who court the favor of princes generally present them with whatever they possess that is most rare, curious and valuable." That observation, however, applied rather to the courtiers of the H. M. than to those of his son. Harold's little playmates found him tolerably indifferent to their possessions and liberal enough with his own, as soon as their novelty had in some degree worn off. He would give away anything that he didn't particularly value, and do it in a careless, splendid way that made him highly popular. He enjoyed being popular. Sometimes he would give things that he really did care for.

"That's all right," he would say, waving protestations of gratitude aside with princely grace. "That's all right. Keep it if you want. I can get my old man to get me another easy enough."

And it was easy enough.

"Bless his generous little soul!" his fond mother would exclaim; "he would give away his head. Father, you must really get him another."

Father chuckled good-naturedly. "Get him another head?" he asked. "Might help him, at that. Well, he comes by his generousness honestly, Mariar. I gave a feller a street-car franchise this morning. Worth a considerable more than a twenty-two rifle, I should say. But, then, it didn't cost me anything." He chuckled again. "I suppose I'll have to come across," he concluded; "but you hadn't ought to let 'em work you, Harold. They'll do it every time if you let 'em. What made you give it to him, son?"

"He thought I wouldn't," replied little Harold. "I called his bluff, though. I guess he thought I was a piker; but I fooled him."

Number Seven, the accommodation, pulled into Middleville depot. Some four or five people got off and two of them climbed into the Hollister House bus, which presently started and went jolting and swaying up Main Street. It had proceeded half a block or more when a rotund youngish gentleman, with a heavy seal-brown mustache and much watch chain; hurried out of the baggage room, carrying what was then known as a gripsack. He stopped at the edge of the platform, looked after the disappearing bus, dropped his grip, and swore with an emphasis that brought a titter from the lingering loafers and clamorous offers of assistance from three or four barefooted urchins. One of these latter was a bullet-headed, freckled boy of perhaps twelve years, who looked a trifle cleaner and was not so noisy if no less earnest than his companions, and the belated traveler picked him for the job.

He was certainly a small boy for a large-size heavy grip, but he tackled it manfully and staggered off in the wake of the rotund gentleman, traversing the five long blocks to the Hollister without setting his burden down once. The other boys tagged along. At the hotel the owner of the gripsack tendered a nickel.

"It's worth a dime," said the boy. He was breathless with the exertion, and sweat rolled down his freckled, uninteresting face, but he spoke calmly.

"But you'll take a nickel," the rotund gentleman asserted in a rotund voice and with a dark scowl.

"I'll take what's fair and right, and that's a dime," returned the boy, looking steadily into the scowl.

"If you get anything more it'll be a swift kick."

"I'll get five cents more. I earned it, and I'll get it."

There was no doubt of that being his intention. The traveler knew determination when he saw it and with a laugh tossed him the coin required. As he disappeared within the Hollister's doors a chorus of congratulation rose from the boys who had tagged.

"Good for you, Jimmy!"

"Couldn't razzle-dazzle ole Jimmy, could he?"

"You bet he couldn't, the ole skate!"

They clustered round Jimmy, who grinned—a sort of sober grin—and turned to go. They lined up with him lovingly.

"Where'll we go blow it?" one asked, throwing his arm affectionately over Jimmy's shoulder.

Jimmy stopped. "Blow what?"

"That ten cents."

"I'm not going to blow it."

He spoke with the same calmness, the same unabashed determination that he had shown in his insistence on the additional nickel, and as the comradely hand dropped from his shoulder he saved them the trouble of remonstrance by walking away from them. That he was pursued by a yell of derision did not appear to disconcert him in the least.

"What you fellows hollering about?"

A stylish two-seated phaëton was drawn up near the curb. The tightly checked pawing horse that drew it was groomed to the last glossy hair, the harness glittered with silver plate, the negro driver wore a plug hat and a tightly buttoned livery coat. Behind the driver sat our curly-headed friend, Harold Crudson, who surveyed the gang with languid but not unfriendly interest as he dangled one silk-stockinged leg over the side of the vehicle.

"What's the trouble?" asked Harold.

Oddly enough the boys did not seem to resent the silk stocking or the beautifully laundered and befrilled waist. They grinned recognition and answered the question readily.

"Jimmy Wilkes. He got a dime for carrying an old skate's grip up to the hotel. The man wanted to give him a nickel, but Jimmy hung right onto him, and we stood by Jimmy. Then Jimmy tells us that he ain't going to blow nothing—after we'd stood by him; and he's gone off now with his fist curled round them ten cents tighter'n a clam."

Harold smiled contemptuously. "I bet he hung on if there was a nickel in it. You fellows were suckers if you thought he was going to spend anything. Not Jimmy. He's a piker if ever there was one, Jimmy Wilkes is."

He slid his other silken leg over and dropped to the curb. "Say, I've got a loose quarter in my jeans," he observed genially. "Jeff, you tell mom that I'll be back right away if she comes out before I get back. C'm'on, fellows, I'll treat."

Jimmy Wilkes, the little piker, went straight home to the piking little cottage on the south side of the tracks, where he lived with his mother, who did plain sewing and

dressmaking in a piking little way and got along pretty well, thank you, considering. Mrs. Wilkes stopped her machine at the sound of his whistle and gave him a welcoming smile, at which he uncurled his tight fist and displayed not ten, but forty-five cents.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the mother. "You must have been busy to-day, Jimmy."

"I sorted out a barrel of apples for Mr. Watson and swept out the store," said Jimmy pridefully. "I got fifteen cents for that, and Mr. Watson gave me the specks when I got through. I'm going to take my wagon and get them after supper. They'll make good apple butter. 'Nen I run an errant for Mr. Payne at the bank and mowed a lawn on Bolivia Avenue. The lady said I could come and cut it again in about two weeks. After that I went down to the depot, and I got ten cents for carrying a man's valise; and that made it."

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Wilkes. "If you keep on this way you'll have more money than some folks have hay by the time school opens again."

"I'll have enough to buy me a new suit of clothes, I bet you!" declared Jimmy with a confident nod. "And enough for somep'n else too. But that's a secrut."

He laughed gleefully and looked at the calendar with the lady feeding chickens on it that ornamented the wall. There was a date a little more than a week ahead that marked the anniversary of Mrs. Wilkes' birth.

"Keeping secrets from your poor old mother! All right for you, Jimmy!"

The machine whirred, and Jimmy climbed on a chair and took a cast-iron-elephant bank from the clock shelf. Into this he dropped his forty-five cents and then made entries in an old copy book, ruled under headings "By mony what I have urned" and "To mony what I have spent"; after which he put the copy book away and announced that he was going out to weed them oniona.

"They're looking fine," he said. "I bet we'll have a couple of bushel dry to put away for the winter besides what we sell. And the 'taters are settin' awful thick."

"I think you ought to lay down and take a rest, Jimmy," said his mother. But Jimmy only laughed and went out to weed them oniona.

Mistakes will happen. At some time or another we inevitably take the wrong sow by the ear, put the saddle on the wrong horse, get into or before the wrong box—the jury box, for instance—and get in wrong, more or less, by consequence. We may be sage as Solon and perspicacious as the Pythian Oracle—which Oliver P. Crudson really wasn't—and yet make an occasional bonehead play. Oliver P. Crudson made his mistake by electing the wrong district attorney, a man without the least sense of gratitude for favors past or to come. Something was saved out of the wreck that followed: the house, which was in Mrs. Crudson's name, and a certain amount of real and personal property that was likewise exempt from restitution and not absolutely needed to keep O. P. out of the penitentiary. But the house had to be sold and much of the other realty disposed of; the phaëton and the silver-plated harness went with the rest, and Oliver P. Crudson's funeral expenses made quite a sizable hole in the ready money. For the old gentleman went. He didn't like sympathy and there must have been penetrable stuff here and there in his hide, for avoidance hurt him. He had been a High-Muck-a-Muck so long that any other existence seemed hardly worth while beginning; and so the young Prince came into his depleted own.

His title was pretty well established by this time. He was nineteen then and in his freshman year at a freshwater college where princes were few and far between. So far as his opportunities went Harold hit up a tremendous pace, taking a tumble now and then, as the faculty interposed obstacles or brought him up with a round turn, but dusting off his knees and speeding up again with undiminished ardor and with an enthusiastic following, which included sophomores and even seniors. Rather a bad influence, the faculty thought, but youth will have its follies and allowances must be made when allowances are too liberal and easily exceeded. And when Crudson did apply himself to study he showed considerable aptitude. Moreover, his winning smile and frank, pleasant manner had their effect even on these dour pedants, so that they only conditioned him instead of expelling him outright, and he was in the second day of his probation when the home troubles began and his scholastic career ended.

He left a wide circle of eternally devoted friends and admirers of his princely qualities, one or two of whom he has since seen and touched; a reputation as a high roller, that still endures in tradition; and a nice little mess of debts, which Old Lady Crudson's attorneys settled for twenty cents on the dollar—a settlement that cut the creditors' profits to almost nothing.

For a month or two after the expensive funeral Harold looked the field of employment over. He decided that he had to get to work, Middleville having no leisure class to speak of within business hours, and his mother being poor company and so foolishly apprehensive of the future that she almost insisted on confining expenses within the limit of income. They had already moved into a modest little house and cut down the help to one woman by the day, and the woman's cooking was so rotten that Harold had to take one of his meals at the Hollister; but even with this retrenchment Harold found himself shorter of loose change than he liked.

Those Beasts Meant It; and So Did Beatrice, on Whom He Had Lavished Thousands—Yes, Thousands!

There were jobs enough. People rather sympathized with the boy, and so far from holding him accountable for the sins of his father were willing, some of them, to help him along. Joel Peters, the druggist, would have given him a job. Joel figured that it was our duty to help the widow and the fatherless, and Old Oliver had his good points, too, when you come to think it over, and a boy like Harold, with his college clothes and good looks, wouldn't keep no trade away from the soda fountain. Felix Ginsberg, the one-price clothier and gents' furnisher, made Harold a proposition, too, but to the general surprise Harold finally went to work for Slayden, who kept a grocery and general merchandise store on Main Street. Another thing that was surprising to many was that Harold made good.

"An A 1 clerk," said Slayden to his wife, who had objected to the raise of Harold's wages. "The customers like him and like to have him wait on 'em. By gravy, they'd sooner have him wait on 'em than me; and with most clerks it's the other way about. Another thing, my dear: he'll sell 'em things they hadn't got any notion of buying when they come into the store. Johnny-on-the-spot, he is, and I can afford to pay him good wages."

"You can't tell me!" said Mrs. Slayden viciously. "And lots of good his wages do him. He never saves a cent. I'd watch my cash drawer if I was you. And bumming round at the Hollister bar and Hank Firelong's, playing cards and billiards and who knows what, up to all hours! Nice doings! And swaggering round in them dude clothes—anybody would think he was the boss and you was the clerk. You'd think he was working in a bank instead of a grocery and dry-goods store. Jimmy Wilkes in the bank doesn't begin to dress the way he does."

Slayden chuckled. "I should say he didn't. And Jimmy's one customer that Harold can't stick for anything he doesn't need. He'll never set the town afire, though. He just about knows enough to add a column of figures and hang on to what he's got."

"That's something," said the lady.

"As for him spending his money, that's none of my business," Slayden went on; "and I don't care what he does nights or how late he stays up s'long's he's at the store on time in the morning and hustles the way he does all day. I'm not buying his clothes, so that part of it don't worry me; and he's putting more money in my pocket than he's taking out of the cash drawer, you can bet on that. Boss or no boss, he's learning me a thing or two about the business."

It was all true enough. Harold was showing a positive genius for business; and he was also setting the pace and the fashion for the gilded youth of Middleville when the toils of the day were ended. A prince, as ever, and by popular acclaim, he had the true princely phraseology down pat, to wit:

"What's a dollar, more or less?"

"This is on me, boys."

"Surest thing you know! How much do you want?"

"Call a hack, Sam—a couple of hacks."

"I'll see you and raise you." Business of raising.

"Give me the checks, waiter."

"The best in the house; the best is none too good for us."

"Keep the change."

"We've only one life to live."

Handsome, well-dressed, ready-tongued, quick-witted, open-handed and good-humored—except round home, where Old Lady Crudson was surely a trial, moping or fussing—the Prince was a marked contrast to Jimmy the Piker, who, from errand boy in the bank, had been advanced to the post of a junior clerk at a salary that was in accordance with the bank's conservative policy. He had never shown any particular ability and hadn't an atom of personal charm. A very uninteresting and ordinary young fellow, but steady and dependable. Not especially popular with other young men, either; but not disliked, except by the swift set that trained more or less with the Prince, and there were those who stoutly maintained that Jimmy wasn't a bad sort and was as square as a tile. But there was no doubt that he was thrifty. He had a phraseology, too, from which may be selected:

"No."

"What's the price of it?"

"Don't throw that away."

"I'm not a betting man."

"Every little helps."

"Let's figure it out and see exactly."

"I can't afford it."

"Quite a little wear in it yet."

"That's something I can do without."

Jimmy and his mother still lived in the piking little cottage on the south side of the tracks; Mrs. Wilkes still did plain sewing and dressmaking, and Jimmy still worked in the garden evenings; there were always dry onions for the winter, besides what they sold, and the potatoes generally set well, to say nothing of the tomatoes and the beans and peas and the cucumbers, lettuce, sweet corn, summer squash and small fruits. It beats all, as Jimmy often remarked, what you can get out of a little fifty-by-a-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot lot. About all a small family can use and put up, with a mess for the neighbors now and then, and the best kind of exercise. If you had wanted to know exactly how much the Wilkes lot yielded, what it cost for fertilizer and seed and Paris green, and so on, how much was used, sold or given away—Jimmy could have hauled down a little set of canvas-covered books and told you to a cent. He liked to keep track of things, Jimmy did—a picayunish, penny-pinching trait that was often commented on. Jimmy tried to justify it on the theory that you could check up and see what it paid to raise and what was cheaper to buy in the season. The same with all expenditures and receipts. If you found that you were spending too much for some one thing you could cut down; or, vice versa, you could branch out somewhere else if you wanted to. You knew where you were. Mrs. Wilkes kept complete housekeeping books on that principle. Imagine it! Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world! For a business, of course, that was all right; but keeping accounts for a back-garden truck patch and the housekeeping for two persons and an old tomcat! Well, I'd hate to be that careful!

Slayden kept his phenomenal clerk for nearly two years and then let him go. It was either that or hand the business over to him. As it was, Harold had been drawing out more money than Slayden himself. "Yes, he was worth it—in a way," Slayden acknowledged. "I'll give him credit for what he's entitled to; but his ideas was too big for me, and he wasn't satisfied to let me have my way. Now I'll tell you: Mr. Harold Crudson don't run his own business in no way to make me want to let him run mine. He ain't only broke most of the time, but he's in the hole; and I know and you know that the old lady stakes him right along, and that ain't right. Not when it's a young man and he's making good money himself. No, it ain't right. He's out on the road now. Took Edmondson's job with the Wallis-Meeking folks in Chicago. Edmondson's quit the road. We'll see him every three weeks or a month. I guess he'll be selling me more goods than I can handle, but maybe not. He'll sell goods, though. That's where he shines—and I don't say that some of his ideas ain't good. I'll miss him, all right."

Others missed him. He was missed in the little back room over Henley's barber shop, and in Hank Firelong's saloon and Riordan's pool and billiard parlors, among other places. He was mourned on front porches on some of the best streets in town. Bright-eyed and blatant youth, blear-eyed and beery age and sorts between spoke of him affectionately and regretfully.

"This here don't seem like the same place with him gone," said Ben Durfy, one of the blear-eyed, with deep feeling. "There is not a soul has asked me have I a mout' on me this blessed evening. A thrue sport! A prince, so he was!"

"The only trouble with him was his short memory," observed Walt Sowbray, the liveryman. "He forgot to

pay me the little bill he's been owing me for six months or more. And it ain't so dad-blamed little, at that."

"You ain't the only one," said Dick Cooper, a lanky youth who worked for Ginsberg and aspired to princely honors himself. "He owes me money; but I ain't afraid he won't pay me. He won't hold out on you when he's got it—whether he owes you or not."

There was a chorus of assent that would have pleased Harold if he could have heard it, but Sowbray didn't look quite convinced.

Before Harold left town to embark on his short but brilliant career as traveling salesman he went to the bank to cash a check that his mother had indorsed. Jimmy Wilkes, who was now assistant cashier, was at the paying-teller's window and Harold flicked the check at him with his customary jest: "I hate to do it, Wilkes. I know how it hurts you to hand over money."

"Not so much when I've something to show for it," replied Jimmy soberly. "Going to leave us, I hear. How do you want this?"

"Just plain ordinary cash that strangers won't be afraid to take," said Harold. "The kind that's easy to pass."

"I'd sooner give you a kind that it would be easy for you to hold on to," Jimmy told him. "Speaking as a friend ——"

"As a what?" Harold gave him a cool stare and smiled unpleasantly. Jimmy didn't seem to mind, though.

"Speaking as a well-wisher, then—as a small-sized stick-in-the-mud, if you like—I'd salt down a little of what I made if I were you, Crudson. It don't hurt anybody to have a little capital to fall back on, and a fellow as smart as you are could do lots with it. I've often thought so. Of course, it isn't any of my business."

"That's true, it isn't," agreed Harold sweetly. "Speaking as a man who's in here to do business and not to ask for any of your damn advice I should say you had your nerve. Say, Jamsey, any time I get to shutting up my poor little pennies in the dark and putting a double lock on them for fear they'd get away from me and act foolishly I hope somebody will choke me with cheeseparings scraped thin. I don't have to do that. Don't you worry about me needing capital. When I need any I'll get it, and I won't get it by living like a Chinaman, either. Any fool can save money."

"Some I know can't," retorted Jimmy, still good-humoredly, as he pushed out the little pile of bills. "Well, good luck to you."

Harold lit the cigarette that he had inserted in a long tube of clouded amber and then picked up the money and thrust it magnificently into his trousers pocket.

"I know you don't believe in luck, but I'm just as much obliged," he said; "and, honest, I'm sorry for you. So long!"

It usually takes time to get on to all the little kinks of selling on the road. It took Harold no time at all—absolutely. What Slayden's hadn't taught him he seemed to know instinctively, and after his third or fourth trip out the Wallis-Meekin folks were already patting themselves on the back and finding themselves short of an excuse for raising the fellow's salary. He broke the record for climbing up that salary scale, and he might have gone a little higher at the end of about three years if he had kept on; but on one of his trips to Middleville Slayden told him that he had given his order for everything he needed to Liggett & Thompson's man. Harold smiled at the long gray ash that he delicately knocked off his superlative cigar and said that that was all right.

"I'm quitting the road, anyway," he added.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Slayden in an uninterested manner.

"I'm going to start a real live store here," replied Harold. "A modern, up-to-date, up-and-coming department store. I'm going to get the cream of the trade and spoil your days of ease and nights of slumber. You'll have to hustle and sit up nights to make a living."

"Ya-as?" said Slayden with a half yawn. "I reckon I might as well save myself all that worry and sell out before it's too everlasting late. I would if I hadn't heard you talk before. Talk is cheap, Harold; but it takes money to start department stores."

"Wait and see," said Harold.

Whether it had been one of Harold's big ideas all along, nursed until the time was ripe for its development, or whether it was a sudden resolution inspired by pique—is perhaps uncertain. In any event, the Crudson & Blinn department store was started in the remodeled opera house building within six months. As Slayden had sapiently observed it took money; and Harold had no money. He had acquired a wide circle of acquaintance, including some people who had it; an enviable popularity; a discriminating palate; a critical but tolerant judgment of the mimic art and its professors, male and female; and a good knowledge of his business; but with the exception of the last item all this called for the expenditure of money rather than its accumulation. Harold had a capital time, therefore, but he was no capitalist. On the other hand, Blinn had oodles of it.

It was said that Harold hypnotized Blinn, who was a middle-aged merchant of some experience, a dry, silent, sandy-haired little man whose small-town business had reached its maximum growth and obliged him to invest his surplus in farm mortgages at a conservative five per cent. Harold had cultivated him carefully and impressed him tremendously, that was certain, not only by selling the little man good goods and making the price right, but by giving him pointers on business that Blinn had adopted and found profitable. With that there was an odd mutual liking. At the psychological moment Blinn had to foreclose on one of his mortgages and bid in a farm that he had no real use for. At the same time he had an offer for his small-town business, so on the whole Harold found him easy. Then Harold took the matter of credit up with the Wallis-Meeking people and they were mighty decent. Altogether the new store had a good start and Harold took his place among the solid and leading citizens of Middleville.

One fine day he went to Chicago on a business trip that was prolonged for nearly a month, and when he came back he brought Mrs. Harold Crudson and her epochal six trunks back with him. They went to the Hollister and lived there until the new house was built. There wouldn't have been room even for the trunks in Old Lady Crudson's little shack.

Style! Style wasn't any name for it. And the bride had the face and the figure to swing it. They made an elegant couple—she with her swell Chicago "frocks," she called 'em—and hats and her diamonds and her complexion; and Harold dressed up to the nines as usual, but toned a few shades as to his clothes since the college and Slayden store days. Sort of quieter, but no Felix Ginsberg hand-me-downs, you bet. A prosperous-looking man, and just a little tending to portliness; handsome as ever, but not quite so fresh appearing—a little harder in the eyes and softer of flesh; debonair and open-handed as of old, but not often seen at Firelong's and Riordan's, and mixing less with the old crowd. He had less time, he said. None of the old crowd held it against him. When he met them his smile was as cordial, his greeting as hearty, and his response to a touch as ready as they had always found them. He was still the Prince.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Terry McCabe in English; "what a swath he'd cut in politics! He could have anything he wanted. I'd like to get him on the ticket; but I guess he's doing pretty well with the store."

He was. Jimmy Wilkes, now cashier in the Farmers and Drovers' National, gave him no more presumptuous advice. Slayden had his hustling days and his wakeful nights, as Harold had predicted. The big store kept things that neither Slayden nor any of the others had dreamed of keeping, and sold things at prices that they knew, by George, couldn't be bought wholesale at that figure! Not everything, but some things. By page advertisements in the papers and by gorgeous window displays Harold kept the Middleville public informed as to these conditions, and the Middleville public crowded the store's aisles day in and day out, the year round. No, Harold needed no advice from Jimmy the Piker—Jimmy, who still lived with his mother in the little cottage, worked in the garden evenings and wore clothes that bordered on shabbiness. Mrs. Wilkes was not doing plain sewing now, however; and she did drive to her W. C. T. U. and W. R. C. meetings and to church and such in a neat little buggy that Jimmy had bought her, drawn by a fat little plug of a pony. That—and the installation of some new furniture and fixings—was all the style that the Wilkeses put on. They didn't buy any more butcher meat and they turned out the gas if they left the room for as much as five minutes.

"Style!" Jimmy moralized. "What is style? Nine times out of ten it's trying to make other folks feel uncomfortable and ignorant by doing fool things in a new-fangled way and parading a mess of useless truck that costs more money than you can afford. Style means plated jewelry and shoddy cloth and paper collars and high-heeled shoes and tight corsets ——"

"Gracious, Jimmy!" said his mother.

"—— and false hair and padding and piffle and poppycock," Jimmy concluded with a burst.

"Don't you think this check silk is real stylish, Jimmy?" asked his mother, smoothing down the front of her new dress and smiling complacently.

"That's different," said Jimmy. "Yes, it looks fine, mother; and you look finer than any silk I've ever seen. I guess I'll have to go and spruce up myself if I'm going to be your beau to-night."

"You're a nice beau to have any time, son," said Mrs. Wilkes, regarding him with the fondness that even mothers of pikers seem to feel for their offspring. "I'm not the only one that thinks so either."

At this Jimmy blushed. It wasn't generally known, but the insinuation had a foundation of fact. It came out a month or two later when Susy Tait went down to the depot with Jimmy and his mother and publicly and tearfully embraced the young man as he leaned from the car window. A dozen or two other young men went from Middleville on that same train, and nearly every one of them left weeping women on the platform. For they

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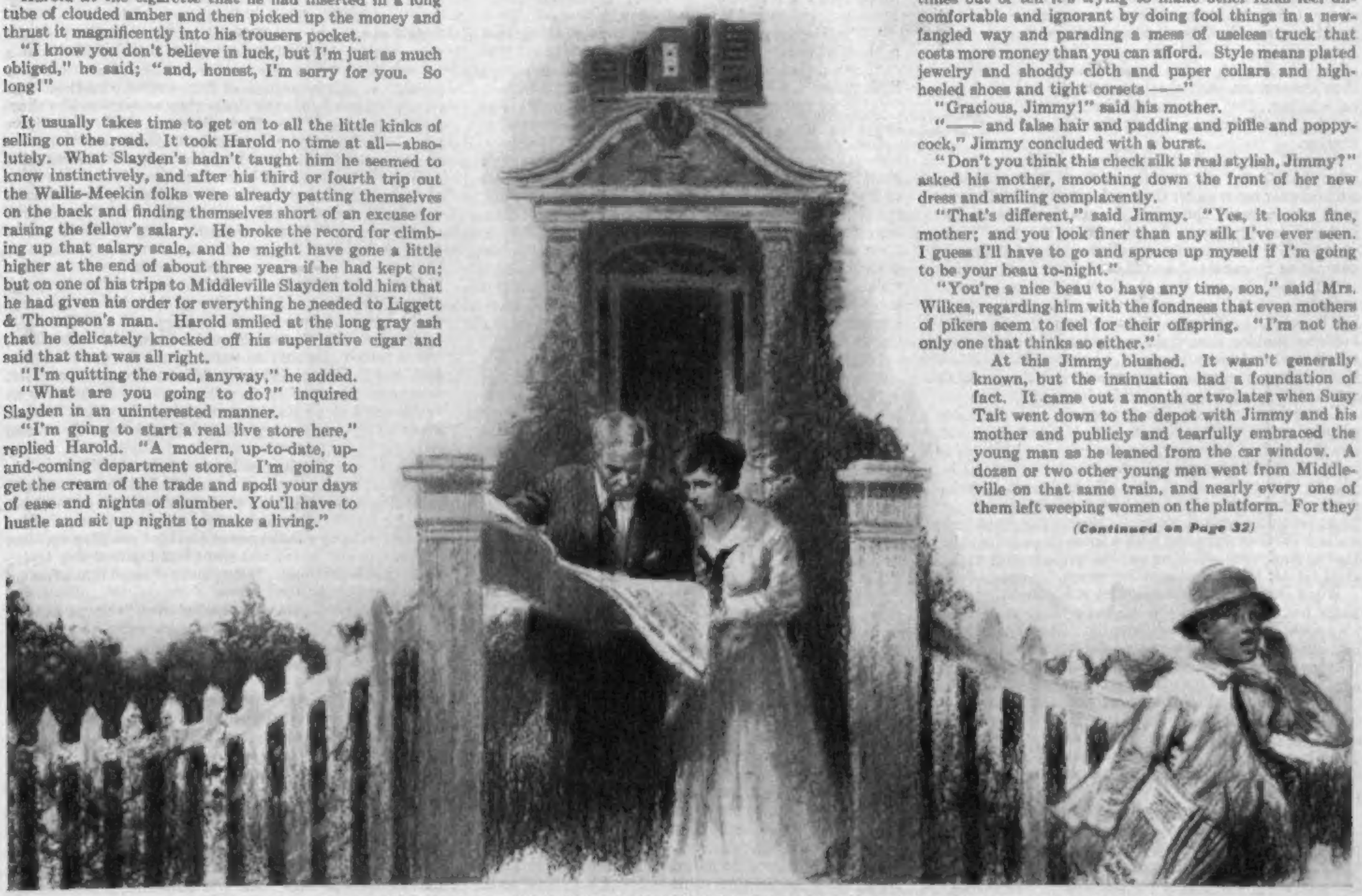


When the Evening Papers are Flung on Lawns and in Doorways Trembling Hands Pick Them Up and Turn Their Pages to the Fateful "List"

CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

WHEN the United States of America finally declared war against His Satanic Majesty, Wilhelm of Prussia, Carter nodded his approval. The nation's decision was reached at a time when he was in a particularly generous mood, for things had been coming his way for some time and he had finally settled down comfortably to enjoy them. In the preceding fall he had reached the goal of his ambition, the managership of the New York office of the Atlas Company, where he had been employed for twenty-five years. This carried a salary of seventy-five hundred—some jump from the petty twelve hundred on which he had started; even some jump from the forty-five hundred he had been drawing for the past year.

The increase allowed Carter to make several very satisfactory changes: first, to move from the rented house in Edgemere, where he had lived for five years, to a house of his own in the same town, for which he gave a warranty deed to his wife; to take his son Ben out of a commercial school and send him to Harvard for a liberal education; and to purchase a classy little runabout. There were certain other perquisites, too, which made the world a better place to live in, such as an added servant, a finer table, and, finally, the privilege of taking the eight-ten to town instead of the seven-fifteen.

Carter enjoyed all these luxuries as only a man can who has worked hard for them and waited long. He had promised them to his pretty wife the day he married her, and now, after twenty years, he had made good. It was worth something to see him, after a substantial breakfast, kiss Kitty good-by on the front porch, give a proprietary look at the neat shingled house, and stroll down the gravelly path at a leisurely pace, stopping at the gate to light a fat cigar and wave a second adieu to the little woman, who was still pretty and who he knew admired him from the crown of his head to the tips of his shoes. She was that kind.

On the eight-ten he was meeting a new class of neighbors—all eight to ten thousand dollar men, with a few above that figure, though the latter generally moved to the Heights at round twelve thousand. They were men whose lives were now polished and round like stones on the seashore within reach of the waves. They varied, mostly, in their dimensions, with of course some differences of political coloring. But they were fast becoming neutral even in politics. With America at war the old issues were disappearing.

Most of the men had long since become used to each other, but Carter, sitting in the smoker—it was almost like a private car reserved for those not due at their offices until nine—was actually thrilled by his associates. And if ever he found an opportunity to refer among them to "my son at Harvard" he was puffed up all the rest of the day. The only thing he regretted was that the war had done away with football, because in high school the lad had promised to make a name for himself in the game. Still, even that had its redeeming features: his neck was safe. Though the boy was climbing toward six feet and weighed, at eighteen, round one hundred and seventy, he threw himself into the line in those final school games with a recklessness that made Carter, looking on, catch his breath.

Carter had not been able to keep pace with the boy's physical growth. It still seemed to him but a brief time ago that he had been carrying him round in his arms as a baby. And he had carried him for miles. He had not been able to keep his hands off him. He had loved to feel the downy head against his cheek and the frightened little heart pounding against his own. Night after night he had walked the floor with him with a sense of creation akin to God's. And when anything was really the matter with the child Carter became a trembling wreck.

When Ben had run the gauntlet of his first three years Kitty had often wished the lad had a sister or brother to play with, but Carter felt differently. Good Lord, this one had almost cost her life, and he did not intend to let her face the danger again! He himself would not live through another such period for a hundred thousand dollars. Nor, for that matter, the subsequent period for all the joy mixed with the anxiety there was in it. He could not afford it—either in dollars and cents or in nervous energy. Those were days when he had to make every dollar and every minute count. He had no more than squeezed through as it was.

Well, those days were something to look back upon now with a smile. They even played their part in the present. They afforded the contrast necessary to allow him to extract to the last drop his final triumphant success. Some of those who had never taken the seven-fifteen did not know what it meant to take the eight-ten.

When Anything Was Really the Matter With the Child Carter Became a Trembling Wreck

Carter, who had previously been content with one paper, now bought the Times and the Sun at the station and glanced through the headlines. He had read with a thrill of pride, as did everyone in the whole car on that early spring morning, the President's declaration of war.

He was sitting beside Culver, of the Second National Bank, and exclaimed: "Guess that'll make Wilhelm sit up and take notice, eh?"

Culver was an older man. Carter could have punched him for his response in a level voice: "Yes. But it's going to make us sit up and take notice too."

"What do you mean?" demanded Carter with a trace of aggressiveness.

"I mean that our resources are going to be tested to the limit before we're through with this."

"You wait until the Huns see Uncle Sam with his sleeves rolled up. Wouldn't surprise me any if they quit."

Carter shifted his seat to a place near Barclay and Newell, who were leading a group in three cheers for the President. And on his way downtown that day he stopped to buy a flag and pole to be sent to the house. Before he reached his office these flags of red and white and blue had begun to appear in numbers on the tops of buildings and from windows, brightening the dull gray backgrounds as with flowers. It made him want to cheer. It made him walk more erect. The whole downtown atmosphere became vibrant. The declaration of war was the sole topic of conversation in the office, and one of the first things he did was to ring up Kitty and tell her about it.

"Well, old girl, we've done it!" he exclaimed.

"Done what?" she asked anxiously.

"Declared war," he announced, as though in some way he had been personally concerned in the act. "Guess that will make the Huns rub their eyes."

"War?" trembled Kitty.

"You bet! Fritzie waited a little too long with his apologies that last time."

In the succeeding days Carter followed the nation's preparations for the task ahead with a feeling of reflected glory. His favorite phrase was: "We're going at it man-fashion."

He was keen for conscription and liked to speak of a possible army of two million. When the First Liberty Loan came along he subscribed for a thousand dollars. He would have taken more, but he found that his personal expenses had taken in the last few months a decided jump. It was costing him more than twice as much to maintain his new house as it had his old. Besides that, Ben's expenses at college were a considerable item. His car, too, was costing more than he had anticipated, and he had added unconsciously a lot to his everyday expenditures. He was smoking better cigars, eating better lunches and wearing better clothes. At the same time each one of these items was costing more. However, his new position in a way called for these things, and, besides, he was entitled to them. He had worked hard for them and they were the fair reward of attainment.

Carter had hoped to do better on the Second Liberty Loan, but when the time came he found it difficult to take out even another thousand. He rather resented the way Newell, the overzealous member of the local committee, harried him about it. When Newell suggested that he double the amount the man was presuming to know Carter's circumstances better than he himself knew them.

He had answered rather tartly:

"I'm capable of deciding my investments for myself."

In the interval between the two loans both the servants had asked for an increase in wages, and Carter had been forced to pay it or see them go. Kitty had suggested that she be allowed to get along with one and undertake some of the housework herself, but he had set his foot down on that.

"You've had your share of housework, little woman," he said. "It's time you took a rest and enjoyed yourself."

But the servants were not the only ones who held Carter up. The grocer, the butcher and the iceman all conspired against him. When the Government began to take control under Hoover and fix prices for some of the essentials Carter was outspoken in his approval.

"It's time something of the sort was done to check the food pirates," he declared to Culver.

"Where's this government control going to stop?" questioned the latter.

"I don't know and I don't care," replied Carter aggressively.

"It's a type of paternalism, and that's dangerous," suggested Culver.

Carter replied with a glittering generality: "Your Uncle Sam has rolled up his shirt sleeves and means business."

Carter always chuckled contentedly over the cartoons of the tall, lank figure with the lean face, grimly set jaws and starred top hat. It expressed for him in a human way his own patriotism. It filled him with pride and gave him confidence. It satisfied his traditional conception of Americanism. He even saw in the face a reflection of his own ancestors who had fought at Bunker Hill and through the Civil War. It was distinctly New England, but New England was still in his mind distinctly America.

And yet Carter was puzzled at first when he read the names appearing in the final draft lists—puzzled and a bit worried. These names were not like those that were signed to the Declaration of Independence or those who fell at Bunker Hill. Decidedly they were more like those found in to-day's New York directory. This might have been expected, and yet it gave Carter something of a shock until one afternoon he saw a regiment of khaki-clad men marching down Fifth Avenue. Then he felt a lump in his throat that prevented him from cheering as loud as he wished. In uniform and marching to the stirring music of a military band these men were, every mother's son of them, Americans. He saw the same lean faces, the same lank, sinewy bodies, the same clear eyes and set jaws. Their lips were sealed, so that it did not matter what language they spoke. In khaki they were all Americans—the same who fought at Bunker Hill.

The sight sent Carter home with a renewed enthusiasm, which helped him survive the shock of the news that the cook had, without notice, packed up her trunk and left to take some sort of job in a factory. But fortunately he had brought along with him a sirloin steak, which, broiled, made a very satisfactory dinner. A week later the second girl left.

Mrs. Carter took it good-humoredly, even with a certain amount of relief. She had turned to Red Cross work and one thing or another, but still she missed the care of her own home. Furthermore, she had been genuinely disturbed by the way the expenses had been creeping up. But Carter stormed round and spent half the next day trying to find some new girls. The agencies showed him a few old women and shook their heads.

"We can't compete with the factories," they said sadly.

"But, hang it all, what's a man going to do?" he inquired petulantly.

The agencies, perforce, left him to answer that for himself.

As a matter of fact Carter was not wholly unselfish in his desire to relieve his wife of the housework—particularly the culinary part of it. She did her conscientious best, but she had never been able satisfactorily to master the fine art of cooking. Possibly it was because she herself was more or less indifferent to what she ate. A slice of bread and a cup of tea were enough at any time to satisfy her, so that when she did cook it was always for him and without any other personal interest in the result. Sometimes she forgot; in fact, more often than not she forgot. Perhaps it was only some one little thing, like leaving the baking powder out of the biscuits or the sugar out of

the pies. Or if she did get everything in, perhaps she failed to remember in time that the mixture was in the oven. When she began fooling round with war recipes she found herself even more bewildered. Lord knows, it calls for deft fingers and inborn skill to make a good pie crust out of honest wheat flour, with all thought of economy thrown to the winds. It requires nothing short of genius to produce the same results with substitutes for everything except the apples

She tried all one afternoon and created something that had a fairly good surface appearance. She waited anxiously until Carter tasted it, and then asked: "How do you like it, Ben?"

"You want the truth?" he returned.

"Of course there is no white flour in the crust, but ——"

"There isn't anything in it that ought to be in a pie," he declared. "It tastes to me as though it were made out of sawdust and motor oil."

He did not eat it. It might have been possible had he been starving, but he was in no such unfortunate condition. A man does not ask for apple pie because of its calory content, but because he wants apple pie. It is a matter of taste. A primary essential is, then, not that it shall look like apple pie, but that it shall have the flavor of apple pie. He had been fond of apple pie all his life, and it certainly seemed like an innocent enough addiction. That was equally true of doughnuts and coffee for breakfast. He had enjoyed them all his life until they had become an integral part of the morning meal. As a result of long practice Mrs. Carter had finally succeeded in perfecting herself in the art of doughnut making. But now instead of frying them in fat, she began to use an excellent vegetable substitute. Not only that, but she followed this by using a sirup for the sugar, and using eighty per cent barley flour and twenty of wheat. She had been given the recipe by the local conservation board and been assured that the product was very satisfactory.

From the viewpoint of the conservation board that may have been true, but to Carter it was nothing short of criminal to allow these balls of fried barley flour to masquerade under the same name.

"Don't call 'em doughnuts," he growled, "'cause they aren't. Invent a new name for them."

"War doughnuts?" suggested Mrs. Carter anxiously.

"War nothing!" sputtered Carter. "They don't even belong to the same family."

Whereupon he turned to his coffee, sweetened with a new kind of sticky substance that tasted like an inferior grade of molasses. There were those who maintained that it was just as good as sugar for sweetening. They were liars—bold-faced liars or they had lost their sense of taste. They belonged to the same class as people who maintained that coffee was better without sugar—that so one enjoyed the taste of the native berry. One might just as well argue that flapjacks for the same reason were best without sirup; cake without frosting; bread without butter.

Carter found his breakfast spoiled for him at precisely the period in life when he was prepared most to enjoy his breakfast. This was extremely irritating. It sent him to the office every morning with a grouch that did not wear off until toward noon, when it was renewed by having to pay twice what he should for a tasteless lunch. His cigars were the only thing that held up well in flavor, and he began to smoke too many of them.

Carter still followed each day's news of the nation's part in the great war with honest pride. He liked the big way his country was going about its preparations. He rolled the dramatic figures over his tongue and gloated over the scale of the various projects. Six hundred millions appropriated for airplanes!

"We'll show 'em," he announced to Culver. "We'll have the air over there black with planes!"

And that job at Hog Island! They were planning to build fifty ways there inside of a year—just put them down on a marshy island.

"Nothing small about your Uncle Sam," he chuckled.

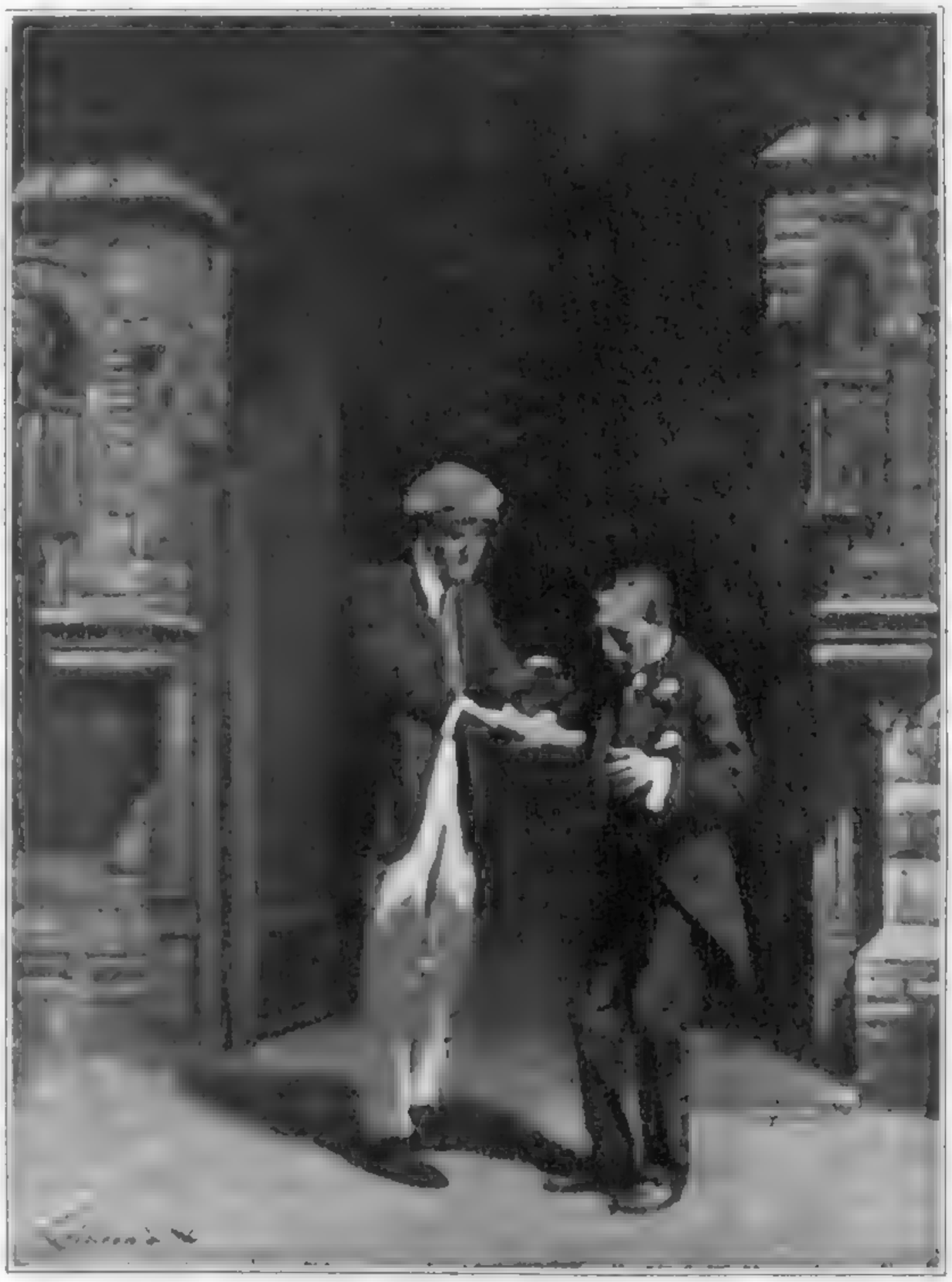
When the inevitable scandals began to be whispered and congressional investigations were started Carter frowned.

"If these stories are true," he declared, "the grafters ought to be lynched; if they're not we ought to lynch the darn-fool congressmen who are interrupting the game."

The investigations took place, changes were made, and the work went on, with the investigations soon forgotten. Nothing could check the onward movement. Pershing landed in France, and soon was followed by his men. Work on the same gigantic scale was begun on the other side. Docks were built, railroads laid down overnight, warehouses put up almost between dawn and twilight. This vanguard saw big and built big, and when the news of its accomplishment began to filter across to the men at home it made every American feel bigger.

At the close of his freshman year in June, Ben came back home, and that personal interest took the place of every other in Carter's mind. The boy was looking fine. Drill with the Harvard regiment had taken the place of athletics and had left him as rugged and tanned as a seasoned soldier. Carter proudly took the boy to town with him on the eight-ten and introduced him to the crowd. Then he introduced him to everyone in the office, including Stetson, the second vice president. There was some design in this. He was preparing the way for an opening here for Ben as soon as the lad was through college. With the benefit of the experience Carter could give him the boy ought to climb high in the Atlas.

Ben had acquired poise in this last year. He met these men with an assurance and charm of manner tempered with respectful deference that surprised his father. It was clear that the boy made a very pleasant impression.



"The Way I Feel, Nothing Short of a Chance With the Bayonet Will Satisfy Me. That's Why I Went In for the Marines"

At lunch Ben repeated to his father some of the experiences he had heard from college mates who had gone over to drive ambulances. The boy was full of it and his cheeks grew flushed as he talked. Carter became disturbed

"That's all very well," broke in Carter; "but those fellows might have made themselves more useful if they had waited until they were of age. Both President Lowell and the War Department are advising men to wait and finish their college courses, aren't they?"

"Yes," admitted Ben; "they advise that."

"Well, it's sound advice," declared Carter. "A man with a college education and Plattsburg on top of that is worth twenty ambulance drivers. Officers are what we need."

"I suppose so," agreed Ben abstractedly.

The reply left Carter more comfortable. The boy was only just nineteen, and that gave him two more years before he was twenty-one. By that time the war would be over. Carter was sure of it. The nation by then would be in full stride, and when that time came that was to be the end. Of course, if by any chance the war should be prolonged—why, then the boy would have to go. But that contingency was two years off—two long years off. In the meanwhile the boy could feel that he was getting his training. He was going to make a better officer for waiting. He would gain in experience and judgment—two most necessary qualifications for an officer. Carter proceeded to enlarge on that subject. But the boy listened indifferently. Carter's position, however, was sound, and the more he talked the more he convinced himself of this, so that he succeeded in putting himself enough at ease to talk of the war in a general way

"Sort of makes a man glad he's an American to be living in these days, eh, Ben?"

"You bet!" nodded Ben.

"The rest of the world thought we'd gone soft, but your old Uncle Sam has shown that he still has fighting stuff in him. It took us some time to get stirred up, but once started—woof!"

"We've got a big job on our hands," said Ben.

"The bigger the better," declared Carter. "It takes a big job to wake us up."

The boy was surprised and encouraged by his father's aggressive attitude, and yet when he ventured to reintroduce the subject of ambulance service he saw his father shy off again. He was puzzled by this and went away after lunch to meet his chum Stanley.

A week later, as Carter was about to settle down on the front porch for an after-dinner smoke, Ben came along, took his arm and led him down the graveled path toward the road—out of sight of the house, where Mrs. Carter was washing the dishes. The boy kept his father's arm in an unusually demonstrative manner until he stopped beneath an electric light.

Then he asked quite casually: "Dad, got your fountain pen with you?"

"Eh?"

The lad held out a paper

"What in thunder is this?" demanded Carter.

"My enlistment papers, dad. I went down to the Marine Recruiting Office the other day and passed my physical. Now—they've left a place along the dotted line for you to sign because I'm under age."

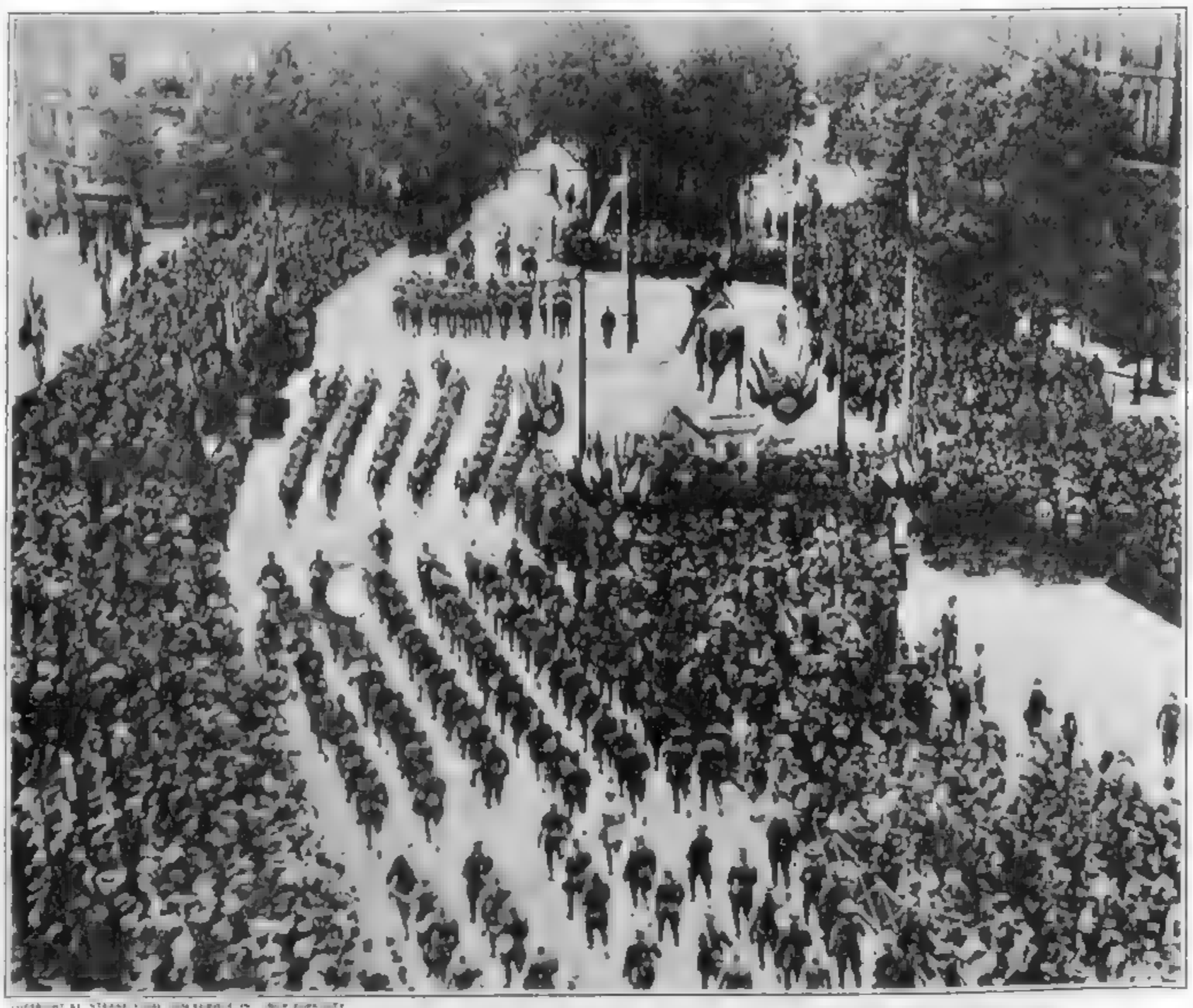
The thing that astonished Carter most after the initial shock was a feeling of helplessness. It was as though his relations with his son had suddenly changed and the son had become the father. He was a foot shorter than the boy anyway, and now he felt two feet shorter. He saw a new light in the boy's eyes, heard a fresh note of dominance. And yet it was only a brief time ago—a pitifully brief time ago that he had been holding this same boy in his arms as a baby. Now he stood at the lad's mercy, even though he still saw below the stalwart figure of the boy-man the downy-headed baby.

(Continued on Page 42)

Homo Americanus in Gay Paree

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

PHOTO PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION



American Military Bands Passing in Review at the Renaming of the Avenue du Trocadéro, in Paris, the Avenue du Président Wilson

AMERICA'S day in Paris! Fourth of July, 1918! Stars and Stripes everywhere—rippling bravely from the flagpoles high over French Government buildings; drooping from innumerable windows; gathered into gorgeous clusters down the beautiful vistas of the Rue de la Paix; fluttering from messengers' bicycles, cabbies' whips and huge lumbering military lorries; hawked by raucous street venders; pinned proudly to women's blouses and men's lapels; decking every public monument, festooning every public square—a splendid, bright carnival blaze of color.

And thronging the streets was the gay French populace, never gayer of heart, eager to meet and to greet the American heroes fresh from Château-Thierry. Since the dawn of day they had been up, swarming like bees in all the principal thoroughfares, searching a good spot from which to view the procession. Hard-handed, soft-hearted papas and mammas, and boys and girls, butchers and bakers and cabinetmakers, little *modistes* and *couturières*, bare-headed, sunny-haired *midinettes* and liveried bottle-imps of *chasseurs*, with their arms full of brave red roses to throw at these big awkward strange soldier-men who had come overseas to fight their war.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, resounded their sturdy feet by scores of thousands on the pavement long before the more leisurely citizens were out of bed. For it was not yet six o'clock! Clouds passed over the face of the sun, warm showers fell, wetting the holiday crowd; and still they laughed and swarmed, and still their numbers grew. Out into wide statue-engirdled Place de la Concorde they surged—just as in former days they had surged, a passionate, mercurial, freedom-loving people, to see the heads of the tyrants fall beneath the guillotine. The crowd was the same and the underlying spirit was the same—save that now it was not in stern judgment they were streaming forth, but in joyous happy gratitude.

The Defenders of the Road to Paris

SOME thousands contented themselves by remaining in the great square, and climbed upon carts, platforms and chairs which enterprising speculators had collected and were vending at colossal prices. Twenty sous for a chair. Ten sous for a cart. Six sous to sit on a man's shoulder. And why not? 'Twas a very good place, a man's strong shoulder, for a *petite bonne femme*—and only six sous! Other scores of eager thousands pressed on up the broad shady chestnut-lined Avenue Champs-Elysées toward the Place d'Iéna, where the parade would start.

Everybody knew who these particular American soldiers were. Nobody had to be told. The Parisian scans his newspaper as the sailor scans the sea. There is not a better-posted man in France than the cabby who haughtily refuses to take you as a fare because forsooth he wants to read the afternoon communiqué! And thus they knew right well who were these American soldiers. They were the ones who had held up the triumphant tide of Prussians—held them up at the point of the bayonet until fresh reënforcements could be found and the road to Paris blocked. And it was they who had blocked that road, as well the Parisians knew.

Call it a miracle; call it chance; call it the psychological moment—call it anything you like; but the pluck, the dash, the clean hard stamina displayed by that small contingent of American troops in a supremely crucial hour acted as a tonic on all of the Allied forces. And from that moment the enemy began to give. The Americans themselves did not realize the value of the situation they had saved. How could they? Rushed into the sector, hurled into the hottest forefront of the line when that line was beginning to crack—they did not know they were defending the road to Paris. They did not even know in which direction Paris lay.

Said one marine to another: "Say, what's the name of this here town we're taking?"

He didn't know the name of the town, but he knew extremely well they were taking it! Even to this day there is scarce an American soldier who can pronounce the name Château-Thierry. But they don't need to. It's back history. They took it long ago! And that sufficed. It sufficed the Parisians, anyway, on Fourth of July. After four years of heart-scald and misery they can read between the lines of a communiqué and know what lies behind as well as their superiors. And they realized, none better, that somehow or other in those few days of savage resistance the balance of power had shifted to the Allies; the beam had tipped. Tipped ever so slightly—but tipped! Paris, their city, the light of the world, was freed from the menace of the Prussian horde. And it was the Americans who had tipped the scale.

Any Parisian could have told you that on this glorious safe and sane Fourth of July. A good many of them did. Gay, fervent, warm-hearted, they shook you by the hand—that is, they did if you looked like the kind of person one naturally shakes hands with in a crowd—and they poured out their pride and emotion and joy. *Les Américains*, they were all right, the way they fought *là-bas!* Superb, *hein?* In effect, they were just as fine fighters as Frenchmen—which was the very tip-toppermost high summit of praise. But how big they were! Giants, in effect! Were all Americans big like that? And how freely and gracefully they strode along! What shoulders, and as slim in the waist as a virgin—a fine race, *bon Dieu!*

And regard those rows of smiling, white sound teeth! But these Americans had just as good teeth as Frenchmen! *C'est épatant!*

And was it true they shaved each day, even up on the line of fire? One heard they had bathing machines—yes, on wheels, *parbleu!* In a camion; and these camions went right up to the firing lines. A soldier undressed, stepped inside, twisted a handle, and a sprinkler overhead showered hot water all over his body. What a clean race! *C'est épatant, ça!*

Why, he had a son in the war, gloriously killed at Verdun, and that *pauvre enfant* would come home on permission, his skin scaly all over like the head of a vulture. It was incredible, but true, scaly as a vulture. His mother had put him in a bathtub, and then, weeping, called the father to observe—and there was that white skin, for the boy had the milk-white skin of his mother, scaly all over like a vulture. . . . Ah, yes, killed on the field of honor before Verdun. Shot between the eyes as he was making a charge. A *caporal*. *Voici* his picture. It would be seen he resembled the mother. Ah, yes!

An Ovation for the Yanks

AND then, fearing the conversation was becoming too sad for the American fête, he changed the subject by remarking that the long-range gun, the Grosse Bertha, that dirty big female, that *vilaine fille*, was not spitting to-day. Doubtless the Americans had shut her mouth. They had dropped some pills down her throat that had affected her digestion. And then he jerked his thumb upward, where directly overhead in the limpid air an aëroplane, like a sportive porpoise, was diving and leaping and looping the loop, and suggested that doubtless that would be one of those new American Liberté motors of which there would be soon twenty thousand on the line. And when they arrived—*oh, là là!* Then the boche would take a dose of little iron pills each night—*hein?*

It was a grand day, full of heart-warming fellowship.

Up near the grand stand the crowd was condensed into one huge nosegay of black bobbing heads. If you were on the inside layer of that closely serried mass you could not possibly detach yourself to move toward the outside, not even were you in a *voiture*. You and your horse must stay put. Up on the grandstand famous personages made their appearance, ambassadors and ministers, the great of earth. They were greeted with cheers, but not with a real ovation. They were not the stars in this cast! Who cares for diplomats, phrase-makers, phrase-breakers, swivel-chair nobles, when the real heroes, the French and the American poilus, the saviors of Paris, pass by? Certainly not the Paris populace.

And so they gave the celebrities a good-natured cheer, just to prove they bore them no grudge, and then turned their gaze, thousands on thousands of bright Gallic eyes, upon the exact point down the street where the American soldiers would arrive. And suddenly a shout—no, not

exactly a shout; rather, a big happy hurrah—burst simultaneously from thousands of grateful happy hearts.

Here they come! *Les Américains!* Here they come! Strong emotion swept the crowd like a breeze. *Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Américains!* And all that excited sea of souls laughed and cried and shouted and sobbed and rocked in glad exultation over these fine, big, clean *garçons* who had fought so splendidly, so desperately, so victoriously beside their own brave poilus.

On they came, French and American, their bayonets glittering in the sun, their faces wreathed in smiles, their eyes—well, not quite straight dead ahead! For who can discipline his eyes, when plump! a bombardment of roses or a barrage of violets hits one straight on the nose? Had it been a shell, what a different story! But to-day it is a battle not of iron hail but of roses. Garlands of roses round their necks, roses behind their ears, roses in their cartridge belts, roses in the nozzles of their guns, which lately spouted flame and shortly will again.

Mais, mon Dieu, comme ils sont adorables, ces Américains! No need to explain to these marines what *adorable* means! It is the same in every tongue. And now roses are kissed before they are flung, and gallantly caught and kissed again. Black eyes on the pavement and gray eyes on the march exchange introductions and flattering remarks. The entente becomes more cordial by the minute.

Up on the grandstand grave, brave words are being spoken. Handkerchiefs are out. Men and women wipe their eyes. The speaker retires in a glow of satisfied emotion. He thinks he has made a fine speech. Gray-bearded orator! It is not your words that made them laugh and cry. To-day deeds speak louder than words—and even now those deeds, in the flesh, are marching down the avenue with roses in their cartridge belts and rifles in their hands. To-morrow they will return. They will return to their shallow trenches, to their stuffy dugouts, to the skirmishing like Indians from tree to tree in the woods, or to the drab monotony of life *en repos*. But to-day is Fourth of July in Paris! And these soldiers have earned this day of joy.

American Troops Greeted by the People of Paris

Coming!

JUST a year ago another small band of American troops marched down this same chestnut-lined Avenue of the Elysian Fields, with the French populace watching on the side lines. But then there were more tears than applause. That was France's black hour. With Russia crumbling into anarchy, Italy in parlous state, a disastrous and sanguinary Champagne offensive just behind them, their politics unstable, their fighters somber, war-weary, and still bearing on their shoulders the crucifixial burden of the conflict is it any wonder that women, looking on that first brave little contingent of foreign troops who knew no more than babes in the cradle the dark sea of anguish in which France seemed drowning, sobbed openly or murmured: "Yes, yes, here they come—*les Américains! Braves gens!* But alas, how long will that little untrained handful last in the frightful caldron of war? France is lost. Our race is doomed. All our young men are being killed and our old men are dying broken-hearted. O my God, how much longer must we endure?"

Ambassador Sharp's Speech at the Place d'Iéna

Since then a year had passed—and what a change had been wrought! Especially the last three months of springtime, when two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand troops had been landed monthly upon the coast of France. Men, men, men! On they came, a steady flood, so that presently, from seeing a knot of Americans here and a knot there upon the streets, and pausing to smile at the novel sight, one began to see them by whole trainloads, by camions, processions on the boulevards, streaming by for hours; and soldiers fresh from American camps lifting their caps and shouting a welcome to Paris as their trucks whirled by en route for the railway stations. Ten thousand a day.

Parisians began to sit up and take notice of this peaceful invasion, which was not so much an invasion as it was a vision, a dream beginning to come true. As a matter of fact, Paris caught but the briefest glimpse of them; they swarmed the streets for a couple of hours between trains, sipped curaçao or *grog américain* at the Café de la Paix; and were swallowed up in that grim mysterious region of the Front. And once out of Paris they did not return. Thus, it was fresh contingents which Paris daily saw rushing through. It is not to be conceived that this transportation was done with any splurge, any demonstration or loud boastful toasts. On the contrary it was only when one chanced to be at the station or on the boulevard when a contingent was shifting that one became aware what an abundance of khaki adorned the landscape. And as the result of this big silent panorama there began to be a thrill in the air, a tonic, a definite promise of hope. The March offensive, with its loss of territory, had been a bitter pill. The consequent depression and lowering of morale had been an even greater catastrophe. British papers were saying openly: "America, it is up to you. Unless you save us we are lost. Come. Come quickly!"

And so America began to hurl them in: Men, men, men. Perhaps some day a genius will adequately describe, in epic form, all this mighty labor of the transportation of millions of men. But more likely it will be a movie! Parisians did not see the beginning of this labor, and did not see the end. They only saw a big swift current on the move. And the more they watched this grand and silent spectacle of power the higher their spirits soared. Ah, those dirty pigs of boches, who would like to loot and pollute Paris, they would strike a fine surprise, eh, when they struck that hard American wall!

Fourth of July Was Celebrated in Paris With as Much Spirit as in the United States

Roses, Kisses and Clinking Glasses

AND the splendid gallant part of it all was that when the supreme hour of trial came the French did not have to abate one jot of their pride in the American prowess. For it was American troops in that grim period who stemmed the tide, who closed the road to Paris. They paid the price in blood, and the price was high. But had it been ten times higher it would have been worth while. For that single episode showed both friends and foe where the balance of power lay.

It was all of these hidden secret things, all the long weary months of tension, discouragement, grief, all the deep national undercurrents—swinging together in one strong joyous river of pride—which gave this particular Fourth of July parade a peculiar significance.

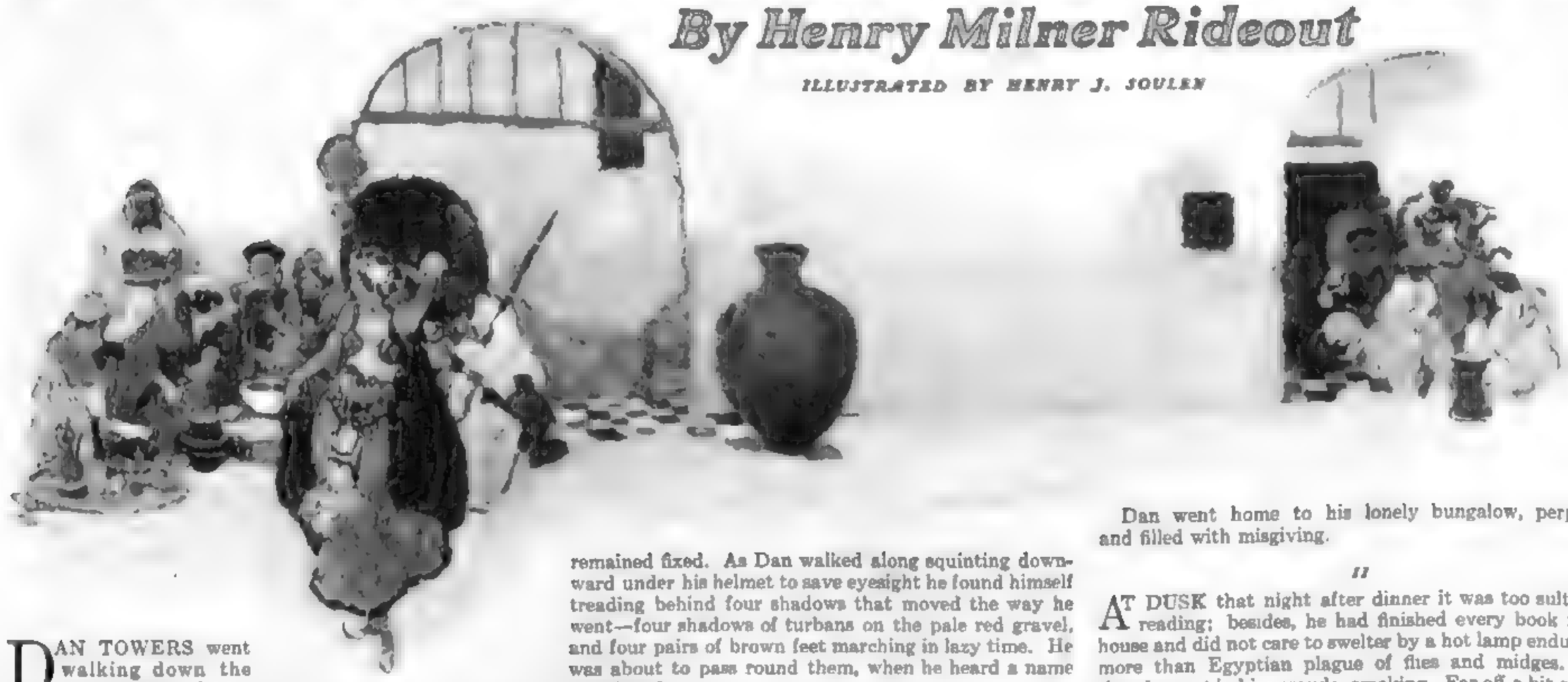
So who cared what the diplomats said up there? Not Paris. Not the people. Not the staunch little poilus, home on leave. They knew their own affairs! And war is preeminently the affair of the poilu. And so flowers for these *braves garçons*. Battles of roses. Kisses and handclasps and laughter and tears, drinks in the cafés and incomprehensible toasts. Isn't that better than windy eloquence? I'll say it is, friend!

(Continued on Page 82)

SURPRISING GRACE

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



DAN TOWERS went walking down the thoroughfare of Mayaganj on a hot noonday, half asleep, with eyes half closed against the glare. Rain had fallen, mild Bengal showers darkening the brick-dust road to a cherry red that now turned pink under the blazing sun. Steam rose among the sandals, brown legs and bedraggled white dhotis of the throng. Dan remembered how he had first landed in Mayaganj as a stranger to wade through mudholes; and how since then the Maharajah had roused from lethargy to make a village lane that shed water and dried. It was some good anyway, some gain; all due to a poor little fanatic called Hury Seke, who had bearded the Maharajah in his palace and frightened him with Pentecostal thunder.

"That far ahead," considered Mr. Towers drowsily. "Not much, but it's something."

As he went thus meditative in a smell of drying umbrellas and men he approached a sound that made him wake, listen and look about—a familiar sound in India, the uplifted voice of wayside preaching; yet an odd sound, for lo, the words were the words of Bengal, but the pious, doleful singsong that of Western pulpit oratory.

"And so, my brethren," it proclaimed, "what is this message I bring unto you? Is it of the price of jute? Oh, no! Is it of food, and drink, and viands, and provender, and beverage, and belly affairs? Of little fish in bitter oil, and rice, and pān, and cigarat? Is it of such things, bought and sold and merchandised and trafficked in with annas and with pies? No, oh no, my friends! Nay, I say unto you that it is not!"

The preacher, a young baboo, stood under a great green holy tree in the market place exhorting earnestly. His brown face glistened with sweat and fervor. He seemed uplifted, a stranger upon Mars' Hill. The crowd about him—coolies, peddlers, lean rivermen ashore from jute dinghies, tailors, messengers and naked children, a crowd of white garments and brown skins—listened with the polite and rather tired curiosity of Eastern passers-by.

"What, then, is it? Behold, I will tell and prophesy unto you."

Dan paused like the rest by the shade of the religious fig tree and gave ear while this young convert launched boldly upon an ocean of metaphysics and began to circumnavigate. The fellow was quite honest. If Dan smiled he did it privately, considering what deeps were being sailed by what queer mariner of the spirit: prophet, hearers and leafy tabernacle were so ancient, the doctrine ancient likewise, and good—yet so fantastic in a mixture of Bengali and Chadband.

Four rough-looking men stood in front of Towers, talking, laughing and spitting betel juice like blood all over the road. As they turned away one of them, the burliest, opened his broad red-stained mouth to shout mockery:

"'Lift up my veil,' says the new bride. 'I'm a-going to manage your house for you!'"

A few of the unthinking laughed at this proverb. The evangelist calmly continued his sermon under the tree. Dan, having business to do, soon afterward went his way down the village street. The fitful rain had ceased, and white noonday scorched all things in a heat that danced along the fronts of mud houses and the shallow cloisters of shops. Amid this colorless boiling of air only shadows remained fixed. As Dan walked along squinting downward under his helmet to save eyesight he found himself treading behind four shadows that moved the way he went—four shadows of turbans on the pale red gravel, and four pairs of brown feet marching in lazy time. He was about to pass round them, when he heard a name mentioned.

"Runa? Of course it is Runa. He is here, there and everywhere. Runa is a devil. He, too, must die."

Dan looked up. Before him he saw the owners of the shadow turbans and bare feet. They were the same ill-favored men, in dirty white, who but now had mocked the preacher.

A quiet man by nature, Dan happened to be wearing old deck shoes that made little or no sound upon the road; and now as he overheard this name of Runa he walked even more quietly, for he had a friend sometimes called Runa, sometimes called Mr. la Flèche of Chandernagor, a modest member of the police whom he greatly admired and liked.

"Your liver!" cried one of the four. It was he who had bellowed that joke about the new bride. "No. We need not kill Runa. But we can end him. Alive. Put him out forever. *Fut.* So." The man made some gesture near his face. "Alive, but ended. That is the better way."

"How?" asked another of the ill-favored ones in dirty white. "Tell us what you mean, Ram Lal. Time is short."

Ram Lal the burly was about to answer, when he raised his turbaned head, listened and glanced behind. His companions did likewise. Dan saw bloodshot eyes glowering as he passed. There was nothing to do but pass, though he would have liked to hear more of this conversation. The four ruffians gave him a humble salaam.

"Yes, you say true," the ready voice of Ram Lal overtook him. "People heard the Barisal Guns last night. It is a good sign for the jute, brothers. We shall have more rain, by the blessing of the gods."

This sanctimonious prediction met with favor, for Ram Lal's brethren chuckled as at a bit of well-timed waggery. Someone muttered that "that son of a pig could not understand us if he heard." Dan ignored the epithet, though he knew it to be aimed at his back. He marched serenely on. Later, when he glanced behind, the four strangers were going down under pipal shade to the blaze of the river, where their white figures mingled and were lost in a confusion made by other white figures, carriers of lumpy cloth bundles and gleaming brass bowls, who jostled, yelled obscenity, and fought for place in the ferryman's barge.

"Wish this son of a pig had heard the rest of it," thought Dan. "If I knew where Runa was—to get word to him. Humph! They said the time was short."

Dan went home to his lonely bungalow, perplexed and filled with misgiving.

II

AT DUSK that night after dinner it was too sultry for reading; besides, he had finished every book in the house and did not care to swelter by a hot lamp enduring a more than Egyptian plague of flies and midges. Dan therefore sat in his veranda, smoking. Far off a bit of dark blue river burned itself out under silhouettes of trees; the sky, where tawny vampires had tumbled and swooped in a glory of space, rapidly faded, darkened, and became the firmament crowded with soft large stars close overhead. To a lonely man this change was beautiful yet mournful, making Nature seem a time-worn goddess, calm but not beneficent, her world an alien empire, too old. Even the little lights, which now began to blink, smoky-red, in jute dinghies along the *kul* or hovels along the country road, brought a sense of homelike things removed, translated and made inaccessible. Dan felt forlorn as he watched them.

"And somewhere among all this," he thought, "I've got a friend in danger. And I don't know where or why; or how to help him."

While Towers debated whether to take a melancholy ramble or go lie awake in bed under mosquito curtains there came bobbing round the corner of his bungalow a lighted lantern. The man who carried it, a lean sheeted ghost, climbed the veranda stairs and bowed low.

"To Tawah Sahib," murmured this lantern bearer, "my master sends a chit."

He salaamed again, delivered a strip of folded paper, knelt beside the chair and held up his lantern so that Dan could read.

By his sharp nose, drooping white mustache and pointed turban Dan recognized an old retainer of the Maharajah's.

"Very well, Dhirendra," said Mr. Towers, and opened the letter.

It bore no signature, but the writing was the large copybook hand of the lordling of Mayaganj.

"Can you not come up to the palace at once?" it ran. "I should like to talk with you about a friend of ours."

Now being no frequenter of palaces and hardly more than a well-wisher to this Maharajah, Dan could easily have put off such an invitation; but the "friend of ours" in a region where he saw few friends, or none at all, might well be Runa—that very Runa la Flèche whom the four strangers at the bazaar had threatened. In all likelihood it was Runa. The message chimed too well with his late anxiety for Dan to disregard it.

"Lead on, Dhirendra," he said, rising. "I'll go back with you."

Dhirendra's lantern showed the way over the lawn, round the dark house, into a path hedged with green bamboo. As they went they saw one other light, from the kitchen, a jungle bower in which the cook and the grass cutter were chanting a duet:

I had fourteen annas when I came to town,
But her name was Little Mango!

to the music of flute and drum.

Within, Dan's Patient Allowed Himself to Doze, and Thus They Sailed, All Tight and Cosy, Through Hot Weather in the Sunderbans

This rowdy entertainment they soon left behind as the tall tiger grass and taller trees surrounded them with a whispering silence and a sword-play of shadow blades. They mounted a gentle slope of woodland until before them rose an old wall, its base mottled in the lantern-light, its top against the stars black as a dungeon. In this wall Dhirendra unlocked a narrow door, which he swung open and, when they had passed through, locked again. They stood in the palace garden.

"My master glad to see the Sahib to-night," declared the Maharajah's messenger.

A reddish god threatened them with four gigantic sandstone arms as they began to climb the garden path; a troop of humping dark things that fled along the battlemented wall, sinuous, like a frieze of cats and serpents intermingled, told the two men they were followed and watched by the Maharajah's monkeys; but such nocturnal sights being familiar Dan and his guide trudged upward without pause. Past the starry water of a tank, past the checkered marble floor of a pavilion they came to the high terrace, where, parting tangled shrubbery, they burst from darkness into a great blaze from lighted windows all a-row, open, level with the ground.

"Much company to-night," said Dan.

"Much," replied Dhirendra. "In there, sir. My master expects you."

So saying the fellow blew out his lantern and flitted away under a heavy arcade. Towers, who needed no usher, let him go, and through one of the lighted windows entered the audience hall, a pillared vault, miserably hot, crowded at one end with men sitting on the floor. There was indeed much company. Hideous ornate lamps overhead, all writhing brass and dangling crystal, burned whatever last breath of air had found its way indoors, and poured down their light upon a white-robed concourse of men who squatted round a circle. It was a circle of yellow matting, tarnished and greasily rubbed, round the circumference of which, like hours round a clock, ran painted squares of black and red containing Chinese numerals.

"A quiet family game," thought Dan, who had often seen the like elsewhere. He might have stepped from India into Bangkok or Macao. Silver coins lay scattered upon the hours of this clock, and directly before him a fat Chinaman, calmer than any god, sat hauling in white cowries from a pile, four at a time, with a short-handled rake. The players watched, gloomy but intent. No one marked the entrance of Dan except the Chinaman's cashier, a rather pretty little Singhalese with his hair in a round comb. He alone glanced up, turning upon Mr. Towers the languidly cunning orbs of Ceylon's isle.

"*Si*," proclaimed the god-surpassing banker, whose rake had left four snowy shells alone on the mat. He filled a copper bowl with fresh cowries, inverted it, and sat impassive, ready for another deal.

"*Char, char!*" yelped the Singhalese, who began to collect and pay out so fast that the matting hissed with sliding coins. "Four has won. Four. Again, again! Place, place quickly! We play again."

It was a marvel to see this girlish man as he hunkered there, his brown hands catching, counting and flinging silver across the circle, quick as a conjurer. Every piece of money scooted to the right hour. Dan, who admired any form of skill, stood admiring this, when suddenly the cashier looked backward again, grinned slyly, bent a bad coin with his teeth, threw it away, held out his hand to someone for another, and said in a mixture of soft English and hard vernacular:

"Yea-us, sah. Hees Highneeze, he awaiting for you in hees beelyard room. Yea-us, sah. . . . Lead not taken. Silver required, please."

A flutter of white garments and a chinking of money passed about the circle as Dan turned away to follow the Singhalese's direction. The gaming proceeded without interruption, sedately. Even as a breakage of law it seemed very dull. There was no talk, not a murmur; and when Dan had taken a few steps down the dark corridor that entered the sandstone labyrinth of the palace not a sound followed him. He groped forward in a subterranean quiet. Once or twice, passing the blackness of a cross corridor, he had to stop and think, for fear of turning wrong; but presently a dim glow straight ahead reminded him in what quarter lay the billiard room. At last he reached a vaulted doorway and could see again.

"Good evening," said a weary voice.

"Good evening, sir," replied Dan.

At the far end of a somber room one shaded lamp made a round light on the green acreage of an English billiard table.

Behind it loomed a huge man in white, who seemed to be playing listlessly with pellets on the cloth. These pellets glistened as Dan drew nearer.

"Thank you for coming," said the huge man in white, bending to look under the lamp. It was the bull of this labyrinth. His broad brown face, hanging jowls and mournful stare were those of the Maharajah. "How are you? . . . Pretty, aren't they?"

The pellets with which his great dark hands were playing Dan now saw to be pearls—a score or so of pearls, shining on the billiard cloth. They reminded him of early dewdrops scattered on nasturtium leaves.

"Very pretty, sir."

"Not worn often enough," said the lord of the palace. "There's a couple of them going faint. Do you see?"

"I'm no judge."

The bulky potentate looked at him askance.

"No. You don't waste *your* time," he declared morosely. "You have something better to do. They are trash."

"I never said that," Dan replied. "Did you ask me here, sir, to talk pearls?"

For the first time during their acquaintance the Maharajah laughed. It was a short laugh, but for the moment it made his face brighter than ever before, less heavy and pouting, almost kind.

"You're right," he agreed. "We always clash, don't we? I try to put words in your mouth, as my English agent used to say. No, you are quite right. We were to discuss a friend of ours. Wait."

With that he gathered the pearls off the billiard cloth and swept them into a soft-leather pouch, which he stowed away somewhere among the white folds covering his bosom.

"Come along, if you please." With a rolling gait the lord of the palace led the way under a heavy arch into another dark and stilled corridor. Dan, following, could see him only as a cloud of whiteness that filled the passage, till suddenly he pushed aside a curtain and appeared obscurely, beckoning, in a wedge of smoky lamplight.

The lamp, a tin affair with fishtail wick and blackened chimney, burned on a gorgeous ebony table carved in the likeness of three elephants' heads. It dispelled enough darkness to show another vaulted room, a low cot midway on the floor, and a ghostly servant who stood waving a two-handed palm fan taller than himself back and forth over something dark that lay upon the cot.

"Why, it's not Runa?" whispered Dan, advancing and bending down to look.

"Talk aloud. You need not whisper." The Maharajah followed gloomily. "Sometimes he won't wake if you shout at him."

The occupant of the charpoy stirred, mumbled, but remained asleep. Dan stood watching him. It was a white man, but not Runa la Flèche. This was Dan's day to meet evangelists; for here lay another—a little crack-brained wanderer whom he had first known aboard ship, traveling alone, ignorant, penniless, to convert India by the gift of tongues.

"I gave him money," said the Maharajah, pointing round about; "and off he went on a spree of paint again. Look!"

All over the walls of the cavernous room, up and down hill in sprawling white characters, as if a prisoner had bedaubed his cell, ran painted legends:

DAY OF OUT POURING AT HAND
QUIT SINING, WORMS DYETH NOT
HURY SEKE JEHOVAH
WRATH TO COME ALL DRUNKS HURY

Dan smiled.

"Still at it," he murmured. "Lives up to his nickname."

He listened to the sick man's breathing. By the sound he knew this poor little outcast, driven by wild visions, had come to a bad pass.

"How long has he been like this?"

"Some days," replied the Maharajah. "Oh, yes, I had doctors up from Calcutta. They called it sun, overdoing, neglect of himself; if he was to live he must get out of this and go home, they said."

Towers looked down at him whom they called Hury Seke. Under his long black robe the man's body appeared flat, sunken, worn out; and his face, always grimy, had the pallor and hollowness of a death mask.

Hury Seke Leveled a Damning Finger at the Lord of Mayagani. "Woe Unto Him Who Eateth the Fat and Drinketh the Sweet"

"If 'twas advice you called me in for," said Dan, "I think the doctors were right. Sooner he does get out the better."

A look of distress came into the Maharajah's broad brown face.

"He won't go. That's just it. He won't budge. When he's awake, Towers, he really is —— He's what your people call a holy terror."

Dan laughed inwardly. It was droll to see this mighty bull, this god of riches and power, here in his own stronghold quailing before a wisp of mankind whom he could pick up with one hand. But Dan understood; for he remembered how Hury Seke could talk, even to lords and rulers, when as a Pentecostal Brother he had his hour of speech upon him.

At that moment the black robe stirred on the cot. Hury Seke opened his eyes—pale eyes, dazed, yet too bright. He seemed to know both his visitors.

"'My words shall fall as the dew,'" he said in a dry, feverish voice. Then closing his eyes he muttered, tossed and lay still. "I'm a-goin', boys; I'm a-goin' to the House of the Overcomers. In Jerusalem. Yeah. The golden, with milk and honey blessed. That's what I'm a-layin' for next."

The words trailed away into silence. Dan shook his head, not liking what he had seen and heard.

But the Maharajah lost no time in such thoughts.

"Come here!" He plucked his guest by the sleeve. "Come quickly! If he should begin again —— I tell you, the man's nine devils and a goat."

They left the little figure quiet on the charpoy, while his ghostly attendant waved the tall palm leaf back and forth, fluttering the lamp so that shadows jumped and played and gave a gloomy semblance of motion to the writing round the walls.

III

ONCE more in his billiard room the Maharajah heaved a long breath.

"That's over," he said. "I wanted you to see. Have a smoke."

From a tarnished gold casket he gave Dan his choice of black eight-inch cigars. Dan lighted one and perched on the corner of the billiard table. The lordling backed himself mountainously into a high chair with the aid of a cue, which he sat holding like a monarch enthroned, scepter in hand.

"Look here, Towers, what am I to do?"

"Send him home."

"He won't go!" roared the monarch.

"Yes, he will. I'll persuade him down to Calcutta for you."

His Highness the Maharajah bounced on his chair for joy.

"You'll take him? Really?" he cried; and his face beamed like a moon. "That's a bargain, Towers. Look here, you put him aboard ship, I'll give him three or four hundred pounds—whatever is right—and off he sails! Now that's a bargain, then, isn't it? You don't know how grateful ——"

Dan lifted his cigar to signify halt. He was thinking.

"No. No money in hand. Not for Hury Seke," he answered. "The little cuss would only buy more paint and start again. Here's my proposal: Ship him off as a destitute British subject, or American; hand over your four or five hundred pounds to the captain of the ship privately, in trust for him, and cable ahead so that he'll be looked after on landing. What do you think of that?"

The Maharajah tapped his cue gently on the floor and considered.

"I think it's damned good," he replied. "We'll do it. There's one affair settled." The speaker sat watching the butt of his cue with big mournful eyes that brooded. "I wish it were the only affair on my mind to-night." He glanced up, shook his head wearily and continued tapping. "Dare say you saw a lot of low company in the other room out there as you came through? Yes. Very dull game, wasn't it? There's someone among them who means to kill me to-night. Another silly ass trying to murder me. Exceedingly annoying, Towers."

Dan grinned at him through the smoke.

"You take it cool enough."

"Have a drink? No? Then I will, to pass the time." The Lord of Mayaganj slid from his chair, waddled over to a taboret, and poured himself a whisky and soda. "Why as to that, death means nothing to me."

It was evident he spoke the truth. He stood there, glass in hand, forgetting to drink in his despondency. Dan sat quietly entertained, remembering how this majestical brown stoic had run away from Hury Seke's bed and thinking how curious are the fears and braveries of men. Presently the Maharajah set down his peg untasted, to lumber aimlessly back and forth in the dark vault. He had stopped to light a cigarette—the match disclosing boredom in every fold of his countenance—when there came a sound of bare feet along the stone floor.

"Een a few meenit, sah, you may come," declared a languid voice. "Yes-us, sah. Een five meenit now, I theenk."

It was the Singhalese gamester's voice. He paused, cringing, beyond the lamplight, which showed his cunning face, his soft eyes, and his oily hair held back by the round comb. He seemed girlish and mischievous. But what overcame Dan at this second glimpse of him was a puzzled conviction that he was no stranger. Somewhere Dan had known this Singhalese before.

"Picked the right one, have you?" asked the Maharajah carelessly.

"Oh, yes-us. Indeed the räight one, sah."

Another cringe, another wave of the hands accompanied the answer; and this time the fellow glanced at Dan, fawning.

Dan slid from the billiard table and stood on foot. He felt a shock of recognition. This ingratiating juggler of coins was a fraud. It could not be possible; but in that flying glance, in some hidden mockery of the eyes or faint curl of the mouth, he had seen his friend Runa la Flèche.

The Maharajah lifted his forgotten glass and drank. In doing so he presented to them the breadth of his back.

"Runa!" Dan formed the name silently on his lips, and made a gesture signifying: "Wait. I want to see you!"

It might have been a mistake; perhaps it was; for he of the round comb looked blank and smiled a smile of unmeaning flattery. The Maharajah turned and spoke:

"I'll come to you in five minutes."

"Verree good, sah," replied the Singhalese, and bowing withdrew like a white shadow.

Dan saw him pass into the far corridor, and said nothing. The Lord of Mayaganj offered no explanation, but came and laid a gold hunting-case watch open on the green cloth, then resumed his lumbering meditation up and down the room. "What a nuisance!" he muttered. "Silly duffers, always at it." He passed and repassed the table, bending magnificently down to consult his watch. After several tours he halted there and put the timepiece back among his clothes.

The Maharajah Lifted His Forgotten Glass and Drank

"Forty-six, forty-seven," he murmured to himself; and then to Dan: "Coming with me?" he said. "Do if you like. About forty-nine times, this will make, that some idiot's tried to kill me. Can't remember now, but I keep them written down in a book. Let's go see if my hour has struck to-night. Shall I die now, Towers?"

For the first time Dan really understood and liked the man. "No. Not you."

The misanthrope nodded, his broad brown face composed, happy, as though he looked forward to a game worth playing.

"What will you bet?" he grunted. "Shall we go see? Don't expose yourself."

They crossed the room and entered that passageway down which the Singhalese had vanished. Dan tried to go foremost, but the Maharajah punched him back into second place with a fat yet mighty elbow. For some time they felt their way between stone walls in moldy darkness; then a glimmer of light reached them, with a chinking and rustling that Towers knew to come from the gamblers in the great hall.

He was wondering what his leader expected might happen, when it happened with a vengeance.

As they passed a crossroad in this maze where corridors met, some dusky thing leaped off the floor at the Maharajah's throat. It fell short, tripped by the Singhalese, who darted from nowhere and stuck out his foot cleverly. A weapon fell clattering upon stone. Dan found himself astride a naked body that fought like a serpent.

"Take him!" said Runa's voice.

Two or three men hauled the writhing body from between Dan's knees and rushed it away into the dark. A moment later the corridors were empty and still as before.

"Very good," said the Maharajah. "Well tripped, well caught. He didn't hurt you, Towers? Then let us watch the game out there awhile."

IV

BLAZING lamps in the hall of audience made them wink as they entered it from the corridors. Unbroken, the play went on quietly, everyone a-squat; the godlike Chinaman presided with bowl of cowries and rake, the Singhalese tossed and caught silver as though he had never dreamed of quitting his place. Round the tawny circle of matting a few white-clad reprobates bowed their turbans low when they saw the Lord of the House; but the rest of the ring sat fast, paying attention only to their wagers. Dan's host climbed to a gilt throne which a pair of servants drew forward, and there sat looking on, complacent though rather scornful. He had enjoyed the late excitement, for his big eyes glowed, and from time to time sought Dan's with sidelong irony, as if to convey that all pastimes with money were dull after such little games with death in the dark. Presently he said as much:

"Very tame, is it not, Towers?"

Dan gave a nod, for the gambling was truly insipid; but his thoughts were elsewhere.

"I suppose I must keep the pot boiling." His haughty friend beckoned a servant, by whose hand he placed a few bets of gold and silver at random. "Poor wretches, they think they're having sport."

He gave no heed to the turns of fortune, but let his man play for him. Dan stood behind the gilt chair and watched only the Singhalese. There the fellow squatted across the ring, catching and counting and tossing nimbly, accurately, with the skill of lifelong habit. Surely it was not Runa. Once in a lull he paused, rested, drew a sigh, and glancing round about with his soft brown eyes met the scrutiny which Dan held fixed upon him. He smiled and bowed droopingly, as though tired of his labor. No, it could not be Runa. Towers began to doubt his own eyesight; it could not even have been this round-combed effeminate whose shadow came from nowhere to trip the murderer in the passage.

On went the play, endless and meaningless. The hour grew late, the hot room hotter, the bad air worse, and Dan more and more sleepy. He made up his mind to say good night, having seen enough.

As he turned to do so there came a rush of bare feet and sweeping garments down the corridor into the room. Hury Seke the invalid had got out of bed and come to join this house party. From the archway staggered a thin, black-robed form with a gray face of wrath and glittering eyes.

"Ye serpents!" The small fanatic, ghastly as though risen from the tomb, spoke with a voice of thunder. "Ye generation of vipers!"

Dan saw the Maharajah collapse and dwindle on his shining chair. All the company were jerked upright, scandalized. Even the Chinaman, yellow and placid among those brown faces, looked up mildly, forgetting to count.

"And you, O King!" Hury Seke leveled a damning finger at the Lord of Mayaganj. "Woe unto him who eateth the fat and drinketh the sweet, and sendeth no portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared. Woe unto him who layeth pitfalls for the feet of the innocent. Lo, the sow hath returned to her wallowing. And beside him stood Mattithiah, and Shema, and Anaiah on his right hand." The speaker pointed, beginning with Towers, at each man round the fan-tan mat, as if calling them opprobrious names one by one. "And on his left hand Pedaiah, and Mishael, and Hashbadana, and Meshullam. Vipers, by gorry! And to you, O King, I say unto you, the dog hath returned to his vomit!"

Mr. Towers thought it high time for intervention. Deserting the gilt chair and its confounded occupant, he approached his old acquaintance with a smile.

"Hello, Hury," said Dan. "How are you? Let's go have a talk about this. Haven't seen you for many a long day." He linked arms and turned the man about. "How are you, anyway, old stiff? Come talk it over."

(Continued on Page 26)

READY!—By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

When That Battle Comes, There Need be No Fear That Our Flag Will Not be Flying in the Thick of It

WE WERE sitting at dinner with the admiral on his flagship, the U. S. S. ——. I say the U. S. S. —— because it is so required of me, neither more nor less being admissible in the public prints; and it may be as well, for the elision gives the fancy of the reader free rein, and his local patriotism excellent scope, inasmuch as all our battleships are called after states of the Union, and the name of any favorite state may be supplied to this slap in question with excellent chance of correct designation should the matter seem important. However ——

We were sitting at dinner with the admiral on his flagship and ragging a bit the two English four-stripers who were of the company on the quality of English humor, as we found it in print and in speech, quoting scraps of it and contrasting these with the jest American, which we set forth as having the more catholic appeal. The English four-stripers were valiant in the defense of their native jocosities, but overwhelmed with example and the instance direct. Finally, as if to put an end to it, one of the four-stripers with great earnestness of manner said: "You may say what you like about it, but I assure you, gentlemen, British jokes are not to be laughed at!"

The Parable of the Wandering Scribe

NOR American, either, in these parts where I am writing: which vibrant truth was made so apparent on the day when the American commander in chief, noting the British beef boat of the fleet approaching, flying the white flag with the red bull rampant in the middle of it, ventured the remark to certain of the royalty standing by: "That is the first time I have ever seen the real British ensign"; and was gravely rebuked for it in the newspapers of the following morning in this wise: "An amusing instance of the astonishing unfamiliarity of the Americans with British flags was observed when the American admiral mistook the flag of the fleet beef boat for the national ensign."

John Bull—John Bull—"oh, ain't it the truth?" as we all shouted when the English four-striper rallied to the defense of the humor of his country—ain't it the truth? Thus I am led to the consideration of other matters British that are not to be laughed, or sneezed, at, and chief among these is the strict limitation that is placed on writings concerning the Grand Fleet, its particulars or its componenta. The British Navy, it seems, is impersonal save when one of its topside personages makes it personal to himself. To all others it is sea power.

Wherefore, dearly beloved brethren, I speak to you a parable in this wise: A certain man set out from his home and made a long and toilsome journey into warring foreign lands and across turbulent foreign waters seeking for a sustenance, and word and sight of it, for which his people were sore stricken to have knowledge concerning. After adventure by flood and field he came one day upon a place where this sustenance was more abundant and grateful than elsewhere in all the world, and he gave a glad cry and marveled greatly, saying:

"Here, now, is journey's end. Here have I discovered what I long have sought. Here is shown before my eyes, fevered with diligent and unceasing search, that which is the acme of my desire and the desire of my people, balm for my starved spirit, food for my famished zeal, pabulum for my eager endeavor, and heartening for those I have left behind. Here shall I remain and partake freely, for in all the lands over which I have sought, and the waters thereof, there is no place where I may obtain word and sight of sustenance compared to this, and nothing tantamount. So shall I abide here in peace and content, and send writings home to my people that they may know what manner of sustenance this is I have found, and examine into my reports thereof, and be apprised of all the various matters connected therewith."

"Nay," said one who stood beside; and being of authority he spoke truly. "It shall not be as you say. Of all the vast sustenance spread before you you may observe and partake freely, and we have great joy in holding you welcome to the sight and the partaking, but no writings may go thither to your people, nor may there be any speech concerning these things. It is so spoken and ordained."

"To what end, then," asked the man, "has it served me to come upon this place? It would have been as well had I never fallen upon it, as has been my lot."

"How now," replied he who stood beside, "is it not sufficient to you that you shall see all this, and partake, rather than that you should exclaim in this wise upon the ordinances that have been set about it?"

"It seemeth insufficient," rejoined the man; "for what profits it me to see and know of this sustenance, and partake thereof, when it is forbidden me to tell my people, who are sore stricken to hear definite matters concerning these things?"

The Scribe Weepeth Bitter Tears

"IT IS so spoken and ordained," said he who stood beside, "and there shall be no recourse else save this alone: You may send writings to your people that you came upon this sustenance of which they stand in need and yearn for understanding, that it has waxed great and mighty—but no more."

Whereupon the man wept exceeding bitter tears and made loud lamentation and beat upon his breast, tearing his hair and rending his garments, but to no avail, for he who stood beside was a Competent Sustenance Authority.

(Continued on Page 55.)

Our Ships and Our Men are Ready—Ready to the Last Man and the Last Ship

The Coming Winter in Russia

In the Open Markets in Moscow Cloth Remnants May Still be Purchased

Black Loaves in the Market at Samara

When a Petrograd Dealer Unearths a Case of Shoes He Sends a "Sandwich Man" Out to Announce the News

By Oliver M. Sayler

WINTER comes early in Russia, and it stays late. From May to September the Russian crowds in his spring and his summer and his autumn. Every year in this brief growing period the peasant must raise all of the grain that his own millions and the millions of the cities will need in the long cold white months ahead, for the Russian has no way of storing grain against a time of need. Whatever the harvest, so will the winter be.

For five long weeks, during the past summer, I crossed the endless plains of Russia and the doubly endless miles of Siberia. Every day as I looked through my mud-spattered car window I could see the fields stretching away from the railroad untouched by this season's plow. Once in a while in a lonely corner a few square rods were under cultivation. And after this little oasis came the dismal stretch of untilled acres once more. This, then, was Russia's preparation for the coming winter. By now the grain has been harvested and the peasant sits guarding it with the gun he brought home from the Front. He has planted for himself, and only for himself, and he doesn't intend to share with anyone. He has written the record of Russia for the winter of 1918–19 and the book is already closed. The world can only look on now in helpless pity while hundreds of thousands of Russians add their names in starvation to the red roster of the revolution.

The Vanishing Wheat Crop

IF I HAD been going into Russia instead of coming out I should have been dumfounded at this inexplicable situation. Had not Russia been hungry for two winters—seriously hungry last winter? Wasn't this the grain soil of one of the greatest grain countries in the world? Hadn't the soldiers come home from the Front to seize their share of the newly divided land? Early in the war there might not have been enough laborers for the fields, but surely that difficulty had been overcome. Here was demand, crying, pleading demand, from Moscow and Petrograd and every city and town the length and breadth of the country. Why, then, these thousands upon thousands of miles of fallow fields?

I began to acquire an answer to this question early last fall on my way into Russia. All through the Siberian wheat country I was on the lookout for some evidences of the wheat. The grain, of course, had long been cut and the fields were now snow sprinkled. There was bread at the station markets, great loaves big enough for a family for a week. But there were no elevators, no warehouses, no place to store the wheat and facilitate its shipment. Near the freight platform in one town hundreds of bushels of wheat in flimsy sacks were piled up on the damp ground. The soldiers who were loading a box car often burst open a sack, and the ground was littered with the wasted grain.

One day in Moscow, therefore, I asked a Russian business man where Russia stored her grain. The winter had passed without starvation but not without hunger, and we were talking of the season ahead and of its hopes and fears.

"I didn't see any warehouses along the Trans-Siberian Railroad," I said. "But surely you have grain elevators somewhere in Russia in which you store your surplus wheat."

"Elevators?" he said. "We haven't any elevators. The only ones we ever had in all Russia were at Libau, on the Baltic, and at Odessa, on the Black Sea. And now the Germans hold Libau, while they have torn Odessa from us and added it to Ukrainia."

"You see," he went on, "the Russian peasant never threshes his grain until he is ready to use it or to sell it. He has only his crowded thatched hut to live in and sometimes a thatched tumble-down outbuilding. But he has no place to keep his wheat and rye if he threshes them. They would simply rot on his hands. And so he stacks up the sheaves in the field until the tax collector or the grain merchant comes or his own meal bin runs low. Of course he loses the outer sheaves exposed to the rain and snow, but the stack is reasonably proof against everything except fire.

"If the peasant has to carry his stack over into the second or third summer, though, he is likely to lose his entire harvest from rot. That is what began to happen the first year after the war started. By the mobilization of many million troops we had overtaxed our transportation system, and there weren't enough cars to carry the grain from the fields to the cities. Each year the war lasted the situation grew worse. The rolling stock on our railroads began to fall to pieces. Cars were congested in districts where they weren't needed. With all our men in the army there weren't enough to repair the cars or to operate the trains. Still, the peasant hoped for better days and he had the habit, and so he planted his fields in the spring and harvested them in the summer. Two or three years of fruitless toil and wasted crops, however, took all the heart out of his efforts. Then came the revolution, and people told him he was free. In the old days he had hated the city and everyone in it because of its oppression. Six months after the revolution he began to hate it again because it took all his grain and gave him in return worthless paper money. Therefore, sullen and defiant, the Russian peasant this summer will grow only as much grain on his new-won acres as he needs for his own family. And the cities can look out for themselves!"

That is the explanation of the panorama of idle fields that passed ominously by my car window on my long way out to the east. The peasant has been as good as his word. He has lit the fuse, and he is waiting patiently for the explosion that will bring Russia to her senses.

Next winter's catastrophe is not some sudden thing. It has been a long time on the way. Russia was hungry winter before last—the final months of the imperial régime. The world didn't know that, because the Allied censorship saw fit to put a good face on a desperate situation. Russia was hungry and a million troops had deserted from the Front before the Czar fell. All these facts I found discussed freely when I reached Russia. No one deceived himself, as many have done outside of Russia, with the idea that the revolution was to blame, or any of the parties to the revolution. Russia's disaster has been seen by Russians for just what it is—the inevitable result of war on a country that has not been organized for war. To be sure, there were a few sunny, heartening days in March, 1917, when everyone flamed with the hope that the revolution would save the nation from impending disaster. France had celebrated her Feast of Pikes, July 14, 1790, under the same delusion, and Russians kissed each other in the public streets. And then again in November, after a disillusioning summer, hope sprang up once more—this time only in the Utopian imaginations of the idealists among the Bolsheviki and those who caught their contagion. Most of the Russians either saw deeper disaster and humiliation ahead or, in the case of the peasants, took no interest in the outcome once they had the land divided among them.

And so the food barometer has gone down ever since the fall of 1916, not gradually and deceptively with the aid of science and organization, as in Germany, but by sudden and violent descents and even occasional upturnings. Just how the descent started I do not know, for I did not arrive in Russia until the danger point of storm had been reached. But there is ample testimony in Russian literature and from travelers how well and how plentifully the Russian fed before the war.

Overfeeding and Starvation

"OH, YOU should see what we had to eat in peacetime!" said a young man of nineteen to me one day. His father was a Moscow millionaire, but that hadn't prevented the coming of hollows into his cheeks—the mark of insufficient nourishment in the months while he was shooting up to the stature of manhood.

"The most wonderful white bread in the world!" he went on almost plaintively in his retrospect to the days when he had gone to school in England and spent his vacations in the rich Russian countryside. "And butter from Siberia; and eggs, all you could wish. And tea from China and sugar from our own Crimea. All kinds of meats and vegetables. And sweets and candies and cakes and ices until you ate yourself sick!"

By the autumn of 1917 food conditions in Russia had fallen in three years of war from this plane of plenty to a critical estate of immediate hunger, with starvation following inevitably in its train. On the basis of data compiled in September, 1917, Henry C. Sherman, of Columbia University, has recently stated that "there seems no good reason to doubt the general conclusion that Russia's food supply is just about sufficient in total food value for the needs of her population provided the food can be properly distributed."

But for four years now Russia's food has not been properly distributed. Rich food-producing districts, like the Caucasus and the Crimea, have been overfed, while the northern provinces have suffered from increasing want. The railroads have been less able each year to distribute the nation's food output properly. In addition to the continued aggravation of the transportation problem another far more serious blow was struck last spring at Russia's food supply. The defection of Ukrainia and its practical seizure by Germany have cut off completely the leading

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JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

THE dejection, the sense of a difference that held from him any comprehension of the vast maze of shore life, persisted as Gerrit Ammidon walked toward home. It was such an unusual feeling that he was conscious of it; he examined and speculated upon his despondency as if it had been something actually before him. The result of this was a still increased disturbance. He didn't like such strange qualities arbitrarily forcing their way into his being—he had the navigator's necessity for a clear understanding of the combined elements within and without, which resulted in a harmonious, or at least predictable movement. He distrusted all fogs. In a manner the course before him was plain—married to Taou Yuen, shipmaster in his family's firm, he had simple duties to perform, no part of which included sailing in strange or dangerous waters; yet though this was beyond argument he was troubled by a great number of obscure pressures, unpleasant conditions of mind, such as his feeling of sudden impotence in any affair more complicated than those controlled from the quarter-deck of a ship.

Gradually, however, his normal indignation returned; the contempt for a society without perceptible justice centered principally in what Nettie Vollar had had from life. This, he assured himself, wasn't because he was in any way involved in her; but because it was such a flagrant case. She was a very nice girl. It was entirely allowable that he should admit that. As a fact he warmly felt that he was her friend. The past justified—no, insisted on—that at least. He wondered exactly how fond he had been of her—in other words, how near he had come to marrying her. It had been an obvious possibility, he decided; but the desire had never become actual. No, his feeling for her had never broken the bounds of a natural liking and a desire to secure decent treatment for her. The last had been vain.

If his mental searching had ended there it would have presented no difficulties, created no fog; but unfortunately there was another element, which he admitted with great reluctance, an inborn discomfort. Though he had been clear about what had actually happened with Nettie there was reasonable doubt that the same limitations had operated with her. Briefly, she had missed him more than he had realized. He explained this to his sense of innate masculine diffidence by the loneliness of her days. She had missed him; something within whispered that she still did. Women, he remembered hearing, were like that.

In the light, the possibility of this he saw that he had done her a great wrong. It had been his damned headlong ignorance of the dangerous quality of life, the irresponsibility of a child with gunpowder. With all this in his mind it seemed doubly imperative that he should do something for her; he owed her, he was forced to admit, more than a mere impersonal consideration. His thoughts returned unbidden to the fact that she—she had liked him. He insisted almost angrily on the past tense, but it surprised him and gave him a perceptible warm glow. Nettie was very pleasing; he inferred that she was a creature of deep emotions, affections.

At this he shook himself abruptly—such things were not permissible. Gerrit felt a swift sense of shame; they injured Nettie. His mind shifted to Taou Yuen. He found her asleep on the day bed she preferred, her elaborate headdress resting above the narrow pillow of black wicker. He could distinguish her face, pallid in the blue gloom, and a delicate, half-shut hand. He was flooded with the intense admiration that increasingly formed his chief thought of her. This, with the obvious racial difference, put her, as it were, on an elevation—a beautifully lacquered vase above his own blundering person. She was calm, serious and good, in the absolute Western definitions of those terms; she had her emotions under faultless control. Taou Yuen should be an ideal wife for any man; she was, he corrected the form sharply. All that he knew of her was admirable; the part that constantly baffled him didn't touch their relationship.

It was reasonable to expect small differences between her and Salem. At times her calm chilled him by a swift glimpse of utter coldness; at times he would have liked her gravity to melt into something less than ivory perfection. Even her goodness had oppressed him. The last hadn't the human quality, for instance, of Nettie Vollar's goodness, colored by rebellion, torn by doubt, and yet triumphing. If he only understood the three religions of China, if he were an intellectual man, Gerrit realized, he could have grasped his wife more fully. He was completely ignorant of Chinese history, of all the forces that had united to form Taou Yuen. For instance, he was unable to reconcile her elevated spirit with the absurd superstitions that influenced almost her every act—the enormous number of lucky and unlucky days, the coin hung on his bed, the yellow charm against sickness and the red against evil spirits. Only yesterday she had burnt a paper form representing thunder and drunk its ashes in a cup of tea. She was tremendously in earnest about the evil spirits—they were, she maintained, lurking everywhere, in all shapes and degrees of harm. Edward Dunsack was possessed, she declared; but he had pointed out that opium was a sufficient explanation of anything evil in him, and that it was unnecessary to look for more fantastic possibilities.

He lay awake for a comparatively long while, as he had several times lately, divided between his consciousness and the regular breathing of his wife. If the past had brought Nettie Vollar to depend on him in some slight degree Taou Yuen did so absolutely; except for him she was lost in a strange world. Yet Taou Yuen didn't seem helpless in the manner of Nettie. He had once before thought of the former as finely tempered steel. Her transcendent resignation, with its consequent lack of sympathetic contact with the imperfect humanity of—well, Nettie, gave Taou Yuen a dangerous freedom from all that bound Salem in comparative safety.

He dressed first, as usual, in the morning, while she stirred only enough to get her pipe and tobacco on the floor at her side. Outside the elms were losing their fresh greenness in the dusty film of midsummer; the square held an ugly litter from the fireworks of last evening.

William, too, was about, but he was uncommunicative, his brow scored in a frown. Their father, always down before the others, had returned from the inspection of his trees and was tramping back and forth in the library. The elder seemed unrested by the night; his skin, as Rhoda had pointed out, was baggy.

"Now that the Nautilus is afloat again," Jeremy Ammidon said, "you'll want to be at sea."

Examining this natural conclusion Gerrit was surprised, startled to find that it was no longer true. For the first time in his memory he was not anxious to be under sail. This of course was caused by a natural perplexity about Taou Yuen's comfort and happiness.

"I don't know what the firm's plans are for me," he answered cautiously. "There is some talk of taking me out of the China trade for the California runs. I shouldn't like that."

Jeremy was turning at his secretary, and he stopped to pound his fist on its narrow ledge.

"It's that damned Griffiths again and his cursed jackknife hull!" he exclaimed. The dark tide suffused his countenance. Gerrit studied him thoughtfully; he didn't know just how much William had yet told their father about the sweeping changes taking place in Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. He did see, however, that it was unwise to excite the old gentleman unduly.

"I was saying only yesterday," he put in pacifically, "that you and myself are getting to be old models—"

He broke off as William entered the library. The latter evidently grasped at once the subject of their discussion, for he went on in a firm voice somewhat contradicted by a restrained but palpable anxiety:

"Now, father, this was bound to come up, and you must sit down and listen quietly." The elder, on the verge of a tempestuous reply, constrained himself to a painful attention. "It's useless

He Rose With a Nod of Finality, and James Saltonstone Remarked, "Jeremy to the Life"

to point out to you the beneficial changes in sea carrying, for you are certain to deny their good and drag out the past. So I am simply forced to tell you that after careful consideration we have decided to line the firm with the events of the day and hold our place in the growing pressure of competition. This may sound brutal, but it was forced on us by the attitude you have adopted. Shortly, this is what we intend, in fact are doing:

"Orders have been placed with George Raynes at Portsmouth and Jackson up in Boston for clippers of a thousand and twelve hundred tons, and another is almost ready to be launched from Curtis' Chelsea shipyard. It oughtn't to be necessary to call your attention again to the fact that the Sea Witch has cut the passage from Hong-Kong to something like three months. And the profits of the California trade will be enormous and depend entirely on speed.

"I'll admit that this is a big thing, it will cut sharply into our funds—something like a quarter of a million dollars. But if you will be patient for a little only I can promise that you'll see astonishing returns. At the same time we have no intention of giving up China and India, but we'll limit ourselves more closely in the nature of the cargoes, practically nothing but tea unbroken from Canton to New York. I'll be glad to go into all this in detail at the countinghouse, where we have the statistics and specifications."

To Gerrit's surprise Jeremy Ammidon sat quietly at the end of William's speech; he wasn't even looking at them, but had his gaze bent upon the floor. There was a commanding, even impressive quality in his silence that forced the respect of both his sons. More—it made Gerrit overwhelmingly conscious of his affection, his deep admiration for his father. He recalled the latter's memorable voyage in the little Two Capes—the bark of two hundred and nine tons—into the dangers, so imminent to a master, of uncomprehended waters and thousands of miles with for the most part only the sheerest dead reckoning.

Jeremy Ammidon said finally:

"If it's done it's done. I used to think there were two Ammidons in the firm, not to mention Gerrit; but it seems there's only one—a man who has never been to sea." He rose and marched, slower and more ponderous than ever before, to the cupboard where he kept the square bottle of Medford rum: there with trembling hands he poured himself out a measure. He shut the glass door, but stood for an oppressive while with his back to the room, seeing what old vision of struggle or accomplishment?

"I suppose I've been a damned nuisance about the countinghouse for a long time," he pronounced, turning.

William rose. "You made it," he said; "it's you. God forgive me if I have been impatient or forgetful of all we owe you."

There was a stir of skirts in the doorway, and Rhoda entered.

"Breakfast ——"

She broke off, and with a quick glance at her husband and Gerrit went at once up to Jeremy Ammidon.

"They've been bothering you again," she declared, and turned an expression of bright anger on the younger men. "Ah, how hard and hateful and blind you are!" she cried.

William, with a hopeless gesture, went from the room. Gerrit moved to a window facing the square; but he saw nothing of its sultry yellow-green expanse—he was remembering how as a child, his mother already dead, a nurse had held him up on Derby Wharf to see his father sweep into port from the long voyage to the East. He caught again the resonant voice, as if sounding from staunch ribs of oak, the tremendous vigor of the arm that swept him up to a bearded face. He couldn't bring himself to move now and see an old haggard man clinging with tremulous emotion and tears to the sympathy, the strength of a woman.

Later in the morning, to his immense relief, Jeremy Ammidon regained a surprising amount of composure. At first determined never to return to Liberty Street, toward noon Gerrit found him in the hall with his broad hat and wanghee.

"I'll just have a slant at those specifications," he remarked. "Like as not they've left off the hatch coamings."

Gerrit suggested, "Since it's so hot why don't you have the carriage round?"

Old Jeremy voiced his customary disparagement of that vehicle. "If I see that I'm going to be late for dinner," he added, "I'll get one of the young men to fetch me something. I don't want to give Rhoda any trouble."

Still, on the steps he lingered, gazing pridefully up at the bulk of the house he had built; his eyes rested on the brass plate engraved with the words Java Head on the dignified white door.

"A lot of talk when I had that done," he commented; "people said they'd never heard of it, ought to have my name there for convenience if nothing else. They didn't know. It would take a sailor for that. Don't forget to tell Rhoda not to wait if I'm late. All those girls of hers get hungry. I expect William consulted Laurel about this new move," he ended with a gleam of humor. "She's a great hand for a clipper since she talked to Captain Waterman."

"What in the Name of All the Heavens Would I Do With Teas Then?" He Demanded

He was down the steps, starting deliberately across the street. Gerrit heard a last mutter of doubt. The bulky slow figure in yellow Chinese silk moved away, and Gerrit returned to the shadowed tranquillity of the library.

More than any other place in the house it bore the impression of his father. He wandered about the room, lost in its associations, stopped in front of the tall narrow walnut bookcase and took out one of the small company of Jeremy Ammidon's logs, reading here and there in the precise script:

"Tuesday, December 24. 132 days out. All this day gentle breezes and cloudy. Saw kelp, birds, etc.

"Tacked ship to the eastward under short sail. At daylight made all sail to SW. Gentle breezes and clear pleasant weather. Saw huge shoals of flying fish."

"May 19, 11 days out. Hainan in sight bearing from W by N to NNW. At sunset the breeze died away and hauled off the land. All night light breezes. Made all possible sail to the SSW. At the same time set the extremity of Hainan which bore NW by N to N. Past three Chinese vessels steering NNE. Saw much scum on the water and at 11 A. M. lost sight of land."

"November 14, 65 days out. These twenty-four hours commences with variable breezes at west and smooth sea. Saw brig steering to the Eastward. The land of Sumatra bearing SW by W to SE by S. Tied ripa."

He returned the log to its resting place with a quiet smile at the last period. It was all incredibly simple—a lost simplicity of navigation and a lost innocent wonder at the Mare Atlanticum of old fable.

Neither William nor Jeremy Ammidon was present for dinner. They were, Gerrit concluded, submerged in the effort to bring the changing activities of the firm into the latter's comprehension. His foot was on the stair leading up to his wife when there was a violent knocking on the front door. It sounded with a startling resonance in the shut hall, and Gerrit instinctively answered without waiting for a servant. The flushed and breathless young man before him was evidently perturbed by his appearance. He stammered

"Captain Ammidon, you—you must come down to the countinghouse. At once, please!"

His thoughts, directed upon his father, gathered into a chilling certainty.

"Captain Jeremy is sick?" he demanded instantly.

The hesitation of the other seemed to confirm an infinitely greater calamity.

"Dead?" he asked again, in a flooding misery of apprehension.

The clerk nodded.

"In a second, like," he said. "All we know they were talking in Mr. William Ammidon's room one of the boys was out that minute getting the old gentleman some lunch—when we heard a fall, it was quite plain, and Mr. Saltonstone ——"

"That will do," Gerrit cut him short.

He turned into the house, rapidly considering what must follow. He'd go, certainly; but first he must warn Rhoda. She would have the girls to prepare—Rhoda had always been exceptionally considerate and fond of Jeremy Ammidon.

He found her at the entrance to her room and said, "My father is dead."

Her warm color sank and tears filled her eyes.

Hurrying over Bath Street to Liberty his grief was held in check by the pressing actualities of the moment. He had time, however, to feel glad that he had spent the morning largely in warm thoughts of the dead man.

He passed rapidly into the entrance of the offices of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone. Immediately on the right there was an open railed inclosure of desks, in the center of which a group of clerks watched him with mingled respect and curiosity as he continued to the inner shut space. It was a large bright room with windows on Charter Street. William's expansive flat-topped desk with its inked green baize was on the left, and under a number of framed sere ships' letters and privateersmen's Bonds of the War of 1812 Gerrit saw the heavy body extended on a broad wooden bench, a familiar orange Bombay handkerchief spread over the face.

Never in all the memory of his brother had William Ammidon been so stricken. As he entered James Saltonstone left, studying a list hastily scribbled on a half sheet of the firm's writing paper. He nodded silently to Gerrit, who advanced to the covered face and lifted the handkerchief. There were still traces of congestion, but a marble-like pallor had taken the place of the familiar ruddy color. Something of the heaviness of his old age, the blurring thickness of long inactivity, had vanished, giving his still countenance an expression of vigor, resolution, contradicted by an arm trailing like the loose end of a heavy rope on the floor.

William, with a clenched hand on his desk, spoke with difficulty:

"You must know this, Gerrit; and then I'll ask you never to allude to it again. It might be argued that—that James and I killed him, but absolutely without intention, by accident. Gerrit, I loved him more than I took time to know. Well, you may or may not have heard that we own two topsail schooners in the opium trade, between India, Ningpo and Amoy, but you do know how father detested anything to do with the drug. We said nothing to him about this; it seemed necessary—no, permissible. But to-day when we were coming to a peaceable understanding about the new contracts he stumbled over one of the schooner's manifests. Mislaid, you see—a clerk! It swept him to his feet in a rage—he couldn't speak, and—and he had walked; it was hot. . . ."

Gerrit Ammidon made no answer. There was nothing to be said. At the same time he was shaken by a burning anger at the cupidity, the blind ugly grasping to which Jeremy had been sacrificed. A gulf opened between him and his brother with James Saltonstone; he was as different from them as the sea was from the land, as the wind-swept deck of the Nautilus was from this dry building with its stifling papers and greed. He might be in the service of

the firm—Gerrit was not incorporated in the partnership · he might carry their cargoes for the multiplication of the profit, but his essential service and responsibility—his life—were addressed to another and infinitely higher and more difficult consummation than the stowed kegs of Spanish dollars, the bills of sale. This was composed of the struggle with the immeasurable elements of the seas and winds, the safety of lives, the endless trying of his endurance and will and luck.

"Now"—he spoke with a perceptible bitterness—"you can have your way without interference, without his mixing up your papers or making the blunders of a slow sort of honesty."

"I am under no obligation to your judgment or opinion," William replied stiffly. "There are always complications you will never penetrate or carry. At present your assistance is more necessary than any display of temper."

The funeral gathered and ebbed in a long procession of carriages through a sultry noon, the service at the grave concluded by the symbolic dropping of the earth on Jeremy Ammidon's coffin lowered into the deep narrow clay pit. The small varied throng lingered for a breath, as if unable to take their attention from the raw opening that had absorbed the shipmaster; and then there was a determined and reassuring commonplace murmur, a hurrying away into the warm web of the day.

The evening was the loveliest that summer and the garden of Java Head could afford; a slow moon disentangled itself from the indigo foliage at the back of the stable and soared with an increasing brilliancy, bathing the sod and summer-house and poplars, the metallic box borders and spiked flower beds in a crystal clearness. The Ammidons sat about the willow, Rhoda with a hand affectionately on her husband's arm, the children—Laurel and Janet staying without remark long past their accustomed hours for bed—still and white under the blanching moon. Gerrit intently studied his wife, Taou Yuen, in a concentrated manner. She, too, was in white, the Chinese mark of sorrow.

Suddenly in the face of his suffering and memories she had appeared startlingly remote, as if from standing close beside him she were moving farther and farther away. The image was made profoundly disconcerting by the fact that neither acted of his own accord; it took the aspect of a purely arbitrary phenomenon over which they had no control. At the same time Nettie Vollar was surprisingly near, actual—he could see every line and shading of her vivid face; he felt the warm impact of her instant sympathy. He had caught a glimpse of Barzil Dunsack at the funeral; but the other was immediately hidden by the crowd, and Gerrit had been unable to discover whether his son and daughter or Nettie had accompanied him.

His thoughts turned in a score of associations and questions to Nettie; but when he found himself trying to picture her exact employment at the present moment he was angrily aroused He had, he realized, considered nothing else for the past hour; and his preoccupation was growing more intense, personal. He stirred abruptly and fixed his mind on the imminent changes from his father's death. First the possibility would develop of his becoming a member of the firm. But to this he silently declared he would not agree. His gaze rested with a faint underlying animosity on William, seated upright in a somber absorption, and with a disparagement of the latter's activities and scale of values. Gerrit saw that there must be a pacific legal knot to straighten out; the division of Jeremy's estate would require time—he had somewhere heard that such affairs often dragged on for a year. And now he was in a fever of impatience to be away—safe—at sea. He added the more portentous word with the vague self-assurance that it was only the customary expression of his notable ignorance of land; but it echoed with an ominous special insistence in his mind

The Nautilus, he recalled, was once more afloat, repaired; and a plan occurred to him that seemed to dispose of all his difficulties, even of the distasteful possibility of the California clipper service. He could take the ship as part of his inheritance; and though ostensibly sailing her in the interest of the firm make such voyages and ports, carry such cargoes as his independence dictated. The Nautilus, with a cargo out of tin and dyes and cotton manufactures and forty or fifty thousand trade dollars, would represent a sum of nearly two hundred thousand; but as a family they were very rich; he'd have more than that, and bank the remainder intact to the credit of his wife.

There were many practical aspects of his marriage that he had not stopped to weigh in its precipitant haste. The problem, pointed out by Rhoda, of his absence from Taou Yuen on cruise could not be solved with the facility he had taken for granted. It was as impossible to leave her happily here—he was aware of her growing impatience with Western habit—as it would be for him to become a contented part of Chinese home life; and not only was she uncomfortably cramped and sick on shipboard, but he doubted whether he could persuade his crews to sail with her. Superstitious able-seamen balked at the presence of even a normal wife aft; and a Chinese would be regarded as a sign of certain disaster.

He would have to establish her somewhere in the East Indies; and he viewed with a new dislike all such tropical settings. His entire life threatened to become an affair of damnable palm trees and Oriental stenches. Gerrit Ammidon broke into a cold sweat at the realization of the far more direct implication that had taken substance in his mind. The thing was going entirely too far! He wondered irritably at the obscure cause for such violent inner agitations.

Rhoda Ammidon with a dim smile rose, gathering her daughters about her, and departed in a glimmer of muslin. Taou Yuen with her murmuring formal politeness moved away, too, leaving the brothers together. Whatever sympathetic intercourse they might otherwise have had, whatever shared memories of their boyhood and their father, were made impossible by William's admission of the immediate cause of the elder's death.

"The Saltonstones are going into Boston this fall," William said abruptly. "It is necessary for one of us to live there; and Caroline always has had a hankering for wider society. Rhoda, I was surprised to learn, wishes to remain here at Java Head; for a year or so anyway. She has a very real affection for the place. But I tell her, when the younger girls are older, Boston, or perhaps New York, will give them far greater opportunities. Sidsall, stranger still, was in tears at the whole thing, she seemed ridiculously upset about leaving"

The vision of Nettie Vollar persisted, bright and disturbing. Once he was at sea, Gerrit told himself, on the circumscribed freedom of his quarter-deck, he would lose the unsettling fever burning at that instant in his veins. But the memory of long solitary passages with nothing to distract his mind through week upon week after the ship took the trades, when hour upon hour his thoughts turned inward on themselves and reviewed every past act and feeling, made doubtful even that old release. The trouble was that he instinctively avoided any square facing of the tangle that had multiplied with such amazing rapidity like a banyan tree—about the present and the shadowed future. This he was forced to admit, but grimly added that there could be only one answer to whatever he might lay bare—the adherence to the single fundamental duty of which he never lost sight. No port was gained by changing blindly from course to course; that way lay the reefs. A man could but keep steadily by the compass. That, at least, was all he could see, propose, for himself, being rather limited and lacking the resources that others of greater knowledge so confidently explored.

After breakfast on the following morning he mounted the dignified staircase, with the sweeping railing of red narra wood and high Palladian window at the turn, to his wife. In their room he was bathed in a cold sweat of dismay at a suddenly detached view of Taou Yuen in her complete Manchu mourning for his father. An unhemmed garment of coarse white hemp hung in ravelings about slippers of sackcloth; what had been an elaborate headdress was hidden under a binding of the bleached hemp; she wore no paint or flowers; her pins and earrings were pasted with dough; and her expression was drugged with the contemplative fervor of what had evidently been a religious observation.

"For the wise old man, for your father," she said.

She was exhausted and sank down on the day bed; but almost immediately her hand reached out in the direction of her pipe, and she smiled faintly at him. He clenched his sinewy hands, the muscles of his jaw knotted as he gazed steadily at the woman, the Manchu woman he had of his own free accord married. It sickened him that for the drawing of a breath he regarded Taou Yuen with such appalling injustice—injustice, the evil he hated and condemned more than other. What, in the name of God, was he made of that he should sink so low!

"We'll leave here soon," he declared abruptly; "the Nautilus will be ready for sea almost any time."

He could recognize from his slight knowledge of her that Taou Yuen welcomed the news.

"Shanghai?" she asked.

He nodded. It came over him that he was no longer young. His father had retired from the sea within a few years of his own present age and built Java Head, the house that was to be a final harbor of unalloyed happiness No such prospect awaited him; he had one of the premonitions that were more certain than the most solid realities as long as he lived he must sail his ships, struggling with winds and calms, with currents and cockling and placid seas. Well, that was natural, inevitable, what he would have chosen. At the same time he dwelt with a sensation of loneliness on the green garden and drawing-room filled in May with the scent of lilacs, of Rhoda surrounded by her girls.

When the question of the division of Jeremy Ammidon's estate came up he was, as he had foreseen, urged to become a partner in the firm; and when that failed he was told that it was his vested duty to

(Continued on Page 38)

"I Can Tell You in a Breath—Nettie Was Badly Injured in That Cursed Rubble Yesterday"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 2, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

The Coming Zero Hour

THE British Coal Controller recently said that his figures indicated a shortage of thirty-six million tons. Due partly to influenza, the midsummer output was the lowest since the war started. England had not been able to meet her obligations to her Allies in respect of coal. The controller proposed rationing household use of coal this winter, its use by public utilities and by all industries not engaged in direct war work. Already French households have been put on a ration of twenty-eight hundredweight a year for each five persons. Compare that with the coal you burn!

This is a coal war even more than it is a wheat war. You can keep men going on potato flour, but you cannot feed the furnaces of a battleship or a munitions plant with straw substitutes. The American Army in France will require some millions of tons of coal this winter.

Because there are no substitutes, saving coal is harder than saving certain kinds of food. Yet, saving many million tons is not really very hard. If everybody who burns coal—cheap coal, because the Government keeps it cheap, comparatively speaking—will take pains to find out and use the most economical ways of burning it, the total saving will be great. A coal waster this winter has no business to shout over victories in Europe.

For Democracy

WE WISH every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would turn back now and read over the speech President Wilson delivered in New York at the beginning of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive in September. We believe it is as memorable as the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. It translates the spirit of both those historic utterances into world language.

It would have been a thesis, an amiable dream—but two million American soldiers in France and the day-by-day effort of a hundred million Americans at home give it the solid outlines of attainable reality. In what it tangibly implies no political document we are acquainted with equals it, for none other was consciously addressed to such a vast audience.

At every vital point it stands squarely opposed to the Prussian idea. To say that the state legitimately exists only for the well-being of the men and women who compose it; that justice and the interests of the peoples shall be the only international rule; that there shall be no subjugation of one racial group by another—is to challenge and deny in the flattest terms the Prussian idea that people exist for the power and glory of the state. To accept the President's idea is to renounce conquest completely and as a matter of course. What use a Hohenzollern or Hapsburg dynasty could find for itself in a world so ordered is problematical.

The implications of that speech are tremendous: No domination of one group by another; no irresponsible power; everywhere the greatest practicable measure of self-government; no organized coercion except to enforce the will of a majority; justice the constant aim; and a constant effort to give every group the freest possible opportunity to develop its abilities. That must imply justice at home and the greatest practicable measure of self-direction by groups and individuals under the same flag; no coercion, for example, of employees by employers or of employers by employees; the freest opportunity for the individual to develop his abilities; a constant effort to give every man as good a chance as every other to exercise his natural endowment.

Take the speech home again. It states a cause that sanctions all the sacrifices necessary to attain it.

Suffrage and Politics

IT STRIKES us that this is the hour for conservatism. War is a flood that has submerged many things and carried us a good way in directions we had not deliberately chosen. It has loosened many roots and set much in flux. A good time, we should say, to pay particular attention to our bearings and to look ahead with particular caution. There are situations in which a good navigator will crowd on all sail, and others in which he will be concerned about the strength of his anchor. Russia could have used an anchor to great advantage. On the whole, it impresses us as a time for conservatism; but there is a sort of conservatism that is of little use in any situation.

Woman suffrage just now is a touchstone of that Bourbon conservatism which learns nothing and forgets nothing.

That cause is accomplished. Circumstances have brought it practically to fulfillment, just as they have shaped national prohibition. With the Red Cross nurses fringing every battle line, and a million and a half women in England alone holding industrial jobs that directly released a million and a half men for the Front, women are going to vote as a matter of course. Signs of the fact are spattered all over the United States. You can hardly board a street car or step into a passenger elevator without meeting one of the signs.

Suffrage is here. Local plebiscites taken before the war do not count. People never voted for government operation of railroads, but practically everybody accepts the fact of a new relationship between government and transportation. The sensible course respecting woman suffrage is to accept it and put it into operation as promptly as possible, which is by a constitutional amendment. At any rate, there is nothing but obscurantism in refusing to submit an amendment. There is no usefulness in the conservatism that simply resists movement. In regard to woman suffrage, that sort of conservatism exhibited itself in the Senate about equally in both the big parties—another illustration of the practical emptiness of party labels, in spite of all the tortuous ingenuity with which some publicists try to read a meaning into them.

Women in Industry

THE Executive Departments have asked and Congress has appropriated thirty billion dollars. But that is only figures on a piece of paper. Last year Congress appropriated twelve billions; but the Departments could spend only eight, because they could not get the work done. Hindenburg does not care how many billions we appropriate. Our ability to bother him is absolutely limited by our ability to find the materials and the hands to make ships, airplanes, guns, and so on. Neither the materials nor the hands to carry out the government's program are really in sight now; but the shortage of hands is the vital thing.

There is a shortage—a very decided and ominous shortage. It must be overcome or the war program will fall behind. Labor power of women offers one very important means of overcoming it. A recent British report shows a million and a half women directly replacing men in commerce and industry. We have made a very big beginning, but it is only now that the exigent labor pinch is at hand.

The Government is striving to get men out of positions where their labor is less essential to war purposes, and into those where their labor is more essential. It has issued certain orders and appeals to that end. But the government's comb is necessarily a rather coarse instrument, with considerable intervals between the teeth. Individuals must take the problem home to themselves personally. Men capable of contributing more directly to the war should not be hired for work that belongs to women in a war régime. Men holding such positions who can, with no ruinous sacrifice, turn their labor to more essential ends, ought to do it. Women looking for employment or eligible for employment should consider where their stroke will count most.

This labor demand is imperative. The word is not "If you please" but "Must!"

Pan-American

THE fact is that before the war Germany was decidedly much nearer to Latin America than we were, because Germany had taken greater pains to study and understand Latin America and to meet her needs than we had. More lines of mutual interest ran from Latin America to Germany than to the United States.

Since war began German agents have bought great stocks of raw materials in South America. They have striven with every sort of propaganda their ingenuity could suggest to hold all the country to the south of us as a field for future German trade and exploitation. Germany will be wanting foreign trade, when war ends, as no country really wanted it before.

We shall have the capital. We shall have the ships—for the first time. We shall have the manufacturing capacity. We shall be wanting much closer trade and political contact to the south than ever before. War has given us a great opportunity to make the word America a term of common interest in a way only vainly dreamed of before; but only an opportunity. To realize it will require broad planning and persistent effort.

And the key to it all is mutual understanding and mutual service. We want Latin America to understand us. We want it to know all about American goods. We want to reap profits there. The first word, in getting Latin America to understand us, is for us to understand Latin America. The way to sell more goods there is to buy more. The way to find a profit is to discover a useful service to be performed.

To broaden and tighten our relations with Latin America and to counter all German propaganda, the first and pretty nearly the last word is to find out how useful we can be; how much and in what ways we can serve Latin-American interests. The services we render will be the measure of those we receive. It is our cue now to take the initiative and see how much we can profit Latin America. That is the key to countering German propaganda. The profit to us will follow as a matter of course.

Keeping the Bonds

THOUSANDS of small Liberty Bonds, insecurely kept, have been lost or stolen. With probably twenty million small bondholders in the country, not a few banks—especially in the larger cities—are neglecting a duty and an opportunity. Every bank ought to provide safe, convenient means of keeping bonds for small holders free of charge, and advertise its willingness to keep them. Every bank, we believe, will keep a bond for a patron, however small his deposit; but every bondholder is a prospective bank patron. The expense of keeping his bond is a good investment.

But even that does not quite cover the situation. The Government should do all it reasonably can to encourage small holders to keep their bonds. A bankers' committee surmises that four hundred million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds has already been exchanged for wildcat or dubious investments. Obviously the Government should do what it can to discourage that and to protect ignorant small holders. After the war the temptation to part with Liberty Bonds will be increased.

The coupon bonds, payable to bearer, are exchangeable as readily as bank notes. Simply handing them over is all that is necessary. The Treasury will now convert any coupon bond into a registered bond, which cannot be transferred except by an entry on the Treasury's books. Such bonds are safe from loss or theft. Generally speaking, the holder of a registered bond is not so likely to dispose of it as the holder of a coupon bond. The business of getting title transferred is something of an obstacle to the swindler.

But converting a coupon bond into a registered bond is now a process of some difficulty for the small holder and of some expense for carriage to Washington. We believe the Treasury must work out a scheme for registering bonds at post offices and paying the interest on them through post offices. It would involve no little thought and labor; but it can be done.

Twenty million small bondholders, protected to the utmost practicable extent against loss, theft and swindle, and given every reasonable encouragement to keep their bonds, are worth a great deal of thought and labor.

WHO SAID ALIENS?

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Certificate of Citation in Divisional Orders, Awarded to an American Officer by the French Military Authorities

FAVINO was an alien who enlisted in the —— th Infantry, U.S. A., on our entry into the war. He came straight from the foreign colony of one of our large cities and his nationality was Italian. You or I might have called him a Dago; his native-born American neighbors referred to Favino as "one of them wops."

Two motives prompted his enlistment. Neither had anything to do with international law or the rights of small nations; Favino didn't care a hoot about Belgium, he wouldn't have crossed the road to help restore Alsace-Lorraine, and he was prone to confuse many other burning issues with the names of breakfast foods. What put him in the —— th Infantry was, first, an inordinate pride in being "Amer'can"; and, second, the fact that his brother had been killed while serving with the Italian Army.

So he went to war because his country was fighting and to avenge his brother. Every ounce of that vengeance was directed at the Kaiser. The Supreme War Lord personified for him the whole military machine of the Central Powers—he held him directly responsible; and there was born in Favino a curious, personal hate.

One night, in a rest area, some of the boys of Company I hung a large, gorgeous picture of the Kaiser above Favino's cot. When the little Italian found it there he went berserker.

"Who done that?"

Nobody would admit it; but everybody laughed. Eleven seconds later they had to send for a platoon commander to quell the riot, because Favino was cleaning out the place. The lieutenant found him, white and wild-eyed, holding off the crowd. All he wanted to know was who "done it"; if they would only point out the man he would allow the others to go to bed.

At drill and on the march he always showed the same earnestness. Once, after a punishing night hike with full packs, Favino could barely stand.

"Fall out?" he said. "Hell, no! When me fall out, me die, lootnant."

Later this Italian distinguished himself in hand-to-hand fighting with the boches. So did scores of others of the same breed. Which brings me to my text: How our aliens fight.

Read the rosters of the First and Second, and every other volunteer division. These aliens fairly flocked to the colors. It takes a linguist to make a roll call in some battalions. The rosters bristle with 'skys and 'itches and 'inos. Yes, and of Schmitts and Müllers too; for there are thousands of volunteers in the American Expeditionary Force who bear German names.

A Three-Cent Proposition

THE disloyalty of an element of Americans of German parentage has made the situation a bitter one for these and all others of Teutonic extraction whose hearts are with the United States. They have been constantly under suspicion. That was inevitable; but, after watching how the Schmitts and Müllers behave on the firing line, I am persuaded that the great bulk of second-generation Germans in this country are as good Americans as any. They are a lot better than many flag-waving patriots I have seen who think they can win the war by parades and browbeating thoroughly earnest people into contributions for causes that represent nothing but misdirected enthusiasm and a desire to jump into the limelight.

Let me tell you the story of a fight in which our aliens took part. It was only a raid, but it was probably on a larger scale than any raid the boches have attempted against the Americans. And it occurred during the first tour these men had ever done in the trenches. They were new at the game—raw troops. Hardly any of them had seen more than eight months of service.

Remember, as you read, that more than half of the men engaged were what we have been calling wops, and kindred names implying inferiority. Remember that these men are Americans only by adoption, but went to fight for her of their own free will. If, when you have finished, you don't admit that they are as good Americans as ever stepped, then I can only suggest that you consult a veterinary, for your case is hopeless.

The facts of the raid are of official record. I give the story in the words of a lieutenant who went through the fight, and who commanded a platoon for many months that was largely composed of aliens. I have substantiated his account, and he is thoroughly reliable. Moreover, no man could gulp the way he does when he fills to a flush unless he was pure in heart.

You've got to hand it to them. They're bear cats! If anybody had told me a year ago that these aliens would fight the way they do I'd have laughed at him. Why, you can take wops from the tenement districts and make them fightin' fools!

Perhaps it is something in the air of America; perhaps they get what we are proud to think is the American spirit. Anyhow, these aliens make fine soldiers. To begin with, they obey with alacrity; and they have a faith in their officers that is sublime. The average alien is firmly persuaded that the American officer cannot fail or make a mistake; and so they will follow him anywhere.

I'll never forget a little Austrian we had in our platoon. Not long after we had gone into the line and the boche artillery was commencing to warm up, he came to me one day and said earnestly:

"Say, lieutenant, if the bushes come over you won't call for a barrage—will you, lieutenant?"

"Why not?"

"Well, shells, lieutenant, they cost money—big money. Why not let them bushes come right along into our trenches, where we can shoot them for three cents apiece?"

About thirty per cent of my platoon were Italians—wops if you like. Then we had a number with Polish names, and a few German. So you can see that the alien element was heavy. About the same proportion held good throughout the entire battalion.

We were dog-robbing for the engineers all last winter—building railroads, unloading supply trains, putting up barracks. It was tough work, and we had come to France to fight instead of substituting for labor battalions. However, somebody had to do it and a lot of other good regiments were on the same sort of jobs.

You remember that we weren't much to brag about as soldiers a year ago; in fact, I often grew discouraged, so few of the men had had any training. They were raw and slack—just a mob. That's about the truth of it. They could hardly form fours properly, let alone go through the sort of trench work they learned later. And they had about the usual discipline you find among recruits. It is indicated by a minus sign.

But we went at it and gradually whipped them into shape. Once started they learned quickly and the boys of the old —— Regiment were mighty good troops when it came our turn to go into the line. For one thing, we never allowed any grouching or complaining. We made that a rule. Whining will break down a regiment's morale very quickly; so we wouldn't stand for it. No matter what cause they had for kicking, the men were required to keep it to themselves, so far as conversation went; they could lay formal complaint, of course, but we didn't want any grumbling. Well, the great day came. We marched out of the place where we were billeted one night about eight o'clock and hiked until seven next morning; fifty minutes' marching and ten minutes' rest—that was our schedule. It took the starch out of them, but they came through all right.

The first town we stopped at was Thillombois. They were the best billets we ever had in France. Our battalion was distributed in small huts, like bungalows, up on a hill. You could look right down into the grounds and gardens of a wonderful château. There were beautiful mountains all about and spring was just turning the country green; in fact, it was ideal.

Under Fire for the First Time

OUR orders were to keep under cover, so that hostile airmen could not observe us. Also, we were obliged to wear gas masks all the time—not because there was any danger of a gas attack in that vicinity, but to accustom the men to them. Our battalion was in reserve, the other two battalions of the —— being in the line. Often we could hear the big guns booming. It was the first time we had heard them.

Well, we stayed there a while and then moved on to Tilly, which was close to the Front. It was shelled to smithereens. The houses were shot to pieces and the place was littered with rubbish.

The main street led straight toward the German trenches—toward the fortress of St. Mihiel, which the Americans captured recently. The street was camouflaged a considerable distance with sacking stretched above it on poles.

We had wine cellars for dugouts and lived in the lower portions of the ruined houses. The boys went to work to clean up. And right here was where the wops showed a trait that I wish more of us had. They did some decorating. They stuck foliage, with paper trimmings, in the windows; they put up pictures and hangings that they had discovered in the abandoned homes; they built walks in front of the billets, with borders of stones; and every place they occupied soon had a gayly ornamented table for cards and dice.

Another officer and I were going up the street one day when over came some shells. They were the first that ever came in my direction. One burst directly in front of the door of my billet; and then we ducked. We made a bee line for the platoon dugout.

I can't help laughing now when I think of the consternation that reigned. You see, it was an entirely new experience; and we thought hell had broken loose, sure! A lot of the boys even put on their gas masks; they were going to be ready for the worst. As a matter of fact, Heinie was

simply registering on the place, probably because his observers had noted unwonted movement there. And the shelling stopped in a few minutes.

Well, we did some camouflage work and dug some artillery emplacements and reserve trenches, and passed ten days there. All the time we had to be careful about smoke from our kitchens, lest the boches should see it and turn loose; but nothing happened. It was a fine experience for the men—sort of eased them gradually into what they might expect at the Front.

We marched out for the Front on the night of April first. Absolute silence marked that hike. Not a man talked, there was no smoking. The only noise was the steady tramp-tramp of their feet and the crunching of the wheels of the machine-gun carts.

About ten-thirty we arrived at a small village—and there we saw French soldiers. From that place we moved forward in platoon groups. We passed regimental headquarters and went at least two miles along a communication trench. It threaded two villages, below the level of the ground.

Well, we reached our sector and relieved the platoon that had held it—all in silence. It was a weird experience. Scores of Very lights were going up from the enemy positions and made No Man's Land as bright as day. It was an impressive sight, but it scared the mischief out of me. I could see that the boys were on the anxious seat too. They kept as dumb as oysters.

The French platoon leader told me what posts to keep day and night, where the boches were in the habit of cutting the wire, and all the rest of it; and we checked over the supplies—the grenades, hoes, spades, picks, all the rockets, flares, and so on. I learned how liaison was to be maintained, the various ways of communicating with battalion headquarters, the locations of kitchens, and how supplies were to be brought up. The Frenchman stayed with us thirty-six hours for this purpose.

Another old French sergeant stayed with us two days. He was a humdinger. He had a gray beard and was well up in years; but there he was in the front trenches. It seemed that back in 1914 he had been in the commissary behind the line because he was considered too old. But the boches burst through and captured him. Somehow he managed to escape.

"I ran for forty-eight hours," he told me.

It must have been some run; but, anyway, he escaped and reached a British sector. Then he announced that he preferred to stay in the front line in future and would defend himself. He did it too.

"This is a rest sector. They never do any shelling here," they told us. "There's hardly been any firing on this Front since 1914."

I guess that was so; but we hadn't been there two days before Heinie spotted us and began his dirty work. One trouble was that the boys would bunch up in front of the dugouts for chow, no matter what we said to them. And whenever a hostile aëroplane appeared in the sky out they'd run to rubberneck.

It was fairly warm for greenhorns. The shelling hours were about eleven o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon—trying to catch our men at mess, I reckon, but they'd send them over at other times too—whenever the notion hit them.

What aggravated them, I reckon, was a forty-eight-hour barrage our own artillery put down. That was early in April, when the boches were pushing the British Fifth Army in the Montdidier sector; and probably our fire was meant as a diversion to keep them guessing.

Snipers Give the Range

THE trenches were in great shape. That'll surprise you, I know, because in most rest sectors they are allowed to go to ruin. But ours were as dry as a bone, for the most part, and did not need any revetment. The dugouts were A1, and we never did have any cooties in my platoon in the whole period of twenty days the battalion was in the line. The trenches occupied by the battalion on our left were alive with them. Why we had none I can't say; but that is the fact.

So you see we were sittin' on the world. It was positively pleasant, considering what we had expected, for the weather was still cool, but not cold. The only drawback was that our boys had to crowd considerably in the dugouts. The French platoon is smaller than ours, and where they had put only seven men we had to put thirteen.

There was one stretch of our front trenches under water. That consisted of about two hundred yards on our left; we had to hold that portion by a *petit poste*, which we reached by climbing out and walking along the top. Of course this could be done only in the dark. We started late enough for the darkness to hide us, yet early enough to forestall any attempt on Heinie's part to reach there first; and we returned to our trenches just before dawn.

Well, things went along the usual way. The boches flung over some seventy-sevens and shrapnel every morning and afternoon, and sniped all through the night. No Man's Land was a holy fright! It was simply full of German snipers. Any time they weren't taking a crack at you, some of our own men were; for a green sniper is an earnest soul and is apt to let fly at any noise he hears.

We did scarcely any night patrolling during this tour. I guess the French command did not think it was necessary and hesitated to let raw troops engage in it, lest they should start something they couldn't finish. So the snipers had a high old time. They sure made me nervous with their rat-tat-tat! Yet they seldom got anybody. I know of only one man who was wounded by a sniper in our bunch, and he was hit in the shoulder.

The chief work the snipers did was to signal the range to their artillery. It was my job to hold that *petit poste* with twenty-seven men every night. Well, the boche gunners started in to locate it. Their shells fell in front, on one side and behind us; but they never made a hit. All the while the snipers would be firing merrily, signaling the range by the number of shots; but Heinie never got registered on it, though he certainly used up a lot of ammunition trying.

One night a most amazing thing happened. As sure as I'm sitting here, a bunch of Heinies got out in front of their trenches about eight hundred yards away, built a bonfire, and did a war dance round it. They let off grenades and rockets, and whooped and yelled to beat the band. I suppose they were trying to throw a scare into us; or maybe they thought it would show what a contempt they had for the Americans.

Anyhow, they did it. Some of our boys let fly into them, but they were too far off for real shooting. As I have said, the trenches were about eight hundred yards apart in this sector. The boches were up on a hill, a sort of long, high ridge, and they could look right down on us.

The Barrage and the Raid

"WE'LL get that some day, lieutenant—won't we?" the boys would ask me, gazing longingly at it. And last week they got it.

Well, at six-thirty, right after stand-to, we had breakfast. The other two meals were round eleven o'clock and between four and half past four. The chow was O. K. I've eaten better and I've eaten worse; but we surely were short of fuel. There didn't seem to be any charcoal and there didn't seem to be any wood. Each man had two blankets, and just had to sit tight and shiver. It's all in the game, though.

There were a few scrubs and yellows in my platoon. Two men shot themselves in safe places, just to get out of the line, and two left their posts. That happens in every unit of every army. But it was their first tour; so I merely put the two delinquents at work digging trenches. Whenever there was a dangerous fatigue job after that they got it. As for the S. I. W.'s, they went to hospital and were dealt with by a higher authority.

One afternoon the boches put down a time barrage and exploded an ammunition dump near our dugout. We thought the end of the world had come. That was just after the two Frenchmen left us. Quiet sector, hey? We didn't want to see an active one!

The battalion on our left had to move their kitchens back and bring up the chow at night, and one of our platoons, which was in support, lost fifty-eight men temporarily from gas.

Naturally we had all sorts of fake alarms. You know how that is: A doughboy gets a whiff of something he doesn't recognize as among the familiar smells and instantly yells: "Gas! Gas!" And then he rushes to the nearest siren and twists the handle off rousing the sector. Why is it that ninety-nine per cent of these alarms come in the dead of night? It doesn't take many of them to get your goat.

Well, we had five day posts. The disposition of my platoon was about like this: One man at the door of each dugout, and three other sentries. At night we doubled the sentry posts and established two more. They were armed with automatic rifles and the schedule was two hours on and four off. When off duty the boys went to their dugouts, where they either slept or shot craps. Usually they slept, for holding trenches is mighty wearing.

The *petit poste* I had to hold ordinarily required seven men, but we placed twenty-seven there to guard against a raid—since that seemed the logical point for them to strike—and also to maintain liaison with the battalion on our left. The post was roomy, well wired, and had a couple of substantial dugouts.

After having been in command of this *petit poste* for ten days, I was relieved and made battalion adjutant. It was while I was adjutant that they raided us.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of April thirteenth the boches started a heavy bombardment of our positions. It was a humdinger and we figured that something was about to bust; but along about seven o'clock it let up in intensity. Followed two or three hours of quiet.

During this interval the lieutenant colonel commanding the battalion sent me out to the front lines to see the commanders and obtain from them their systems of defense. On the way out shelling began again in desultory fashion. They were tuning up.

Just as I reached Company I post of command I met the commander, who was starting out with a bunch of men toward the wire. I had an orderly with me; but, after finishing my business there, I took as my guide another man who knew this sector better.

Hardly had the three of us reached the orderly room of Company L when the boche barrage fell. The orderly room was nothing but a tiny shelter and offered no protection.

"Let's get out of here," I suggested. "It's safer outside."

We headed for the dugout. A few steps and there was a fork in the trench. In the darkness I took the wrong turn, to the left, and became separated from the others.

Pretty soon I realized that I was lost, and stopped. Shells were raining on this spot—I guess it was a junction. I fell flat on my stomach and lay still in the trench.

But while I was lying there my conscience hurt me. I had heard our battalion commander score the conduct of an officer who in full view of his men had thrown himself flat on the approach of a shell; and only that afternoon, when the bombardment started and he was writing letters in a room of the château where he made his headquarters, I had seen him give a remarkable exhibition of nerve. Shells were bursting all round the château, but he went on calmly writing until he had finished. Everybody else had descended to the dugout in the cellar; but he would not leave.

At last a shell hit the wall right back of him, knocking a hole in it and scattering plaster and papers in every direction. Then he got up slowly and remarked:

"Well, young man, perhaps we had best move."

I was thinking of that while I lay there in the trench. "Get up, you yellow dog!" I said to myself; and did so. As soon as a shell had exploded, I got up and ran, threw myself flat when I heard another coming, then rose and ran again when it had burst. But I tried it once too often. A piece of shrapnel caught me in the shoulder—a trifling wound; and after that I lay quiet.

After staying there about forty-five minutes I began to figure that it was time to move along. Anything might happen to the sector. I felt there was a raid coming and it was up to me to get back where I could be of some use.

I started back in the direction of Company L shelter, but found it empty—not a soul about. There were holes in the roof where shells had torn through.

My idea was to reach the company commander; but I couldn't find his dugout and couldn't see a soul, for, in obedience to orders, all the men were underground during the barrage. I went down a support trench. What was coming off? I couldn't hear any small-arms fire, which meant that there was no fighting as yet.

Bagging the Prisoners

THEN the barrage lifted. Instantly there was a wild tooting of horns, a sort of cross between an automobile horn and the kind they use on trolley cars in Paris. On top of the noise of the horns came fierce yells, a perfect pandemonium. The boche raiders were in our trenches.

I could see moving figures and I could hear grenades. Once more I attempted to reach Company L dugout, but now there were boches in the trench. I climbed out and lay on top. I had only an automatic revolver; so all I could do was to shoot whenever I saw one of the enemy in the trench. I don't believe I hit any.

Never have I heard such a row—yells and rifle fire, the sharp explosions of grenades, the clash of steel. Our men had rushed out of the dugouts to their posts the minute the barrage lifted and were now in a hand-to-hand fight with the raiders.

The commander of Company L was badly wounded, as I learned later; but I could hear him shouting above the uproar:

"Company L—Rally! Fight! Fight!"

Well, I was in a backwater of the trouble and decided to edge up to the front. I went along and met a lieutenant, wounded and minus his gas mask and helmet. He was in a dazed condition.

A minute later I heard snipers from the direction of a support trench. I crawled out over the top and sneaked up on them from behind. One had his profile to me and was facing down the support trench; he carried a rifle. The other had a big bag of grenades. I knew they were boches by their helmets; yes, I knew it before I saw them.

When I stuck my revolver under the nose of the guy with the rifle he dropped his gun; up went his hands, and he yelled: "*Kamerad!*" The other started to unfasten his belt, perhaps as a sign of surrender; but I mistook the signal and whanged him across the face with my stick. His hands went up also.

It was now up to me to take them to the rear. I gave the command to march and booted the hindmost to set him going. He rose right off the ground and got away to a fine start. So we went along.

In a minute or so we ran across a private. I gave the prisoners over to him, with orders to evacuate them. Off he went; but in two winks I found him back at my elbow.

"Where are those boches?" I asked.

(Concluded on Page 24)

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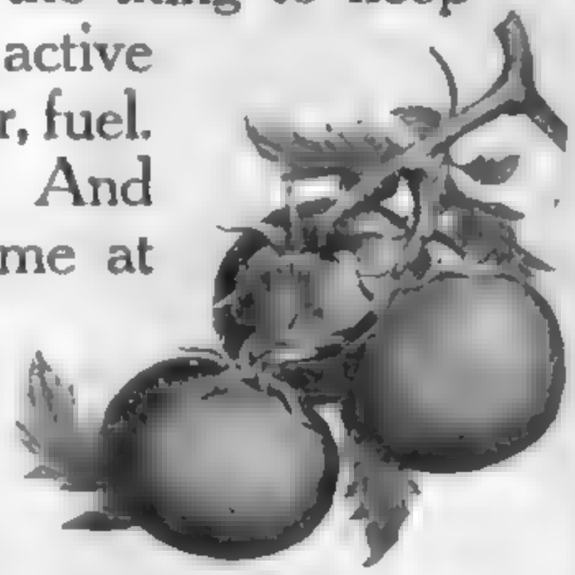

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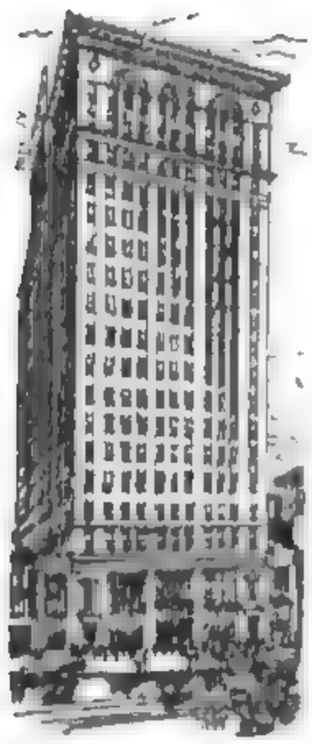

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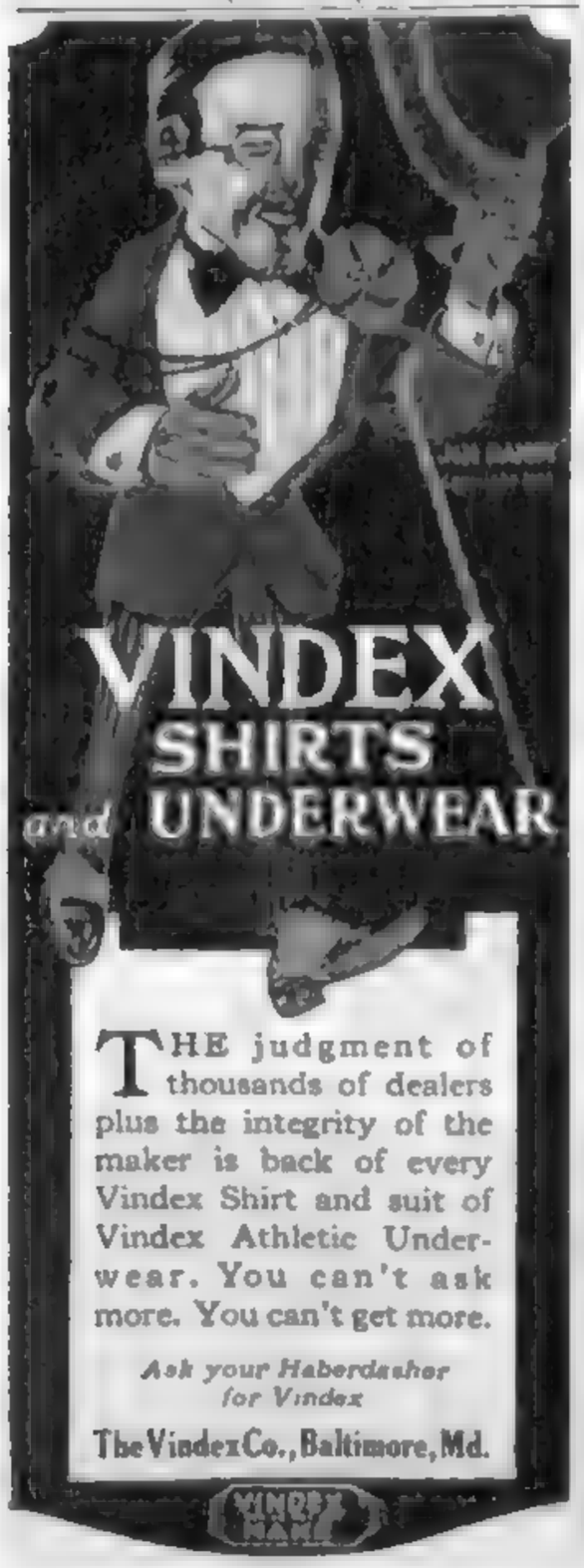

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(Concluded from Page 22

"Why, they ain't boches, lieutenant. They're French Red Cross," he said.

But I understood. The kid had no arms of any description and consequently got cold feet escorting two of them. I ran back along the trench. There were my two prisoners stumping along with their hands in the air. They hadn't dared to glance round and thought the guard was still behind them. I turned them over to a corporal who chanced to come along.

The boy's contention that they were French Red Cross sounded plausible enough. The Germans pretended they were, after entering our trenches. That accounts for their being able to penetrate five hundred yards into our line with scarcely any opposition. It was after they got there that our men woke up fully and the real fighting began.

The Germans wore white brassards on their arms, probably for identification. Whenever they met a bunch of Americans they would shout:

"Leave them alone. They're Americans. It's all right, boys! We're French, coming to help you."

They managed to fool quite a few of our men in that way. A runner from headquarters, on his way to a company P. C. with a message, passed a party of the raiders in a trench early in the affair. They let him go by and spoke to him in perfect English, so that he was completely deceived and never reported the incident. Had he done so, the raid could have been nipped in the bud.

A bunch of Heinies stopped at the door of a dugout and called down:

"It's all right! We're Americans—sent to reënforce. Come out!" Nobody emerged; so they yelled: "Take that, then!"—and tossed hand grenades into the dugout.

You might think that, with the element of uncertainty added to the element of surprise, our men would be too paralyzed for resistance. Nothing of the sort! The minute they realized what was up they came back with a wallop. Everybody started for his post.

Some of our wops, running to *alerte* positions, bumped into the boches; and a grand fight was on. They went to it like wildcats, shooting and stabbing. One little runt, who didn't weigh an ounce over ninety-six pounds—how he ever got by the recruiting officer beats me!—had his bayonet and scabbard covered with blood when day broke. He begged to be allowed to leave it as it was; argued that it proved he had been busy.

Little Biakosky's Nerve

We had a fellow named Biakosky, who had been a saddle maker in civil life, one of the most awkward men with a gun at drill I ever saw. But he had guts! He was the first man out of his dugout and went steaming along for his *alerte* position like a late trolley. Near the portion of the trenches that was under water he ran slap into a party of boches. Biakosky never thought of backing up. He fired into the midst of them and then began to stab, meantime yelling at the top of his lungs for help. A corporal heard him and joined in the scrap. The two of them held off that bunch of raiders.

Another man, a wop, was taken prisoner by a party of the boches who captured two of our machine guns. They made him lead the way back out of the trenches. That Italian deliberately led them in front of one of our machine-gun emplacements, though he knew it probably meant death for himself. He was badly wounded; but our machine gunner wiped out the detachment and regained possession of our guns.

Then there was Charles Schmitz. Because of his name he was always under a sort of suspicion up to that time. And he felt it. I've had him come to me and talk about it. But I want to tell you right now that this fellow Schmitz and a young Russian who formerly fought in the Russian Army but later joined the Americans—those two were among the best soldiers we had.

Well, there was what is known as a delaying party of boches out in a shell hole beyond the trenches. Raiders always leave little groups like this outside to protect their rear and cover their retreat; also, to snipe any of the enemy they can. Schmitz volunteered to get them.

"If you hear me holler 'Schmitz,'" he said when leaving, "you'll know it's me; and don't shoot!"

I tell you there was a lively session for a few minutes. Then they heard a voice shout: "Schmitz! It's me—Schmitz!" And he came back. He had done the job.

Here is his citation: "Ordre No. 187, Soldat Schmitz, Charles; Cie I, du —— Régiment d'Infanterie, United States. In the course of an important enemy raid on April 13, 1918, he advanced alone on five Germans hidden in a shell hole and killed or wounded all of them with an automatic rifle."

I am proud to say that none of the men seemed even to think of retreat. It was a new and stunning experience, and they floundered awhile; but they came back fighting.

One funny thing occurred: There was a little wop in command of a listening post out in front, which post was known as Roumanie. He and his men stuck it out; they stayed there and held the post throughout the entire fight. They gave him a Croix de Guerre for it. Later he admitted to me that none of those in the post knew what all the shooting was about, and never woke up to the fact that there was a raid on at all. That's often the way.

Well, after getting rid of my prisoners I moved along the trench. There was furious fighting everywhere along our front by now. You never heard such a racket—yelling and shooting, and bursting grenades; and all the while those damned horns of the boches were tooting away like devil calls.

I stumbled over many dead boches and wounded Americans. Some of the latter I tried to help by giving them water and easing their positions. It is curious how a man can tell when he is mortally hurt. Two of them told me they were going west. They knew it, and said so; and later they died. The others seemed to feel that their wounds were not fatal.

Congratulations From Pershing

After spotting where they were, so as to be able to tell the stretcher bearers accurately, I continued along the trench and picked up a couple of privates who belonged to the platoon I formerly commanded. We were advancing when one of them espied three or four figures above the top and drew my attention to them.

"American? Français?" I challenged.

"*Ja! Ja!*" came the answer; so we let fly with grenades and ducked below the trench. We got one man; the others began to holler and beat it.

Well, the Americans were now cleaning up the trenches of the enemy. It would take me a week to tell you of the individual acts of heroism performed by our men in the blackness of that night. We had a boy by the name of Bernardi who did some wonderful fighting; Symonds and McIntyre were decorated for valor.

You will note that I have said nothing about any artillery barrage against the enemy all this time. None came. There was some misunderstanding about signals, and our barrage did not fall until the enemy was practically back in his own lines.

The way the boches worked the raid was a marvel of detail. First came their artillery preparation; while that was on, gaps were blown and cut in our wire in four places. We had four listening posts out in front, known as Japon, La Ruase, Roumanie, and I forget the other. The raiders penetrated between them.

After the bombardment of our positions came the barrage; and behind the barrage, the raiders. When it lifted they jumped down into our trenches, yelling and tooting their horns in order to start a panic. Instead of hitting the foremost portions of the front line, the boches penetrated so as to cut in behind and advance up the support trenches, thereby trapping our men in front and preventing reënforcements from reaching them. That is invariably their method, I understand.

And they worked the friendly stuff for all they were worth. "French coming to your aid!" they kept shouting in English; and for quite a while our men fell for it.

There was a small cemetery back of the trench held by our support platoon, and on its right a quarry. We had a machine-gun emplacement in the cemetery and a first-aid post in the quarry.

Well, sir, by pretending to be Allies, the boches were able to penetrate away back there, a good five hundred yards from the front line.

The boches grabbed a couple of machine guns and captured a medico and seven of his men from the first-aid post. They did not get back with the machine guns. A wop whom they took prisoner and forced to act as guide led them past another of our machine-gun emplacements, and they were *finis*, as I have told you before. But they succeeded in carrying off the medico and his helpers.

Throughout the entire affair our battalion commander could obtain no accurate information of what was happening. It looked like a rout. He kept sending out runners until only one man was left at his headquarters. Then he posted his remaining machine gunners behind the Meuse Canal and prepared to go there himself to hold them as a last resort. Fortunately that did not become necessary. He was afterward highly commended by the commander in chief for his conduct that night, and for the spirit shown by the men under him.

What pleased General Pershing particularly was the fact that numbers of the boys who were captured in the first rush refused to remain prisoners. They turned on their captors and fought their way back. All across No Man's Land these mix-ups took place.

Here is a copy of a general order he issued:

"No. 18, dated April fifteenth. Commander in Chief to Comdg. General, —— Division:

"Allow me to extend my warmest congratulations upon the splendid spirit shown by the ——th Infantry in the recent encounter with the enemy; especially to those men who declined to accept the status of prisoners, but turned upon their captors and destroyed them, and returned to their own lines. PERSHING."

The raiding party consisted of five hundred and forty men, an exceptionally large number for an undertaking of the kind. A hundred of them were shock troops; and they brought along pioneers, stretcher bearers and a most elaborate organization. According to the prisoners we took, their officers had told the boches that, once in the American lines, it would be easy; that the Americans would surrender quickly, as the Russians had.

The Doughboy's Petition

They got from us thirteen prisoners, eight of whom were noncombatants. Two of our men were killed during the fight, four died later, and we had about thirty wounded.

The boches left seventy dead behind them, and fifteen prisoners. We captured all sorts of booty. I never dreamed that a raiding party would carry so much stuff. Included in it were two machine guns, a world of ammunition, grenades, rifles, helmets, wire clippers, and such.

They carried back most of their wounded; but they must have left quite a few in No Man's Land, for, going along the trenches just before dawn, after the raiders had departed, I could hear wails and groans out in front and constant quavering cries of "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*"

The enemy were in our trenches nearly two and a half hours. They reached them about midnight and beat it round half past two. Long before dawn our sector was completely reorganized. All the unhurt men were in their proper stations and we were ready for whatever might happen.

I'll never forget the sight of those two prisoners of mine when I went to the rear after daylight. There they were in front of a dugout, with about twenty doughboys for guard. Every soldier who came along would stop, search the pair, and add himself to the guard.

You see, they were the first prisoners they had ever set eyes on. So they grouped round the two, every man with his gun ready. The boches sat with their gaze on the ground. You could see by their expressions that they were tired of gazing into the muzzles and felt none too safe.

In one dugout I found twenty-two Americans, carried there with wounds; also a couple of Germans. One was a giant of a man, about six feet two inches, and built like a freight car. Not a sound came from our wounded—not so much as a cheep; but the boches were groaning and moaning like a Holy Roller meeting.

"Say, lieutenant," said a doughboy faintly; "will you do me a favor?"

"Sure! What is it?"

"Carry me over where I can get at that guy who's making all that noise."

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SURPRISING GRACE

(Continued from Page 14)

The Pentecostal Brother rebelled, fighting to get back and deliver the rest of his language.

"You lemme go!" he cried. "I'm ashamed to see you here, Danny. You git out of my road. I know ye; I'm all right, my son. Where—where—where you takin' me off to, Danny?"

For a tired man Towers had a fairly good inspiration.

"Father," said he, "wherever you want to go. I'll take you to the House of the Overcomers, in Jerusalem. Now you trot right along with me and get ready."

Little Hury Seke moaned and, growing limp under his black gown, surrendered to the arms of this friend.

"I don't trust ye, Danny," he sighed. "You hain't no light in your in'ard part. You hain't regen'rit."

Dan took him, still babbling, down through the corridors to the billiard room. There by the green light reflected from the table they found the Maharajah hurrying after them.

"You see," chattered His Highness. "Now, really, you see for yourself. Before people, like that! It's absurd. I can't have him calling me Sows and Dogs and Wallows in public, can I?"

Dan agreed. He was now carrying Hury Seke as one carries a child.

"No, sir. It's all right. He'll go down to Calcutta with me. Won't you, dad? Any day; of course you will. I know you. Tomorrow if we're ready. Like a duck."

There was no answer. His burden had fallen asleep.

"I'll not soon forget this evening," the Maharajah declared.

A pair of gray-beard followers came into the room.

"Look well to God's afflicted," said their master. "Attend him. Thank you so much, Towers."

GAMING had ceased for that night, when Dan was at last free to go. The long pillared hall was empty, the matting had vanished from the floor, and in that canopy of brass and crystal pendants one solitary lamp was burning low in the foul air. No one remained but a doorkeeper or chamberlain, sleeping on his haunches, who woke to bow him out. Dan passed into the welcome open night, which seemed divinely fresh, almost cool; and after stopping to fill his lungs went down the terrace.

Under some black hole in the garden wall he found a door of which he remembered the mechanism, and so came forth into a greater blackness, half grove, half jungle, encompassing the Maharajah's compound. The homeward path skirted the wall, he knew, but was hard to find and worse to keep.

He had not gone far, stumbling from one dark ambush of trees through gray starlight to another dark ambush, when close ahead he heard leaves rustle and then a match strike on a box.

The flare of this match revealed a man standing in the path. By his girlish brown face and round-combed hair it was the Singhalese.

"Hello!" said Dan. "You're just the man I wanted."

At his first word the match was blown out.

"I know you did," murmured a voice. "Not so loud, please. Got your signal at the time, Towers. I waited."

The voice was that of Runa la Flèche. Dan felt a friendly hand grasp him by the elbow, and a loose-gowned body swing promptly into step beside him.

"*Nes de rat!*" growled Runa in bitter yet comical disgust. "You smelt me out tonight, *pas, vieux frère?* Rotten make-up! I'm growing old, the brain gouty, the sight feeble. Thought I'd pass for a cat's-eye and turquoise peddler at the Galle Face, and here you tell me it wouldn't deceive a child. Rotten make-up! *Saleté de ——*"

He went hissing curses, various and grotesque. Dan laughed.

"Not at all, Runa," said he. "You're a wonder. I don't see how ——"

Runa thumped him in the ribs.

"You did see!" he retorted angrily. "You saw in the billiard room. Right through me."

Dan laughed again, returned the thump and changed the subject.

"But look here, Runa. What was your obscene party back yonder, all this ribaldry by night, old boy? What was the real game?"

His companion made short work of explanation. Runa, always brief at any professional story, had no *quorum pars magna* in his nature.

"Caught one," he replied, disconsolate. "Only the hired hand. Old H. H. the Sacred Bull opened his house and let in company so as to give them a fair chance at him. I was on duty with some others. We caught one, as you saw, but only the hired hand. Ah, *c'est kif-kif* like nothing at all. A complete failure. We wanted the real men who hired him—four or five devils that planned it."

While talking they had gone rapidly down through the grove, Runa steering his friend by the elbow and keeping their path as though it were visible under these tree tops, where nothing but a star or two blinked among leaves.

"Four or five devils?" said Dan. "Maybe I saw four of 'em, Runa. Was one called Ram Lal, a big-faced buck with red teeth?"

Runa stopped short.

"What the dickens!" he exclaimed. "Where?"

"The bazaar this noon," Dan replied. "I walked behind four men, overheard them discussing you. They said: 'We needn't kill Runa, but we'll finish him for good. End him alive.' Something like that. I couldn't catch the whole program, but your number was up."

Mr. la Flèche had taken his hand away. Now it once more nipped Dan by the arm.

"The gods arrange," said Runa, "that you and I are brothers. Do you mind seeing me home to-night? Then let's trot. We'll talk indoors."

Suiting action to words he began to hurry Dan forward through the wood at greater speed even than before. He knew every tree trunk, every gap; for without hesitation he followed some course that led, not by the half-trodden way from the palace to Dan's bungalow, but roundabout, turning, twisting, yet descending always toward the right hand. He went swiftly, like a guide by daylight managing a blindfold prisoner. Soon they left the wood behind, crossed a starlit field where pariah dogs barked at them from afar, then tramped between hedges down a muddy lane that stank with retting jute; and so, to Dan's astonishment, came from byways round a corner into the lights of Mayaganj bazaar.

"Keep behind," said Runa. "We mustn't be seen together."

Dropping Dan's arm he slipped ahead into the narrow street, where a crowd lingered as always, here in a thin stream, there in a group round one of many lamps on the shopkeepers' platforms. Mayaganj never slept, nor ever wholly waked; this long alley contained by night and day the same throng—moving, halting, gossiping, dreamers in soiled white cotton.

Dan saw his friend mingle with them, a timid wanderer going home. He followed as if by chance. Where the double rank of archways and saffron lamps converged rose the holy tree, its dark green tails of foliage hanging down from the housetops and the stars. Round its bole the crowd was thicker than elsewhere, for this tree grew in the heart of the village and blocked the way.

Runa was approaching it, when underneath its branches a noise broke out.

"Ho, brother-in-law, you say so! *Jhuth-muth-wallah!* O thou camel! *Bara Suar!*"

A storm of insult and tomcat language roused the bazaar from end to end. Buyers dropped their merchandise to stare, shopmen leaned out or jumped from their platforms to see the fight. It began among half a dozen, but came rolling and growing like a snowball. Brown claws were scratching, turbans flew unwound, and *lathis* of male bamboo flashed up and down in a tumult of cudgel play. Dan might not have cared—it seemed an ordinary tamasha—but as it swept toward him down the narrow place he saw one ringleader, the broad cheeks and betel-red mouth of Ram Lal, contorted, bellowing. He saw Runa glide modestly toward the gutter. He saw the riot swerve that way and cover Runa like breaking surf.

"Put-up job!" said Dan aloud.

Next moment he stood in the thick of it, bestriding Runa's body and hitting out.

But it was neither trouble nor fun. The creatures broke and ran like children. He no more than drew blood once or twice on frightened countenances, when they were gone, silently, dispersed by a white man. The street lay clear, except for the tree trunk. Untouched and rather ashamed, Towers found himself alone with Runa face down between his feet.

"All over? Well, that was quick!" he declared. "I didn't expect —— Not hurt, are you?"

Something quicker and less expected took place before he had done talking.

Without a word Runa jumped up, ran dodging past the sacred tree and disappeared, a white blur lost in outer darkness.

Dan stood wondering what all this night work meant. The bazaar watched him quietly, with reverence.

VI

TWO days passed, and brought no sign or word from Mr. la Flèche. There was little time, however, for Dan to think about him. The sick man at the palace demanded close attendance and long persuasion, hours of dismal persuasion, that succeeded time and again only to be thwarted by his whims; begun afresh, craftily carried through, concluded in triumph; then once more baffled, rejected and undertaken from the start. It was like building a house of blocks for a child who tumbles them down at their prettiest. Dan had infinite patience, which Hury Seke had infinite power to exhaust.

"Little cuss!" sighed Towers. "Stubborn as hickory! Good mind to let you stay here, and have your own fool way, and die. The Maharajah's right. You're nine devils and a goat."

Nevertheless he remained on duty by the charpoy, noon and midnight, trying to exorcise the frail black-robed nuisance that lay there. At last he won.

"Danny, you've wore me out," moaned the Brother of the Pentecost. "I'll go."

So saying he fell asleep. Dan lost no time, but, turning, whispered to a white bundle and a pair of eyes that watched in a far corner. "Dhirendra, go tell your master. I think we can move him now."

Their journey began at dawn, in an old brown dinghy roofed with matting and darkly polished by generations of naked bodies. The chief passenger lay in state amidships as though dead; but from time to time, when the boatmen's poles bumped the gunwale or sucked loud in the mud of the creeks through which the dinghy went drifting and boggling, Dan could see his lips move and a smile play on his worn, gray face. He muttered at times a deal of nonsense; at others, in a voice like the whine of a mosquito, privately sang:

"Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

"Thy mingled troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wanderin' church below;
Here we go sailin' to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too."

Drafts of cool air from open water, and the dreamy passage of the boat in morning mist, were plainly refreshing Hury Seke. He lay quite still.

"I give that King," he said, "I give that King an awful lesson, Danny."

"No mistake," replied Towers, thinking of the Dogs and the Wallows.

Hury Seke opened his eyes and smiled with almost wicked complacency.

"That King of Darkness, I showed him! Right in his pesky courts, too, mind ye, plumb out afore the assembled Powers o' Evil. I stuck a flea in his anointed ear, I guess.

"The world beheld the glorious change
And did my hand confess;
My tongue brok' out in unknown strains,
And sung surprisin' grace."

Dan soothed him with flattery.

"So you did, father. Surprising's the right word."

The old man's smile faded, but his countenance bore a look of peace, foolish and profoundly touching.

"Here we go sailin' to thy coasts," he murmured. "Danny, was you the convoy? . . . No, I fergit. You hain't repented, hev ye? I can't jest call to mind. . . . Oh, dear me!"

And so saying he fell asleep again.

(Continued on Page 29)

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(Continued from Page 26)

All this beginning of the journey went easily enough; but when they caught the river boat Goalpara at noon there came a painful scene. She lay moored to a vast green tree whose roots twisted like snakes down a high mud bank into the whirling yellow flood; branches and ship overhung the dinghy like a mountain; and what with the race of water, the excitement of coolies and crew outyelling one another, and a general mismanagement of ropes, the Goalpara was no easy craft for even a well man to climb aboard.

"I ain't a-goin' to try," said Hury Seke.

There followed a most unseemly row. Dan had to employ main strength, and to see this little terror, who confounded kings of darkness, hauled aloft in a running bowline, with the kicks, flutters and squawks of a scared crow. It was a horrid job. And when Dan had reached the deck, hand over hand, he was obliged to stop a commination service that raked all hands, from the Mohammedan skipper down to the cook's naked baby. Even with the bowline round his neck, a black friar going to be hanged, Hury Seke could preach well and loudly. Nothing so popular had happened on the Goalpara since she was built.

"What does the Sahib require?" asked the captain, grinning but polite.

"A cabin," said Dan. "As soon as you please."

The cabin, with shutters drawn, proved to be suffocating; but at least he could get Hury into a berth, and by perseverance keep him there. An hour or so later the ship's company grew tired of holding their noses to the slats and chuckling from without; Dan's patient allowed himself to doze, and thus they sailed, all tight and cozy, through hot weather in the Sanderbans.

Barefoot and stripped to the waist, as though manning a gun, Towers sat on a rawhide chair and sweltered. He had hoped to get a little sleep. No such luck, he found; Hury soon grew wakeful, restless and talkative. The turmoil of boarding ship had left him outdone, and his babblings in that dark sweat box of a cabin were far from cheerful.

"I am counted with them that go down into the pit, I am as a man that hath no stren'th. Free among the dead, whom thou rememberest no more. Yea, Danny, I am alon' like a sparrow upon the housetop, and my adversaries a-gittin' the upper hands of me, I really do believe."

Nor were his songs more encouraging; and he sang many, in the high mosquito whine that, as time dragged on, acquired power to drive Dan frantic:

"My days are wasted, like the smok'
Dissolvin' in the air;
My stren'th is dried; my heart is brok'
And sinkin' in despair.

"My sperrits fly, like witherin' grass
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I fergit to eat."

This and such as this by the hour could be endured; but there were dark moments when the little wanderer sat on the edge of his berth, trembling, talking horrors and weeping. Then Dan the guileful had to bring comfort; which he did—on the upper berth as a shelf, where Hury could not observe him—by lacing hot tea with rum.

The mixture performed its work, though even Hury felt some doubts.

"Danny, my dear, hain't you gone and put liquor in my cup?"

"Rum enough to stagger a pirate," thought Dan; but he answered promptly: "Not a drop, dad. It's orange pekoe, a new kind."

Hury Seke downed it like babe's milk, then smacked his lips judiciously.

"That's good. Powerful good," he sighed; and lay tranquil once more. "Where was we goin'? Oh, yeah. The House o' the Overcomers. That's where. That's where you was takin' me, wa'n't it? Ha ha!" cried Hury Seke suddenly. "House o' the Overcomers! That's it, my son. I'll go wrastle with those fellers, you wait. They hain't got the root o' the matter, Danny; their feet take hold on hell. Your old father'll wrastle 'em for ye. I like that orange pecker. Give us another sup."

Thus the voyage through the still blaze of the Sanderbans jungle water was hardly monotonous; yet when it ended and Dan saw through the shutters the vivid green trees on Hugli bank gliding astern he could have hailed the dreary city of Calcutta as home. "Three cheers, father!" said he.

"Jerusalem a'ready?" inquired his friend. "Why, I thought we wa'n't doo yet. By gorry! It's been short and pleasant. Our path is made smooth, hey, Son Daniel?"

Two days passed before Dan could altogether agree; then after hard and hot negotiation, having placed the terror of kings, clean-washed and white-clad, on board a sea-going ship in Garden Reach, he began to feel the path less arduous. His task was not only done but crowned with good fortune; for the ship's doctor proved to be an old friend whom Dan had known on the China Coast.

"Well, father, I must say good-by," said Dan, dreading the ordeal.

It was no ordeal whatever.

"You go repent you right straight off!" Hury Seke flung this curt aside over one arm of his deck chair, and leaned over the other to real business, wagging his finger solemnly. "I say unto thee, O physician, heal thyself! That's what I tell you! No doubt you're a good physician accordin' to your lights, but look here ——"

Dan stole across the deck to the gangplank. Part way down he glanced back through the rails.

The good physician winked an eye.

Of such trifles Hury Seke took no heed. He sat expounding, busily and happily.

VII

IT WAS not so happily that Dan walked back alone to the verdant Maidan, and under the trees of the Red Road. Late afternoon sunlight streamed below the boughs, gilding an expanse of turf and casting long shadows. Dan went slowly in rather homesick meditation. The heat made all effort, even the effort of thought, seem moist and meaningless. He envied his little fanatic, who soon would breathe ocean air and follow the sunset home. A better land, reflected Mr. Towers, a better land off there westward beyond Howrah. He would give a good deal to see it again.

In this mood he wandered through the Eden Gardens. A company of brown Bengalis on the band stand were playing Dvorak's dances, in time to which their turbans nodded, while over the grass a few pale English children skipped about languidly, guarded by slow-moving ayahs. It seemed a half-hearted attempt at pleasure, the music failing to be sprightly, the garden audience lounging like people disenchanted. On one bench sat, in fine raiment and costly hat, an American negro from some ship in the river; he beat the cadence with polished boots, but even he seemed melancholy. For the sake of his homelike face and the chance of hearing homelike words Dan was about to approach him, to pass the time of day.

Just then, however, a voice close behind said: "It is Tawah Sahib?"

Dan turned and confronted a stranger—a grimy young Mohammedan of the type that haunts hotels and vainly tries to worm into service with travelers. Dan had never seen this one before, though his like a thousand times. "Yes. What do you want?"

The boy salaamed, but had no paper to present, not even those queer credentials made by the letter-writer in the bazaar.

"A friend," he said, "wishes to see the Sahib."

"What friend?"

"His name is not known," was the reply. "He is a man from Ceylon."

Dan grew interested.

"And this would be his token." The stranger exhibited, on the "witch finger" of his right hand, a brass ring crudely fashioned like a serpent with an egg in its mouth. "His token."

"That ring? I never saw it before," said Dan. "Don't know what you're driving at." The other made no direct reply, but spoke something learned by rote.

"There is a second token. The Sahib remembers: Four men at the holy tree."

Towers grew still more interested. This talk was in some way an echo of Mayaganj.

"Yes. What then?"

"For a third token, therefore," said the methodical young rowdy, "I give a chit."

He drew from behind one ear, where he had been carrying it as certain people carry half-burnt cigarettes, a spill of dirty paper, which he offered without ceremony.

Unfolding the thing Dan saw, penciled on a corner torn from some native newspaper, the words:

"Dine at Archambaud's. Follow bearer."

Dan had heard rumors of a café called Archambaud's, some den in a quarter unknown. The handwriting suited the message, being vague and hurried. Still, here

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was an invitation given when he felt most lonely; and it promised more than dinner.

"Well," said Dan, "can you show the way?"

The messenger could, and did so. He went lounging across the grass, through the crowd, keeping distance in the lead and with not so much as a backward glance. Dan followed him from the gardens, past Baboo's Ghat, then for a long time in and out among hot streets and hotter alleys crowded with coolies returning from work. It was a roundabout, bewildering course without landmarks. Once they passed a man sacrificing goats in an archway; once through a stifled courtyard where empty wagons clustered round an enormous banyan tree; and at last, in a narrow way between blind houses where no man seemed to live, came to a door that stood open as though by chance. In at this door went the man of tokens, and Dan after him.

They mounted a dark stairway, three flights, then, through a corridor full of appetizing smells, the long-forgotten perfume of good cookery, emerged on a veranda.

"The Sahib's friend comes here," said Dan's guide, and roughly motioned him toward one of a half dozen tables that lined the outer railing. "It is not long."

The speaker turned away and disappeared indoors. Dan, wondering, sat down. With white linen, wine glasses, good cutlery, and of all fine things in the world radishes glowing rosy-red among cracked ice, the table was prepared. It overlooked a puzzle of native housetops, beyond which many masts and funnels loomed through brown twilight on the river. As to the veranda, our friend occupied it alone, except for a gaudy parrot in a cage who began whistling *Nous n'Irons Plus au Bois*, then chuckled, and hung himself upside down by the beak on his wires.

Dan experienced an odd feeling. In this strange aerie he sat immediately at home, quite comfortable, and ready for something pleasant to happen.

"Hello, Polly!" he called.

"*Bonsoir, m'sieu-dame,*" replied the parrot. "*Trin, trin, trin! Carabi, toto carabo! Les lauriers sont coupés!*"

"I believe you, my boy," said Dan.

Their conversation went no further, because a light, quick tread sounded from inside the house, and across the veranda came a young man, laughing. He wore princely tennis flannels, an agreeable cravat, and his hair brushed in the strictest form of gayety.

"Ah, my Dan!" he cried, grasping Mr. Towers by both hands. "You came, didn't you! The Andaman boat's in. We celebrate to-night."

He took the chair opposite, and sat beaming. It was Runa la Flèche, of Chandernagor, his pale brown face radiant with happiness.

"The Andaman boat got in to-day," he repeated.

"What," inquired the calmer Dan, "does that mean, butterfly?"

Runa laughed again.

"Turtle, it means," he answered. "Fresh turtle from Kalapani. Andaman turtle *à la mode d'Archambaud.* You have never eaten? Wait, then. It means the best dinner east of the Rue Cambon, and a damned sight better cellar."

Behind him while he spoke hovered a great fat whiskerando all in white, who smiled and balanced on a little tray two glasses filled with something of a cool golden color.

"*Pour ourrir l'estomac,*" urged Archambaud the mighty. "A ray of the sun, gentlemen, under the belt."

He withdrew and left them. This, Dan foresaw, was to be no common dinner. His host regarded him thoughtfully. Below their veranda the brownish twilight reddened and grew dark, veiling housetops one and all, smudging out the masts in the river.

"I owe you everything!" cried Runa. "We caught those four assassins, by the way. But everything I owe to you! How can one repay such a salvation?"

His words recalled that midnight row in Mayaganj bazaar. To Dan's memory it appeared a slight affair, not worth so much emphasis.

"I never saved your life," he answered, frowning. "They wouldn't dare kill you in the open street."

It became Runa's turn to frown.

"My life? Bah!" he retorted, and snapped his fingers. "That for such talk! Are you a blockhead? I do not willingly believe it. Don't you understand, my dear chap, what you saved was my career?" His brown eyes twinkled in the dusk. "Those four, Ram Lal and company, knocked me over by accident. Yes. But they would hold me down in the crowd, and by accident slit my nose." Runa made a gesture with his bread knife. "So. *Fait.* Career ended. What the devil good can a man do with his nose cut open like a radish, eh? Anyone would recognize. You amaze me, Dan."

Twilight was gone, darkness come. Monsieur Archambaud placed lighted candles on the table. Runa, downcast, a man whose motive was misunderstood, toyed with his glass and sulked. On the middle finger of his right hand shone a ring—an old brass ring fashioned like a snake biting an egg.

Dan leaned across the cloth and touched it.

"You little diabolo!" he said. "You fooled me. Tokens? You limb! And I walked behind you all this way from the band stand!"

Every trace of the sulks flew like magic from his companion's face.

"Ho, ho! Did I?" crowed Runa la Flèche. He took off the ring and put it away, like a trinket that had served its purpose. "Maybe I did, old wiseacre. You don't catch me twice running, you and your Ram Lals!"

Merry, exultant, a pert young demigod, he turned in his chair and whistled toward the kitchen end of the veranda.

"*Ohé,* turtle!" he hailed. "*Psst, là bas!* Bring him on, your four-legged upholder of the world. We desire to eat him."

The turtle came, with a wonderful steam and savor, in the mode of Archambaud.

Yet before they could enjoy him Runa remembered another matter, and began to feel in pocket after pocket.

"Oh, here it is!" He drew out a wad of blue cotton wool, which he unfolded. A pellet or small marble dropped and ran glistening among the candles. "For you. From the Old Man. The Maharajah's best. *Ante porcos.*"

Dan rubbed his forehead and sat staring. Even he, though no judge, knew a pearl when he saw it, a pearl without price.

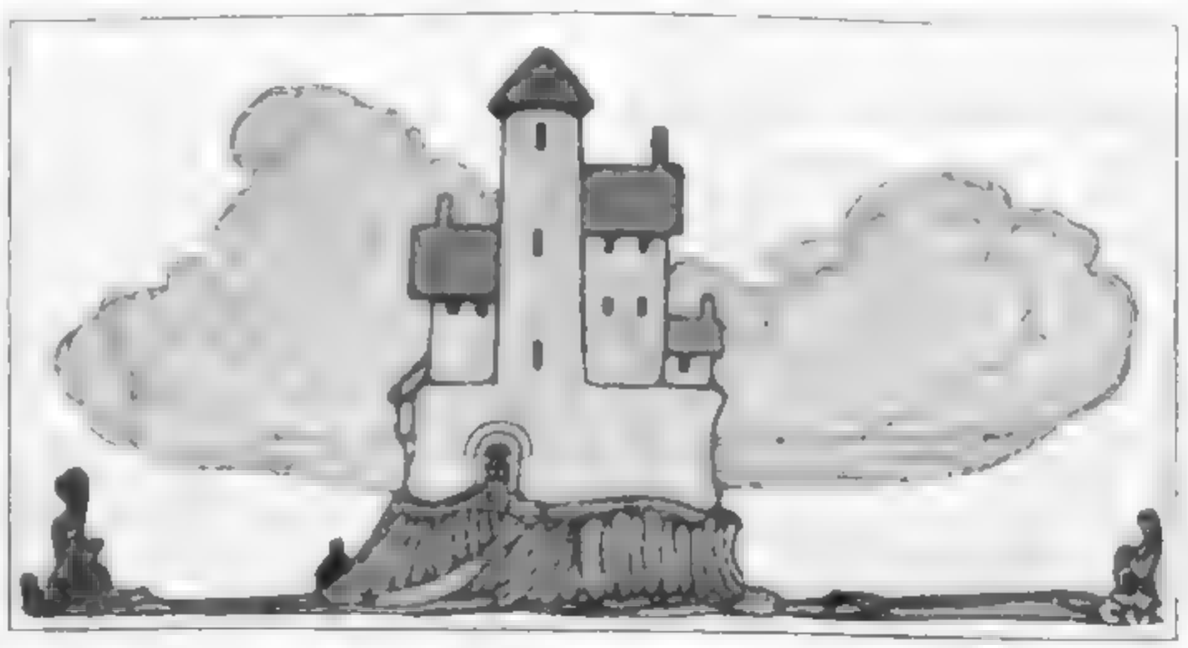
He looked up, incredulous, at Runa.

"Thought the Old Man didn't like me," he stammered. "Why—why—this beats all!" Then Dan laughed. "Well, it's what little Hury would call surprising grace, I guess."

His friend laughed also.

"To Hury Seke, then, for his good word. *Bon voyage!*"

With this toast, honored in Archambaud's ray of the sun, began a dinner great and notable.



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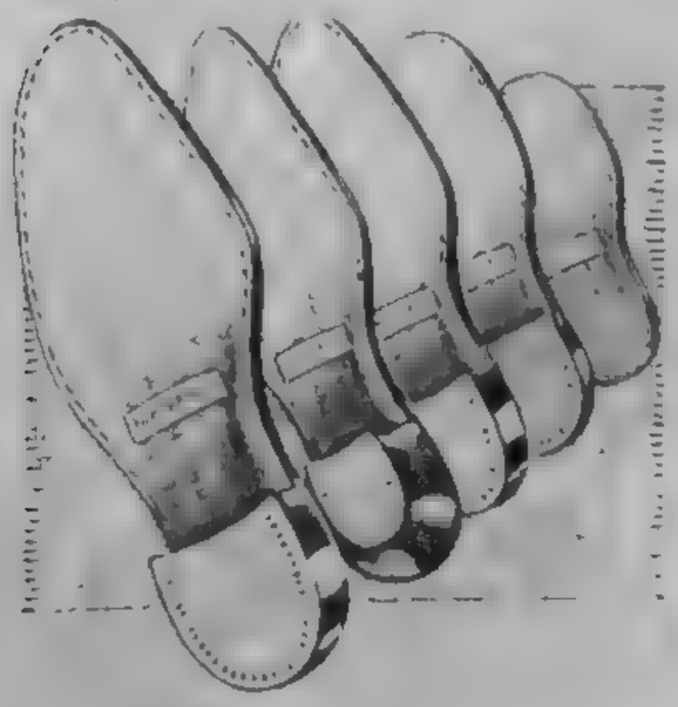

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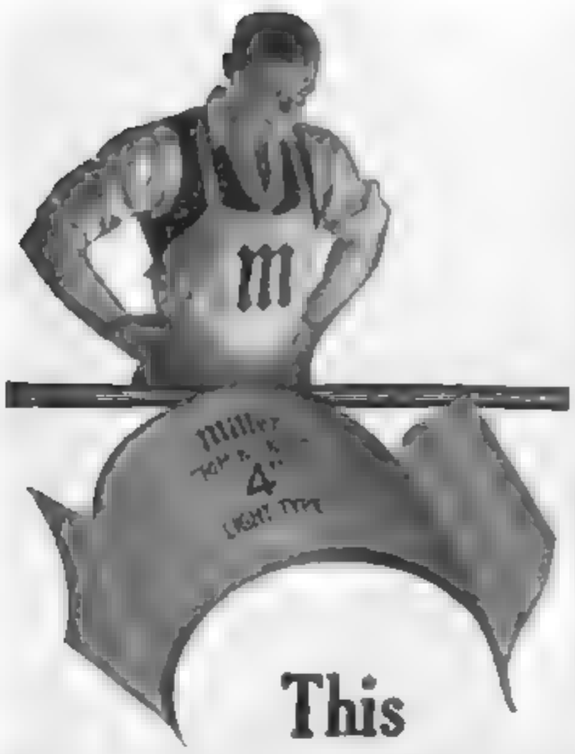

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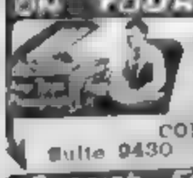

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THE PRINCE AND THE PIKER

(Continued from Page 7)

were off to the wars. The "weak" President, "catering to the rabble," as Señor Dupuy de Lôme put it, had called for a hundred and twenty-five thousand men to free Cuba; and these, Jimmy among them, were answering the call. Jimmy had considered the matter carefully and as dispassionately as possible, in view of the reconcentrado camps and the Maine, and he had made his decision. Old Watson, the more or less venerable president of the bank, and Payne, the vice president and former cashier, tried to dissuade him; but Jimmy had one of his obstinate streaks.

"There will be plenty without you, Jimmy," said Payne; "plenty that we can spare just as well as not."

"There won't be if everybody argues that way," replied Jimmy.

"What do you know about soldiering?" sneered old Watson. "You didn't even belong to the National Guard."

"I'm sorry now that I didn't join," said Jimmy. "I suppose I thought that there wouldn't ever be any need of it. I can learn, though. We'll have a month of training."

"I suppose you haven't thought about the bank—what a hole—how you're going to inconvenience us?"

"I'm sorry for that too," said Jimmy. "But a good many of us must expect to be inconvenienced. If we can inconvenience Weyler I figure we ought to be satisfied, don't you, Mr. Payne?"

"Have you thought about your mother?"

Jimmy looked sober. "Mother is willing to have me go," he said. "She'll be able to get along if anything happens to me. We've talked it all over."

Watson broke in again with a final argument that he thought would be irresistible.

"If you've got any idea in your head that we are going to continue your salary while you're gone you're mistaken," he said. "Or that you'll find your job waiting for you when you get back. We're running this bank on business principles."

He glared at Jimmy from under his shaggy white eyebrows and thumped the desk.

"I don't want anything but my private's pay while I'm doing the work of a private," Jimmy answered firmly. "If you haven't a job for me when I get back I'll have to get one somewhere else, that's all; but there won't be any hard feelings about it. Business is business; I know that. I'm not enlisting as a matter of business; I'm—well, you've got my resignation, Mr. Watson, and that's all there is to it."

Watson slumped back in his chair and glowered at him, his old jaws chewing on nonexistent gum. Payne, though, shook hands with him.

That was how Jimmy went. Not many people knew that he was going until the boys left town, and there wasn't so much of a crowd at the station on that occasion, owing to the fact that the National Guard had entrained three days before. That was the big show, when the full company marched down Main Street, brown muskets at the slope, everybody cheering and waving flags and the band boys ahead playing A Hot Time in the Old Town. The band boys wore new uniforms for the occasion. Our patriotic and red-blooded fellow-citizen, Mr. Harold Crudson, had started a subscription list to fit them out, heading it with a princely donation charged up to the store. Also the entire front of the Crudson & Blinn establishment was decorated with flags. Harold certainly boomed the bunting trade in those days. His delivery wagons, his own private equipages, his coat lapel and the porch of his palatial residence—all proudly flaunted the glorious emblem of our loved country, and in printer's ink he spread the same splendid symbol across the top of his page advertisement. No doubt about where Harold was standing. He was standing right up in front when the National Guard marched. You couldn't help feeling that they would have all stayed at home if it hadn't been for Harold. Jimmy sat in the little buggy with his mother, well back from the crowd, as well he might, considering that he had absolutely declined to subscribe toward the band boys' uniforms.

But he went to the war. That didn't call for any cash outlay, as Ben Durfy pertinently observed. "He gets paid for it, by Jackers!" said Ben. "'Tis not much, sure; but a dollar looks bigger than a cart wheel to that lad."

Still Jimmy went; that must be admitted. Not where bullets were flying and heroes were dying, however. No, he never so much as left his native shores; and all the fighting he ever did was flies and mosquitoes. They kept him, with a few thousand others, round a Southern camp, where there wasn't a particle of danger except from typhoid and dysentery and a few little things like that; and nothing in the world to do but to eat and drink and drill and dig and take practice marches in the blazing sun and get used to the climate and enjoy himself. He had a pretty good time, judging by his letters to his mother and Susy Tait, though he did get a touch of typhoid and something or another else.

When he came back in the fall he was certainly a pasty-faced, hollow-eyed rack of bones; but you bet them Spaniards and old Weyler weren't none the worse for him. Still, Middleville received him kindly, and the way his mother and Susy Tait made over him you'd have thought he had taken San Juan and Kettle Hill single-handed.

Within three years after the war the Grim Reaper, making his rounds in Middleville, gathered in Old Lady Crudson, Wesley J. Watson and Truman Blinn, all of whom were about ripe for the sickle. Watson went first, and that put Payne into the presidency of the Farmers and Drovers' National, where he could take it easy and leave the management of the concern to Jimmy. Jimmy was already one of the directors, and some people said—you can hear anything—that he came near to being a majority stockholder. There was no doubt that he was prospering in a quiet and unobtrusive way. He married Susy Tait, of course, and had built a nice little home on Acacia Avenue. Nothing like the Crudson place, but big enough to accommodate Old Mrs. Wilkes as well as Mrs. Jimmy and the little Wilkeses, of whom there were already two. Susy had been what is called an ordinary kind of girl—that is, no beauty, though easy enough to look at, rather sensible than smart, capable in household affairs and very cheerful and good-natured. An ordinary kind of girl. How good-natured she was may be imagined from the fact that she lived on excellent terms with her mother-in-law and the general help. Not that Mrs. Wilkes the elder was unamiable, but —— Well, I suppose Mr. Wilkes thought that it would be too expensive to keep up two places. You know he's rather—some people say —— Eh? Oh, I don't mean that he's exactly close, but —— Well, I may be mistaken.

The point is that Watson's death moved Jimmy up a peg in the bank. Blinn went next, and his demise removed certain checks on the Crudson & Blinn management that Harold's commercial genius had chafed at. Blinn left his interest in the store to his widow, but she had every confidence in Harold and left everything to him. So Harold branched out considerably, and his mother's estate, when she died, came in uncommonly handy in view of increased expenses. The expenses were not confined to the store. Mrs. Harold was an expensive sort of person. Harold told her so every once in a while, and sometimes quite coarsely and profanely for one of his sunny sort; but, as she rejoined with acid contempt, that didn't come very well from him. So she went her way and he went his, and what with bridge and poker parties and dinner and supper parties and theater and dancing parties and stags and smokers and the newly organized country club it wasn't any wonder that eventually Harold had to ask a little more of the Farmers and Drovers' than the Farmers and Drovers' was willing to grant.

"I'll talk with Payne about it; he'll have some sense," said Harold; and turning his back on Jimmy he strode into the president's room.

"Is my business worth anything to you people?" he demanded brusquely of Mr. Payne.

"Why certainly," replied the neat little gray man. "I hope that nothing has given you any impression to the contrary, Mr. Crudson."

"Oh, nothing much," said Harold. "Only Jimmy Wilkes. See here, Payne; I don't often ask for favors or accommodations here. I don't have to; and I wouldn't have to now only that I happen to be a little pressed temporarily. It's like this."

He was beginning to explain when Payne interrupted him. "Excuse me, but if Mr. Wilkes has gone into the matter with you and thinks that it's inadvisable to do what you ask I can hardly take it on myself to overrule him. I'm sorry."

"You'll be sorrier yet," said Harold grimly. "I always knew Wilkes was a piker and a pinhead. I told him so just now. But I didn't know that he had infected the whole institution." He rapped sharply with his knuckles on the desk. "I'm through with you! Have my account made out right up to the minute, please, and I'll transfer it to Ellison's. I'll have my cashier figure on the outstanding checks, and when you've paid those you've done the last business you'll do with me. I guess Ellison's will be glad enough to let me have what I want."

He walked out without waiting for Mr. Payne's apology and retraction. He would not have heard either if he had lingered. Nevertheless, the president did remonstrate with Jimmy.

"Don't you think you've been a little previous, maybe?" he asked. "The collateral would have been ample to protect us, and as he says Ellison's will jump at the chance. It's been a good account."

"It wouldn't be long if we gave him what he wanted," said Jimmy. "I was glad of the chance to turn him down. He needs a jolt, the worst way; and now that he's got it he'll maybe go a little slow and pick up again. He'll want to show Ellison and show us. Of course, we lose him; but I'd sooner do that than have him smash up."

"Funny kind of reasoning," Payne remarked. "I guess you're right, though. No use greasing the skids for him."

Jimmy's theory did seem to be a fairly good one. Harold went away from the bank seething with rage, but a cold determination succeeded his anger. Ellison's gladly accommodated him and he got over his temporary embarrassment and then bent all his energies to the task of showing 'em. For the first time in his business career he cut down expenses, and he abandoned the ambitious projects he had formed for the time; and the showing that resulted was good. Too good. After one profitable year he went ahead with some of those pet schemes and slacked up in the matter of personal attention, leaving details to liberally salaried subordinates, who were likewise men of broad vision. The result of this was another jolt, this time from Ellison's.

"I don't say that his ideas are bad," observed Ellison in a confidential chat with Jimmy Wilkes. "They seem to me first-rate, some of them, and practical enough, especially when he explains 'em to you. He's able, no doubt of that; but that store is as full of leaks as a colander, and he spends too much outside. That imported automobile now! Another thing, he's drinking more than he ought. He carries it well, but between you and me he's soggy-minded at times. Pity! He's skating on thin ice, Crudson is."

Harold continued for some time to indulge in that exhilarating but risky form of sport. He cut some remarkable figures, and warning cracks only seemed to stimulate him to more intricate evolutions and greater speed. The volume of business in the store actually increased. Sale succeeded sale—the regular season sales, anniversary sales, inventory sales, Friday bargain, fire, clearance, special, bankrupt stock—not a week passed without two or three; and nobody could deny that the prices were astonishingly cheap.

"And shoddy," said Slayden, whose business had grown considerably too. "He used to kick when I stuck a bull in the window, and now look at them windows of his—like a circus was a-coming most of the time! It's losing him the best trade. Cheap John!"

A week after Slayden made that remark the ice broke from shore to shore and Harold, after some frantic but ineffectual struggles, went under. Jimmy Wilkes would have thrown him a rope, but apparently Harold thought it would choke him. He went to Jimmy, Ellison being a hopeless shark and Shylock, and told him that he was willing to let bygones be bygones and he could make it worth the bank's while, but the Piker got off a lot of tommyrot about a barrel going empty sooner or later

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

if you took more out of it than you put in, and wanted to tie up everything so that he, Harold, would have been nothing more than a hired man. No, Harold couldn't see it. He didn't care much, anyway. Of course, Mrs. Blinn was raising Cain, but when you're in business you have to take business risks, whether you are a man or a woman. He was sick of Middleville, anyway. A real city for him. You couldn't keep a squirrel on the ground where there were trees to climb, and Middleville had nothing but tall grass.

He drove out to the club after a painful scene at home with Mrs. Harold. The men he wished to see were sympathetic, and anything they could do, old chap —— But it seemed there was nothing they were able to do just then, except order drinks; and one of them—a whelp who had got fat on Harold's dinners—finally had the nerve to tell him in an undertone that he had had enough, and advised him to go home—offered to go with him. Harold made a speech, and he certainly roasted that unspeakably unclean parasite to a crisp brown. He was so offended that the society of people who would tolerate the scoundrel was distasteful to him, so he left them to their shame and drove away from the club at a speed that was expressive of his disgust.

He wound up, or rather ran down, in Firelong's saloon, where he found not only sympathy but unbounded admiration for the spirit that triumphed over misfortune and was royally liberal to the last.

The failure created a tremendous sensation, though nobody was in the least surprised and everybody had expected and predicted it. There was much moralizing and quoting of such proverbial gems as "A fool and his money are soon parted" and "Willful waste makes woeful want"—which were not exactly applicable, as Harold had been quite a long time parting from his money—admitting, for the sake of argument, that he was a fool; and, moreover, whatever he had wasted he was not precisely in want. At least he had a little ready cash, or Mrs. Harold had, which was about the same thing; and though there was a clean sweep of everything else excepting the little shack that Old Lady Crudson had owned and lived in, which came under homestead exemption, the Crudsons left town in a parlor car and Harold tipped Joe Palmer, the drayman, a dollar for handling the trunks. The Middleville Mail in its next issue said:

"Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crudson left on Monday morning for Chicago, where Mr. Crudson has accepted an important position with one of the largest and best-known wholesale firms in the Windy City. Their hosts of friends here will deeply regret their departure. Mr. Crudson has long been one of our leading citizens, prominent in business life and highly popular in social circles, where he and his accomplished and vivacious wife will be greatly missed. A genial and cultured gentleman and a prince of good fellows, Mr. Crudson has ever responded with alacrity to the many calls upon his time and purse, while his exceptional business ability made the enterprise that he created and conducted a source of pride to the city. The failure of that institution, as we have before explained, was due entirely to financial and industrial conditions at once abnormal and not to be foreseen or controlled, but our loss is Chicago's gain."

Harold read that in the Hyde Park Hotel, to which he and Mrs. Harold had repaired. He rather needed the glow of pleasure that it gave him.

"Hm-m!" he said, handing the paper to his wife with a gratified smile. "Well, I guess the store advertisements will be missed and deeply regretted if I'm not. Decent of Walters, though, eh?"

"The important position doesn't seem to be materializing very fast," Mrs. Harold observed sourly. "I wouldn't be surprised if you had to hunt a job. Maybe you won't find it absolutely necessary to spend so much money hunting a plain job."

Slayden read the announcement and grinned. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he remarked. "We got them show cases and shelving dirt cheap, and the linens and the notions was a gift. But what'll you bet we don't get Mr. Harold Crudson back again? I don't know but I could have used him myself, but I guess the position I'd give him wouldn't be important enough."

Mrs. Blinn read the little piece and tore the paper across and stamped on it. Then she burst into tears and was hysterical for an hour. She wasn't usually emotional, but she was getting along in years and a little narrow and weak-minded, and with the prospect of poverty before her she didn't quite agree with the Mail's estimate of Harold Crudson. There were others who felt in some degree as she did. Their names were on the list of creditors in the bankruptcy proceedings.

At rare intervals Middleville heard of its erstwhile leading citizen. He was encountered in the lobby of some hotel, or some well-known bar, or on the street.

"Well, he looked prosperous. Didn't say exactly what he was doing. Yep, same old Harold! Showed me a good time too. He didn't say anything about Mrs. Crudson."

Jack Hartop came back from a buying trip and said that Eckhart had told him that Harold had been on the road for Liggett & Thompson, and he believed that he was now doing something in the commission line on his own. The most definite information was brought to the Culture Club by Mrs. Henry Hogan, who had met Mrs. Harold on a street car in Chicago.

"—— and, my dear, you wouldn't have known her for the same woman. Reely, her clothes! She got as red as fire when she saw me, and I didn't blame her. Plain tacky! But she got to talking, and before we got to Seventy-third Street she had told me aplenty. That husband of hers! Oh, he's a nice one! Leaves her at home all day to drudge and goes downtown and has a good time himself. He's had half a dozen jobs, and sometimes he makes money; but whether he has any or not she never gets a cent that isn't grudged, and him eating at swell restaurongs and splurging round. You know him—how he would. Of course, she didn't say that right out, but she might just as well have. I never did think so much of her. Pretty high-'n'-mighty, she was; and I never held with smoking cigarettes and playing cards for money; but I guess she's got her troubles. He's out of a job now, she told me."

After all, to come round to the generally accepted opinion, there's no place like home. We may cynically thank God that there isn't, and our return for a visit may confirm our gratitude, but we must leave it early in life or in later years prolong absence beyond a certain period if this homecoming instinct is to be entirely overcome. Time blurs or obliterates recollections of what was unpleasant and magnifies and brightens the joys of the past. Them was the happy days! We'd all like to go back, wouldn't we? Of course, we may be doing too well where we are to think of it seriously, but Harold wasn't.

He had probably been out of a job more than once since Mrs. Hogan met his wife in Chicago. At the time of his homecoming he admitted to Jimmy Wilkes, in confidence, that he had been "unable to find anything suitable for over six months." Still he gave out that he was just in town for a few days to see if he couldn't dispose of the little place that his mother had owned. He had tried to sell it by correspondence, but it didn't seem to be salable; and he had tried in the same way to raise a loan on it, but money seemed to be scarce and he was advised that real-estate security had to be gilt-edged. Well, he thought he would run down and —— Say, by Jupiter, it was good to see all the old faces again!

A trifle flabbier of flesh, lined and pouchy about the eyes, and with a network of tiny blue veins in the red of his well-formed Grecian nose, Harold was still rather engaging in appearance, and his clothes if somewhat threadbare were of good cut and material and nicely pressed. His smile was genial and his handshake cordially vigorous, and most people seemed as glad to see him as he seemed to see them. He had a pretty good time—until he got right down to the house business and had made a few guarded inquiries about openings for a good man in business here.

"No place like home!" said Harold. "By Jupiter, I'm sorry I ever left here! Chicago's rotten, and I wouldn't care if I never saw it again."

He didn't go to Jimmy Wilkes. Jimmy met him on the corner near the old Hollister and acted as if he was glad to see him, upon which they walked up the street together, and at the bank Jimmy invited his old acquaintance in.

"I want to hear all about how you're getting along, if you've got a few minutes," he said; and somehow, for all his old antagonism, Harold went in quite willingly. Even Jimmy's face looked good to him.

"Well, I'm not getting along any too well," said Harold when they were seated in Jimmy's private room. Then he made the admission already referred to—in confidence. "And what the devil I'm going to do if I can't get a loan on that property I don't know. I'll have to borrow money to get back—and nothing to go back for. I guess the Farmers' don't want to let me have a couple of hundred on that house?"

Jimmy smiled and shook his head. "But why go back?" he asked. "Why not stay here where your friends are?"

Harold laughed and made a wry face. "I guess none of my friends want me," he replied frankly. "Not badly enough to give me anything to do. I gave Slayden his chance just before I met you. I didn't ask him outright, but the fat old rascal knew what I was driving at. Well, you seem to have done well, Mr. Wilkes. Glad to have seen you, anyway. Good-by. I must be moving."

"Wait a minute," said Jimmy. "Couldn't you look in again about noon? I'd like you to go to the house with me and have lunch. Will you do it? I'd like to have you."

He spoke so earnestly that Harold accepted his invitation—afterward wondering why he had. Half an hour later Jimmy put on his hat and went over and had a long talk with Slayden.

"We'll see how it goes, then," said Slayden finally. "As you say, he's a good salesman, and a worker—or was. All I was afraid of was that he would want to run things too much after being his own boss so long; but I guess I can hold him down; and, as you say, maybe he'll take a tumble to himself."

So Jimmy had another talk with Harold, after they got back from lunch, and at the end of it he went out of the room for a minute and returned with a neat little package of bills, which Harold put in his pocket—not at all carelessly.

"Where's the note?" Harold asked.

"There's no note," Jimmy answered. "This isn't bank business—it's mine; and it's just between you and me. You can pay me when you get on your feet again; and that isn't going to be long."

It seems a long time ago that all this happened. Harold Crudson is still working for Slayden, and he gets a good salary for a little place like Middleville, which, though a thriving and growing little city, isn't exactly Chicago. Still Harold is hard up most of the time. You wouldn't guess it to look at him. New traveling men coming into the store nearly always mistake him for the boss, and old Ben Durfy stoutly maintains that he really is. That loyal old soak is still on earth.

"Sure Harold does all the work—the brain work and pl'asing the customers and telling Slayden, the skate, what to buy and how to sell it; and Slayden sets back and takes the money, so he does. He'd be ruint in a month if it wasn't for Harold. And is he grateful? He is nut. He works him like a dog and screws him down to next to nothing, for a man of his jaynius, just bekase he's got him under his thumb. That's why ye don't get the money ye say he's owing ye, if ye want to know. There's a gintleman that would give the shirt off his back to a fr'ind I'm telling ye."

"I don't want his blasted shirt; I want my money," said the person addressed.

But Ben is about the last of Harold's once devoted following. He still spends money freely when he has it, Harold does—on his own necessities—but he doesn't very often have it. At the country club about three years ago he gave an attendant a dime, and the insolent young devil looked at the coin in the palm of his hand and asked if Mr. Crudson meant all that for him. Since then Harold has frequently denounced the tipping system, and in fact seldom tips. He resigned from the club. Mrs. Harold said she thought it was about time. She took notice that she had no money to waste on clubs, nor yet to buy forty-dollar suits, nor yet, et cetera. Harold rejoined that if she hadn't fooled away his money with her infernal extravagance, or even took any interest in running her house with some system and economy even now, et cetera. They spat a good deal that way; but it is to be presumed that they are used to one another. They live in the little home

(Concluded on Page 37)

A Soap That Multiplies Itself 250 Times

By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., *Chief Chemist*

AFTER years of research and experiment, we have, step by step, accomplished these things in Palmolive Shaving Cream:

We have made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250 fold. One-half gram—a mere bit suffices for a shave. A single tube supplies 152 shaves. That's a unique attainment. It means abundant lather from a touch of soap. Once men were quite content with soap hardly one-third so prolific.

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Every hair of the beard has an oil coat. This lather instantly emulsifies that oil. Then the beard—a horny substance—quickly absorbs water. It absorbs 15 per cent of water within one minute after lathering, as proved by laboratory tests. And that makes a wiry beard wax-like.

This achievement alone cost us 18 months of effort. And we tried out 130 formulas.

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This lather is creamy and tenacious. It maintains its foamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. Thus it doesn't need replacement. Such durability in lather used to be undreamed of. It means lasting lubrication for the shave.

This lather is also a lotion. It contains palm and olive oils. So the tenderest face requires no other application.

'Twill Amaze You

Such statements, we know, sound like fiction to laymen.

But every fact here stated has been proved by scientific tests. Your own tests will confirm them. And they mean to you the acme in luxurious shaving.

We are offering men a test tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream, to let them see its action and result. This little tube supplies 30 shaves, the soap is so prolific.

Send us this coupon with 10 cents, and we will mail you this 30-Shave Tube. Do this for your own sake. See what science has accomplished for you in this line. Cut out the coupon now.

The lather maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes, and thus lubricates the shave.

The lather itself is a lotion, containing palm and olive oils. It soothes all irritation.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Large Size Tube at Druggists' 35 Cents

FOR A 30-SHAVE TUBE

The Palmolive Company,
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Enclosed find 10 cents for a 30-day Tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests. No. 11

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what service he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post".

Universal Usefulness

Nowadays many tire makers are urging motorists to use non-skids on rear wheels and smooth-treads or "driving" tires on front wheels.

The reason given is that *ordinary* non-skids, with their small projections, make steering difficult when used in front, the effect being much the same as driving over rough roads.

Though some non-skids are unsatisfactory on front wheels, it is evident that the use of two different kinds of tires involves serious disadvantages.

In the first place it becomes necessary to carry an additional spare in order to be properly equipped for emergencies.

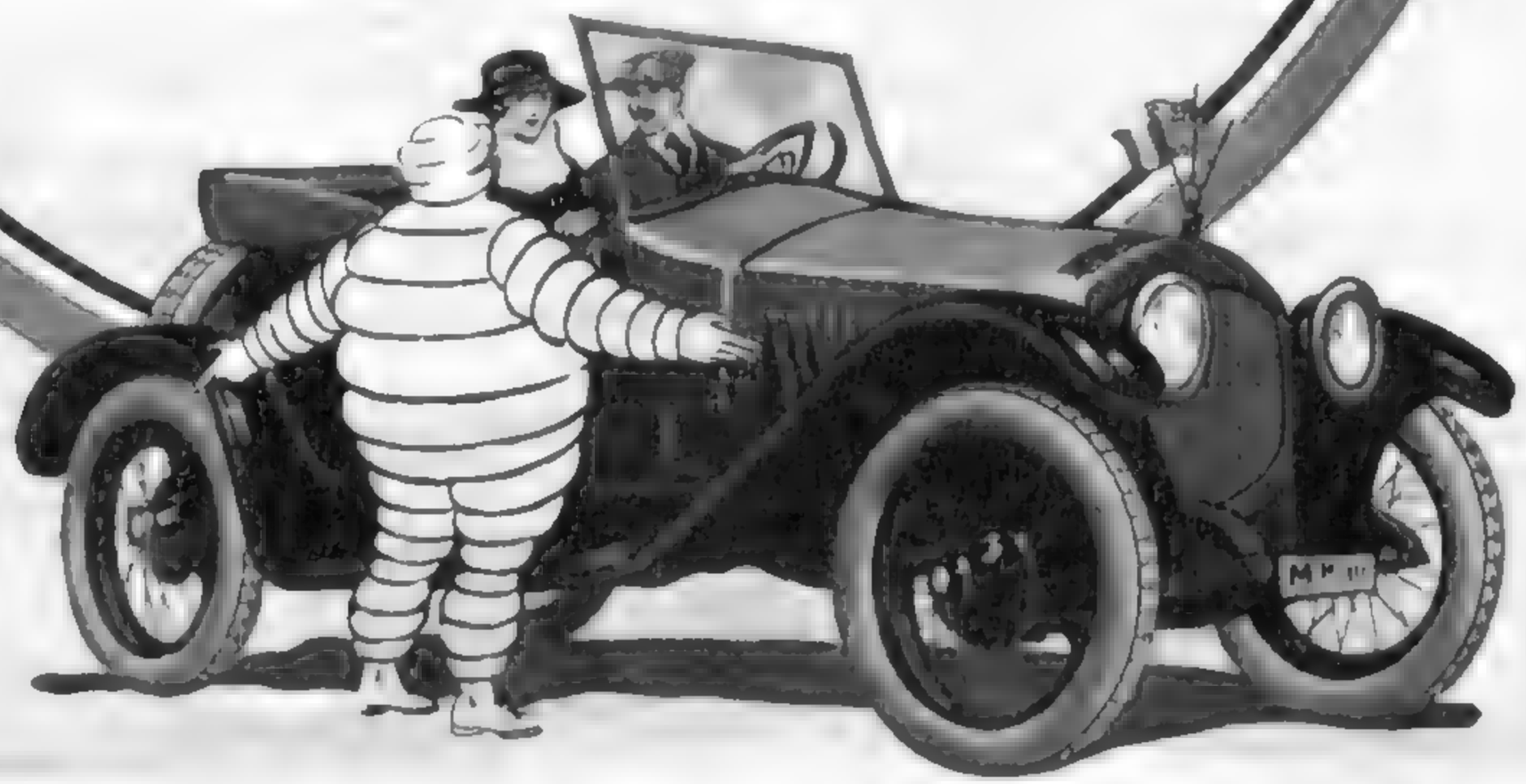
Secondly, a smooth-tread driving tire does not afford protection against skidding—and while the front skid is less common than the rear skid, still when it does occur it is far more dangerous. Hence the ideal tire is a non-skid which is so constructed that it protects against skidding and yet steers so easily and smoothly that it can be used on front wheels as well as rear.

Such a tire is the Michelin Universal Non-Skid. It is a Universal tire in fact as well as in name. Its patented tread is the most effective rubber non-skid ever devised. Yet this tread is so broad and flat that it steers just as smoothly and easily as a plain tread.

Remember that Michelin Universals are the most durable tires that money can make or buy. Yet they are moderate in price. When used on all four wheels they ensure the utmost economy, satisfaction and safety all around.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
Milltown, New Jersey

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd
782 St. Catherine St., W. Montreal, Canada
Dealers in All Parts of the World



CASINGS MICHELIN TUBES

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Michelin Universals Are Ideal Non-Skids *as well as* Unequalled "Driving" Tires -

(Concluded from Page 34)

that Harold couldn't sell, and she gets most of what she wants from Slayden's store. They keep up a good table. Harold's appetite is rather finicky and he likes variety and hates warmed over and made over things. The woman who works for Mrs. Slayden by the day says it's a sin and a shame what goes into the garbage bucket, and there is talk about bringing the matter to the attention of the food-control authorities. In view of Middleville's enthusiastic support of all war measures it wouldn't be astonishing if something was done to check up the Crudsons at last.

For Middleville is in earnest about this thing. "Enthusiastic" isn't enough of a word to use in connection with its patriotism. A dogged purpose animates its people now; a stern and sober determination "to be, to do and to suffer"—as the old definition of a verb had it—to a glorious end, whether that end comes soon or late. There is an exaltation of spirit that properly enough finds its expression in the waving of banners, the blaring of bands, the spouting of fervid oratory and heaven-ascending, cloud-rending cheers; but alight and unworthy causes have evoked all these too. We have had them in political conventions. What is significant, what is assuring and inspiring is the accepted idea of self-sacrifice—the calm, matter-of-fact abnegation of individual and material interest for the righting of wrong and the liberation of the oppressed. As Doc Adams put it, "it's easier to holler than to Hooverize."

Middleville is doing both. Middleville has sent her boys and has already begun to count her dead. When the evening papers are flung by the passing carriers on lawns and in doorways their falling is like a blow on many a tender heart. Trembling hands pick them up and turn their pages to the fateful "list." By the way, there is a starred service flag in the window of Jimmy Wilkes' home that stands for Jimmy and Susy's boy, a kid of nineteen, and their firstborn. That was a wrench! But he isn't over there yet. Still in camp.

Jimmy isn't a conspicuous figure in the war work; not half so conspicuous as Harold was when we first went into it. If Harold had had his way we'd have been in it, by Jupiter, the day after the Hun set foot on Belgian soil! If he had been President—or any other red-blooded man—he'd have served notice on the vermin right there. He became so eloquent and emphatic in the store that Slayden had to call him down, and he bought two flags—one, the size of a blanket, for the house, and another, somewhat smaller, for his coat. On the memorable and glorious Sixth of April he celebrated. He no longer blushed for his country. On the contrary he was proud of being an American and forgave Wilson everything. At six separate and distinct bars he lined everybody up with his old princely gesture and the voice of a slightly husky clarion.

"Everybody! It's on me. Anything anybody wants, from wine to ginger pop. Gentlemen, I have a toast to propose, and anyone that refuses it has got me to fight."

He swept the line with his glance and raising his glass stood so erect that he tottered. A splendid figure. Very impressive.

"To hell with the Kaiser!"

Jimmy didn't do any dramatic stunts like that. He did take an active part in the First Liberty Loan drive, as he has since in the second and third; but he went about it so quietly that some of the bank's stockholders seemed to be the only ones that took any particular notice of his activities. It came up in a meeting through one of the directors who wanted to know—er—it had been suggested—well, whether it was good business policy to shoo all the loose money in town into the government coffers at four per cent when the bank had sound investments to offer at five and six. He asked merely to get an expression of opinion.

He got it. Jimmy gave it to him, and in plain terms. He didn't say "To hell with the bank and business policy," but the inference was clear that if they interfered with the vigorous prosecution of the war he didn't care where they went as long as they got out of the way. Jimmy himself is the largest private Liberty bondholder in town, but he doesn't hang out any signs to that effect.

Harold finds the food restrictions irksome, and he doesn't see much sense in them. Of course, it's all right to feed our boys well and to give anything we can spare to the Allies; but, by Jupiter, there's no need of starving ourselves to pamper foreigners! Why should they have all the wheat? If they're so blamed hungry what's the matter with their eating this cussed rye and corn meal once in a while? And this sugar allowancing! Talk about freedom! And they might as well come round with a gun and hold a man up with their drives for this and that. Nobody could say that he wasn't willing to give, but this thing ——

"That's all we want, Crudson," interrupted one of the drivers. "Just what you're willing to give."

"What I'm able to give cuts no ice."

"You're earning a good salary and you've nobody but your wife to support."

"I told you I was broke," cried Harold excitedly. "Do you think I'm a mint? Here's your Belgian babies one day and your Serbian relief another, and then it's Armenian refugees or Italian sufferers and Red Cross and Salvation Army and Y. M. C. A., and ——"

"How much have you given to them?"

"None of your darned business!" Harold told him, his temper at the breaking point. "When I'm in better shape financially I'll come round and subscribe. Right now there's nothing doing. Good day!"

He went back into the house and closed the door. His wife was sitting near the half-open window, and as he was about to speak she lifted a warning finger. A murmur of voices from the men outside reached him.

"Not a cent to any of 'em; one fifty-dollar Liberty Bond—the first; and that was like pulling teeth."

"He's a piker."

Harold started, but his wife caught him by the arm and held him until the gate clicked behind their visitors. Then Harold shook off the woman's hand.

"My God! A piker! Me!"

"Well, you know, Harold, I've thought so myself at times."

There was an extremely painful scene, from which Harold escaped to his own room, where he passed the bitterest hour of his life. For those beasts meant it; and so did Beatrice, on whom he had lavished thousands—yes, thousands! A piker! And he had told them the truth. He was broke! He would have given up as soon as not and to anything that came along—if he had it. He wanted to! But what was a man to do with everything going out as fast as it came in? A man had to live. In the old days ——

He sat with his double chin on his palms and his elbows on the table, staring wretchedly out of the window, while tears rolled down his flabby cheeks. "A piker! Me!"

Strange how things chop and change in this topsy-turvy old world! Not much more than an hour before two other bandits, one of whom wore a clerical collar and waistcoat, sat in Jimmy Wilkes' room at the bank and made apologetic speeches to Jimmy, who beamed at them with the utmost cheerfulness.

"You've done so much already," concluded the clerical bandit; but Jimmy was now writing and made no reply until he had finished. Then he tore out the check and waved it to and fro to dry the ink, a habit of his, even when he wrote on a blotting pad.

"Little enough," he said. "The best we can do is little enough. You know I was in the army once—camp roustabout—and I know what useless misery, suffering and death come from want of proper sanitation and medical attention and nursing, to say nothing of decent food and living conditions. I know what poor rations and polluted water do to men. I've seen 'em die like flies, and I've seem them broken in health for what life they had left to them. And I've seen what this organization—God prosper it!—has done to overcome such conditions and make them impossible. Funny if we wouldn't stand behind it!"

He smiled and gave them the check. The chairman of the Red Cross committee looked at the amount and actually gasped. Jimmy laughed that time.

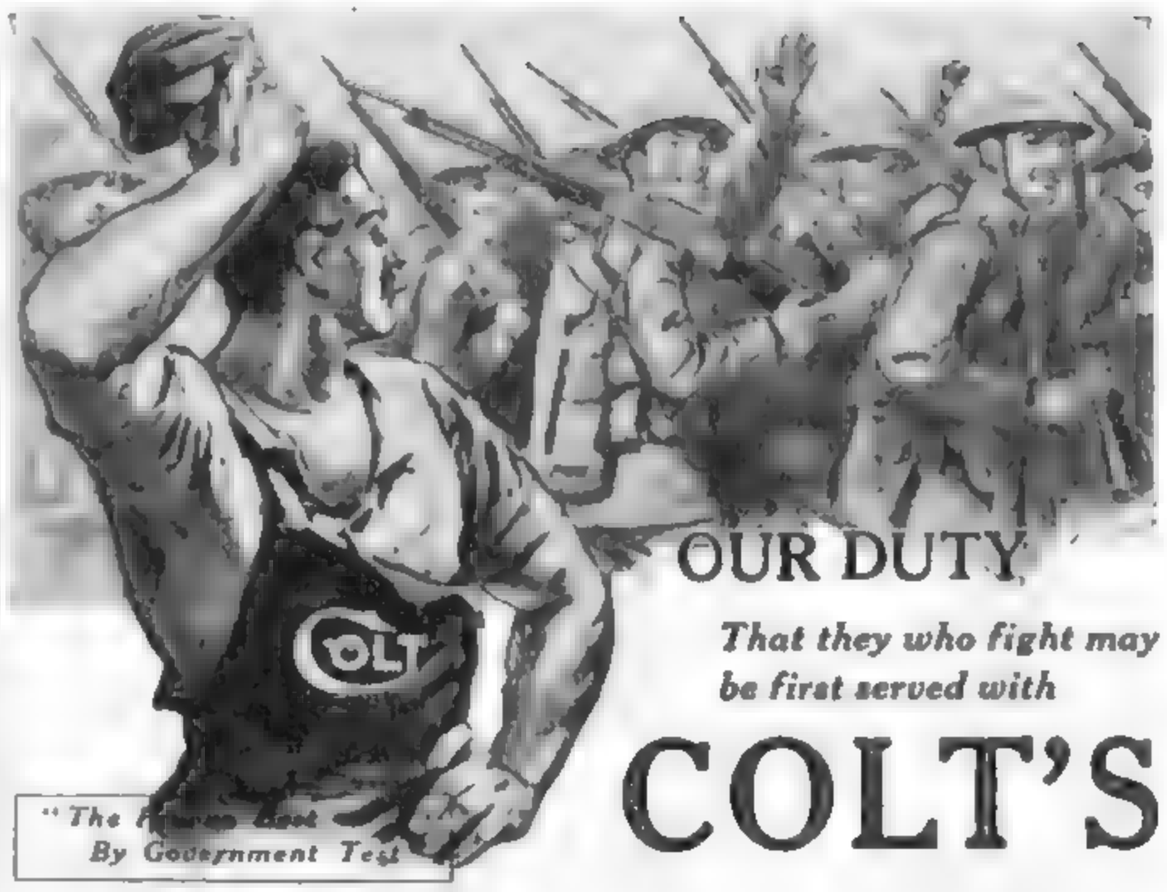
"That's all right," he said. "I've been saving up for it."

When they got outside the chairman said: "I thought he had the reputation of being extremely careful about money."

"He has," replied the white-chokered highwayman. "But I've known James Wilkes for nearly fifteen years—ever since I came to the parish; and let me tell you that when there's a worthy object or cause needing help he's the most careless man with money I ever saw. He's a prince, Wilkes is."

He repeated it, thumping on the pavement with his stick for emphasis:

"He's a prince!"



OUR DUTY

That they who fight may be first served with

COLT'S

Automatic Pistols, Cal. 45, Government Model

"New Service" Revolvers, Cal. 45 **Colt's Automatic Machine Guns**

Vickers Machine Guns **Browning Machine Guns**

Browning Machine Rifles

TO-DAY the entire COLT ORGANIZATION, with its immense work shops, its loyal men and women—everything COLT—has been placed at the disposal of our Government in order that THEY WHO FIGHT shall be well armed the sooner to bring about that complete victory toward which every patriotic American is bending every effort.

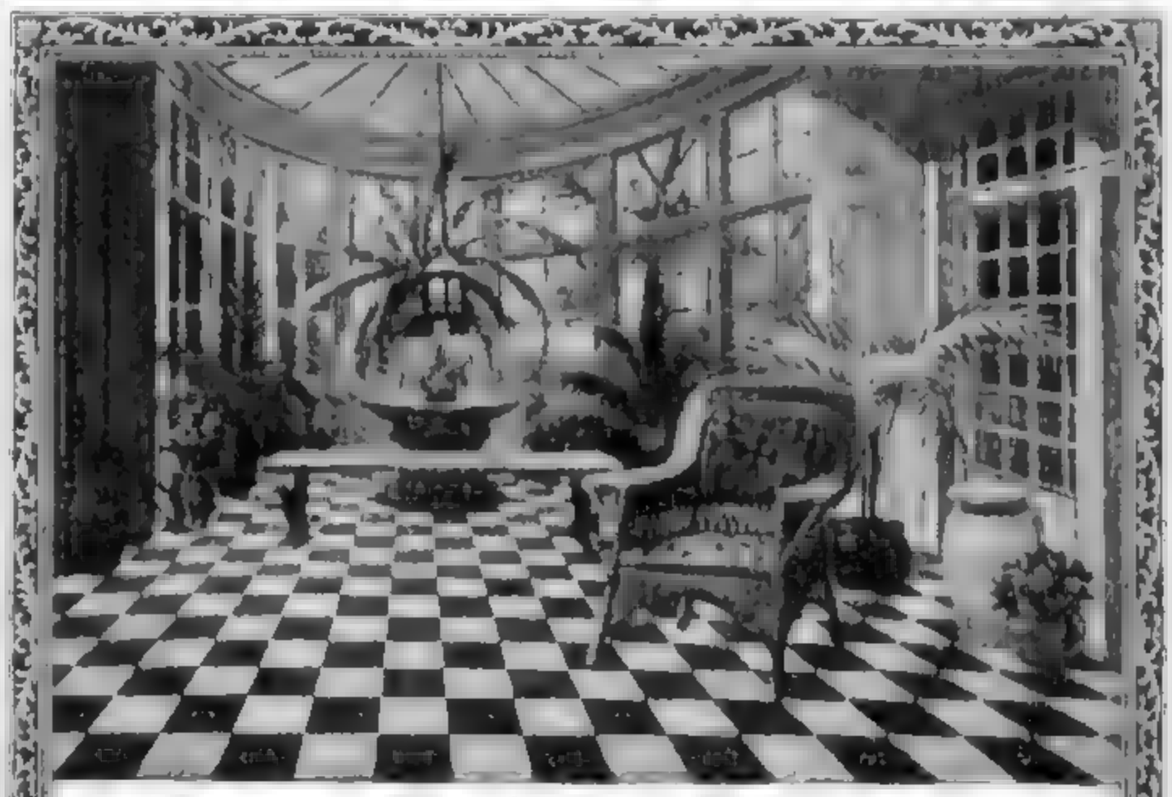
The time has come when it is inconsistent for us to serve any one but UNCLE SAM. HIS business—every true American's business—is to WIN THE WAR.

We believe that you will back the position we take at this time when the lives of our Boys and the Country's Honor are at stake.

Therefore, we ask that you wait patiently for YOUR COLT until we have furnished the American soldiers with the Arms that are crushing the Hun.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.

HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.



Linoleum Floors throughout the house

Abroad, linoleum floors have long been used in the finest rooms of fine homes. And today, here in America, Blabon Art Linoleums are to be found in handsomely furnished living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms, nurseries, reception halls, sun-parlors—in fact, *throughout* many homes.

Made in beautiful patterns and plain colors. Celebrated for wearing quality. So simple to keep clean that they make housework easier.

Now that good reliable woven rugs and carpets are so hard to get, it is wise economy to put Blabon Art Linoleums on your floors. They come in rugs as well as by the yard. Illustrated booklet on request.

Important Notice—Floor coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

Established 67 years — The George W Blabon Company — Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linoleums

DUBBELBILT
MACKINAW
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

"Cravenette" Finished

Snowproof, Windproof

The Coat that laughs at old "Jack Frost"

Price: $12.75.

Sizes: 6 to 18 years.

DUBBELBILT MACKINAWS are made with interlocking seams — re-inforced elbows — hand-felled collars—rip-proof pockets—doubly sewn at every strain point. A mending kit goes with every coat. And, like the famous *Dubbelbilt* Suits for Boys, each garment carries a six months' guarantee to repair without charge, any rip, hole or tear.

In many distinctive patterns—the niftiest, thriftiest coat you've ever seen. One dealer near you has *Dubbelbilt Mackinaws*. Ask to see them today.

DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES, INC.
806–808 BROADWAY, DEPT. W, NEW YORK

BOYS—You can have the "Complete Adventures of DUBBELBILT Dave" and several interesting Story Books, free of all cost. Ask us about them today.

Pack Up YOUR Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Play Cards too!

NEXT to a smoke and a letter from home, Our Boys "over there" find there is no better tonic for tired bodies and fagged nerves than the fascinating, innocent amusement to be found in every pack of

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

Are you letting this economical, delightful pastime help keep you alert and happy? Have you a fresh, clean pack of Bicycles to speed the game and increase its pleasures?

Bicycle Playing Cards are the most satisfactory and serviceable cards that can be made. Perfect slip—no misdeals. Big indexes—easy on the eyes. Superior quality—longer lasting. Now, as ever, selling at the lowest price for which high-grade cards can be produced.

Congress Playing Cards are de luxe cards for card parties, card clubs and social play. Gold edges. Full color art backs. Ideal for prizes and gifts.

Send for this book New Revised Edition of "The Official Rules of Card Games" now ready. 300 games. 250 pages. Sent postpaid for 20 cents in stamps. Illustrated Catalog of all kinds of playing cards and supplies free.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD COMPANY
Department F-1 Cincinnati, U. S. A., or Windsor, Canada

JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 19)

continue in his present capacity as a shipmaster in all their interests. He was seated with Saltonstone and William in the countinghouse, and he could tell from his brother's ill-restrained impatience that the other considered him hardly more than a clumsy-witted, stubborn fool before the mast of the facts of actual life.

His gaze, above their heads, rested on the framed pass of the ship Mocha, one of his father's last commands, over the bench where he had lain dead. It was given by the President, James Monroe, in 1818, its white paper seal vivid on the stained parchment.

It had an engraving of a lighthouse and spired town on the dark water's edge, and above a picture of a ship with everything drawing in a fair wind, the upper sails torn off on a dotted wavering line for the purpose of identification with its stub.

"No," he told them quietly; "I'll go my own way as I said; with the Nautilus if that can be arranged."

He rose with a nod of finality, and James Saltonstone remarked: "Jeremy to the life."

Gerrit replied: "I'd not ask anything better."

Through the evening the talk was principally about Mr. Polk's approaching visit to Salem. He was to leave the train at the Beverly Depot at three P.M. and be fetched with Secretary Buchanan and Marshal Barnes in a barouche with six horses and met at the outskirts of Salem by the city authorities.

There would be a Beverly cavalcade—the city guard was ordered to muster at the armory—and an evening parade at five o'clock and the military ball in Franklin Hall were to follow.

But when the day and occasion actually arrived it was spoiled by a succession of unforeseen mishaps. The train was late and the presidential party in a fever of haste. The procession, hurrying through the massed public-school children and throngs of Chestnut Street, gave a perfunctory attention to the salutes and short address of the mayor. The President's reply, hardly more than a few introductory phrases, cut short, the barouche was sent plunging back over its route, with the secretary crying "Drive on! Drive on!" and Marshal Barnes swearing and expectorating in callous profusion.

Some of the crowd, the Ammidons heard, had been knocked down and hurt in the pell-mell of the rush. Gerrit's countenance showed his contempt of what he held to be a characteristically ludicrous farce.

After all, his wishes in regard to the Nautilus had been easy of execution; the ship was now his and he was already contracting for her cargo. He had been to see Mr. Broadrick, his first mate, and the latter was assembling the chief members of the crew. As always at the prospect of sailing he was unsettled—concerned with countless details of departure—like a vessel straining at her last anchor.

Seated in the library with Taou Yuen—he had called her aside from her fixed passage from the garden to their room—he was recounting his main plans for the near future when he became aware of an arrival on the steps outside. He heard a servant's voice, and, immediately after, the woman appeared in the doorway; but she was forced aside by Edward Dunsack. Gerrit's quick resentment flared at such an unceremonious intrusion and he moved ungraciously forward.

The servant explained impotently, "I told him I would see ——"

"Yes?" Gerrit Ammidon demanded.

Dunsack bowed ceremoniously to Taou Yuen, then he faced the other. On the verge of speech he hesitated, as if an unexpected development had made inadequate whatever he had been prepared to say; then with a sudden decision he hurried into an emotional jumble of words:

"I can tell you in a breath—Nettie was badly injured in that cursed rabble yesterday. It looks as if she was actually struck by one of the horses. She was unconscious, and then delirious. Now she is in her right mind but very weak; and when she wished to see you I volunteered to put our pride in my pocket and carry her message."

An instant numbing pain compressed Gerrit's heart; he felt that in an involuntary exclamation he had clearly shown the depth of his dismay. Damn the fellow, why had he burst out in this public indecent manner! The situation he had plausibly created, the thing he managed to insinuate, was an insult to them all—to his wife, Taou Yuen, coldly composed beyond, to himself and to Nettie. He stood with his level gaze fixed in an enraged perplexity on Edward Dunsack's sallow countenance, deep sunk on its bony structure, conscious that there was no possibility of a satisfactory or even coherent reply.

"Something was said about this afternoon," the other added.

That period, Gerrit realized, was nearly over. But above every other consideration rose the knowledge that he would have to see Nettie Vollar, badly injured, as she desired. The common humanity of that necessity left him no choice.

He turned to Taou Yuen with a brief formal explanation. A friend—their families had been associated for years—had been hurt and sent for him . . . return immediately. He paused in the act of leaving at the door of the library, waiting for Edward Dunsack to join him; but the other had resolutely turned his back upon Gerrit. He showed no indications of departure. Gerrit Ammidon was at the point of an exasperated direction; but that, in the light of Dunsack's purpose there, appeared ridiculously abrupt; and confident of his wife's supreme ability to control any situation he continued without further hesitation to the street, hurrying in a mounting anxiety toward the Dunsacks'.

Dwelling on his conduct in the library, at the sudden announcement of Nettie's injury, he felt that he had acted in a precipitant if not actually confused way. As a fact it had all been largely mechanical—his oppression, his dread for Nettie had made everything else dim to see and faint to hear. Dunsack's grimacing face, the immobile figure of his wife, the familiar sweep of the room, had been things of no more substance than a cloud between him and the only other reality existing. He had no memory, for instance, of having stopped to secure his hat, but he found it swinging characteristically in a hand. And now even the semblance of reasonable speech and conduct he had managed to command vanished before a panic that all but forced him into a run.

The main door of Barzil Dunsack's house was open on the narrow somber interior; he knocked sharply against the wood at the side and was immediately answered by the appearance of Kate Vollar.

"This is a great kindness, Captain Ammidon," she told him in her negative voice. "Come in here, please."

He looked hastily about the formal space into which she led him, expecting to see Nettie prostrate; but she was not there.

"How is she?" he demanded impatiently.

"Nettie?" Her mother turned as if surprised by an unexpected twist of the situation. "Oh, why, she'll mend all right, the doctor says; but it will be slow. Her arm had an ugly slithering break, and she suffers with it all the time." A pause followed, in which she met his interrogation with a growing mystification. "I suppose Edward told you," she ventured finally.

The sense of being at a loss was swiftly communicated to him.

"Your brother said Nettie wanted to see me," he returned bluntly.

"Now, however could Edward do a thing like that!" she cried in deep distress. "Why, there's no truth to it! I asked him myself to see if you'd kindly stop and give me some advice. What put it in my head was that once your father offered—he told Nettie to let him know if there was anything to be done. Edward Dunsack isn't just right in his head."

Gerrit was filled with a mingling sense of disappointment, relief that Nettie was no worse, and the uncomfortable conviction that he had behaved like a hysterical fool. He, too, but angrily, wondered why Dunsack had invented such an apparently pointless lie. Probably Kate Vollar was right and her brother's wits, soaked in opium, had wandered into the region of insane fabrications. He composed himself—the first feeling blotting out his other emotions—to meet the deprecating interrogation before him.

"I should be glad to do what I could in my father's place."

(Continued on Page 41)

Industries that are winning the war

AGRICULTURE, steel, oil, transportation—all indispensable weapons. But there is another weapon to be fittingly grouped with them—a weapon of the heart—*motion pictures!*

Fittingly grouped with them, too, on their own basis of volume of business done and amount of capital invested, *as well as* on the basis of performing the indispensable duty of keeping up the national heart.

It is common knowledge that *the* quality of all others that America has brought to the Allies is buoyant morale, lightness of heart—and it is common knowledge from coast to coast that it is *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures that have been adopted by the whole nation as the romantic fuel of its cheery temper.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures have actually accomplished the magnificent destiny of raising the screen to the importance of a first-grade *weapon of victory.*

In thousands upon thousands of American communities the great Paramount and Artcraft Pictures, aflame with the purpose of victory, have shaped the public morale—the stuff of which victory is made—to a steely resoluteness!

No wonder the President has expressed his appreciation of the war-value of motion pictures!

The men and women of vision behind Paramount and Artcraft give their word to the nation that the weapon they wield shall always be kept polished and bright—

—bright with the shine "of *foremost* stars, *superbly* directed, in *clean* motion pictures."

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Look for the trade-marks as the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

ARTCRAFT PICTURES
TRADE MARK

The following new pictures, listed in order of their release, will be shown in November. Watch your local newspaper for dates at your theatre. Save the list.

Artcraft

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"THE SQUAW MAN"

Douglas Fairbanks *in*
"ARIZONA"

Elsie Ferguson *in*
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"

D. W. Griffith's Production
"A ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY"

William S. Hart *in*
"BRANDING BROADWAY"*

Paramount-Artcraft Special Production
THOMAS H. INCE'S Production
"THE FALSE FACES"

Paramount

Enid Bennett *in*
"COALS OF FIRE"*

Ethel Clayton *in*
"THE MYSTERY GIRL"

Dorothy Dalton *in*
"QUICKSAND"*

Charles Ray *in*
"STRING BEANS"*

Wallace Reid *in*
"TOO MANY MILLIONS"

Bryant Washburn *in* "THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID"

*Thomas H. Ince Production

And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you have known is as new as a book you have never read.

TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures

Theroz is the name of a Service as well as of a Product

THEROZ MESS KITS

Adopted by the Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, K. of C. and for Transport Lifeboats

Theroz At the Front

Theroz Field Stove
DESIGNED FOR & ADOPTED BY
AMERICAN RED CROSS
BASIC PRODUCTS CORPORATION WOOLWORTH TOWER

Designed for and adopted by the American Red Cross and Y. M. C. A.

Theroz Service and Comfort for Your Boy Over There

The "Y" and K. of C. stand for "home" to your boy OVER THERE. They cheer him with hot food and coffee right up to the battle-line and stand waiting for him when he comes out. They've adopted THEROZ as the quickest means of getting hot food and coffee—any time, anywhere.

The "Greatest Mother in the World"—the Red Cross—mothers your boy when he's well and when he's sick. She knows how he has missed hot griddle-cakes, and is preparing to give him good home flap-jacks—"like mother used to make." That's why the Red Cross has adopted the THEROZ FIELD STOVE.

THEROZ MESS KITS are serving in base hospitals, and THEROZ FUEL is invaluable for use in trench and dugout where other heat is not available.

Heats Can of Beans or Spaghetti

Heats Can of Soup or Stew

Boils One Pint Coffee

2 Theroz Cubes in Burner

The Cubes burn 12 minutes

The coffee boils and heats soup in 7 minutes

Remove both and place beans over the flame to make them piping hot

All the Service in Ten Minutes

X-Ray of Theroz Mess Kit in Action

Theroz Field Stove

Aluminum top, 30 inches high. Folds to space 36 x 18 x 4½ in. Legs, tray and fuel all packed inside.

THE THEROZ FIELD STOVE was planned to give the soldier hot batter cakes. It turns out 12 big ones every two minutes — 4,320 every 12 hours. It is a perfect stove on which to make boiling hot coffee, always in demand in the Army day and night. It also cooks chops, steak, chicken, bacon and eggs. In fact, anything and everything that can be cooked or fried in pans or gridirons on the top of your stove at home can be cooked on the Theroz Field Stove. Prices on request.

Theroz Fuel

THEROZ is the quickest, safest, most efficient means of getting hot food and drinks ever devised.

Made by an absolutely new and patented process that converts a liquid into a solid—not a paste.

"THEROZ is the only form of fuel which we know that will not go liquid while burning." This means it can't upset and spill and set fire to anything—it's *safe*.

The U. S. Government Chemist states:
"For any given amount THEROZ offers 20% more British Thermal Units of heat than the best of the paste alcohols—THEROZ is completely consumed, leaving no residue."

This means THEROZ is *quicker, hotter*—more economical—it's *all* heat.

The THEROZ FIELD STOVE and THEROZ FOOD HEATER burn Theroz Fuel packed solid in half-pound cans. The THEROZ MESS KIT burns Theroz Fuel Cubes—solid cubes about 1 in. square.

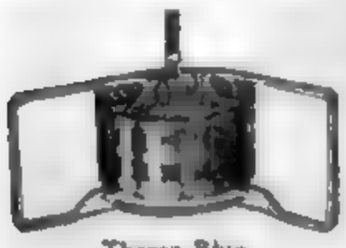
Put your Fuel Problems—heating—cooking—general fuel saving—up to our Experimental Research and Technical Laboratories. The service is yours for the asking—however large your problem—however small—in business or home.

Theroz Mess Kit nested (Size 3½ x 6½ in.)

Theroz Mess Kit
(All Aluminum)
The Pocket Kitchen

Adopted by the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. for all Overseas Secretaries. Also adopted for lifeboat and hospital service.

The Kit consists of nine separate parts, designed with such military accuracy that the Kit can be instantly set up for full action, or as a Fryer, and instantly collapsed and nested into a package a generous pocket will accommodate. At the one time the Kit turns out hot soup, pork and beans, and steaming coffee for two. To set up for frying, you have but to set aside coffee and soup, and place the top vessel over the flame. *Price complete with can of Theroz Fuel Cubes* $5.00.



Theroz Blue Flame Burner Stove

Theroz Blue Flame Stove

A wonderful convenience for bathroom, nursery and sick-room use—heats shaving water, the baby's bottle and the invalid's broth or tea. A necessity for travel and hotel use—heats curling irons, and small sad iron without soot.

Burns Theroz Fuel Cubes.
Price of Burner Stove 15c.
Price of Theroz Fuel (20 *cubes*) 35c.

Theroz Food Heater

Designed for Aëroplane, Hospital, Trench, and Transportation Service. Height 17¼", diameter 11¾". Weight 27 lbs., capacity 16 quarts.

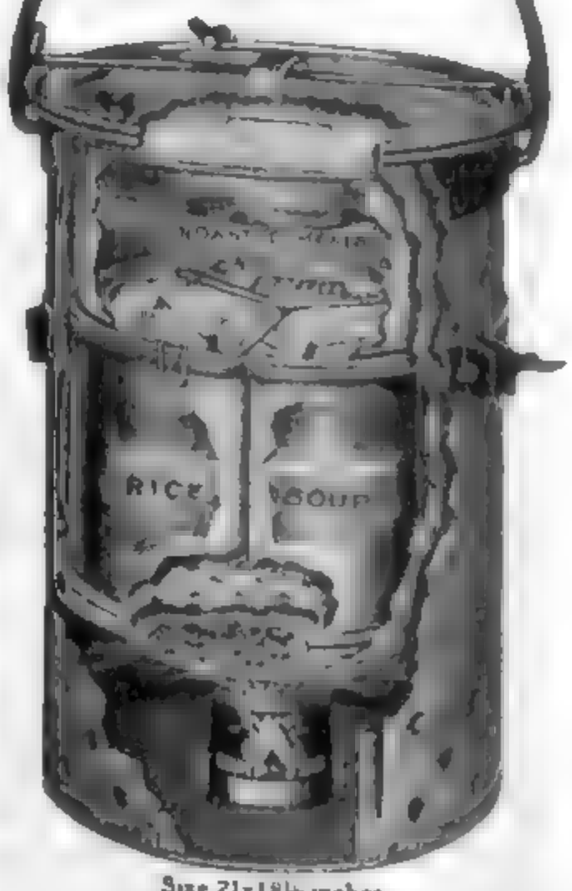
The outer wall of the Heater is made of galvanized iron. This holds a large container of tin into which fit four aluminum containers — one 4-quart container and three containers holding 2 quarts each.

Test made with one 8-oz. can of Theroz — 9 A. M. water in large tin container 125°, in four small containers 125°. At eleven o'clock water in large container 200°, water in the three 2-quart containers 190°, water in the 4-quart container 170°.

The can of Theroz, which heats the food and keeps it hot for two hours, is held securely by a spring in the bottom of the Heater.

The Theroz Food Heater is ideal for hospitals where food has to be carried from ward to ward, and in trench or field where food has to be carried for any distance.

Theroz Food Heater



Size 21 x 18½ inches
Prices on request

Wholesale Distributors: Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago; Higginbotham-Bailey-Logan Co., Dallas, Texas; Pettit, Marshall & Co., Inc., Seattle, Wash.; Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co., Boston, Mass.; King Hardware Co., Atlanta, Ga.; Baker, Murray & Imbrie, Inc.; Loring Lane Co., New York, N. Y.; Robinson-Pettet Co., Louisville, Ky.

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(Continued from Page 38)

"In a way," she continued, "it's about Edward. When he came back from China and decided to stay in Salem his father turned all the books over to him; he was to 'tend to everything in the way of accounts and shipments; and he said he would make us all rich in a year or so. But instead he has neglected the clerking until we can't tell what's going or coming. Edward hasn't—hasn't quite been himself lately."

She paused and Gerrit nodded shortly.

"Now we're not wealthy, Captain Ammidon; we never got more than just enough from our West India trade. But in the last couple of months, with Edward as he is and father too old for columns of figuring—he's dreadful forgetful now—not a dollar was made. The schooners are slow—behind the times, I guess—we've had to scrape; yet it's been something. . . . They're both awful hard to do with."

She stopped hopelessly.

"You must get a reliable man in charge. Someone who knows the West India shipping should go over your entire property, decide what is necessary, then borrow the money. We can find that without trouble. I'll make only one condition: That is the complete restraint of your brother. It is known that he has the opium habit; he is a dangerous ——"

He stopped at the echo of a thin persistent tapping from above.

"That's Nettie," Kate Vollar said; "the way she calls me. I'll ask you to excuse me for a minute."

When she returned her face bore an unaccustomed flush.

"Nettie heard you in the hall or through the stovepipe," she spoke doubtfully. "She'd like to see you; but I don't know if it would be right, with her in bed. Still, I promised I'd tell you."

He rose promptly. The woman stood aside at the upper door and he at once saw Nettie lying with her vigorous black hair sprawling in a thick twist across the pillow. Her face was pinched, it seemed thin, and the brilliancy and size of her eyes were exaggerated. One arm, clumsy and inanimate in splints, was extended over the cotton spread; but with the other hand she was feverishly busy with her appearance. She smiled, a wan tremulous movement that again shut the pain like a leaden casket about his heart. Kate Vollar hovered behind them.

"Do go away, mother!" Nettie directed. "You'll make me scream at your fidgeting."

With an incoherent murmur she vanished from the room. The girl motioned toward a chair, and Gerrit drew it forward to a table that bore water and a small glass bowl partly covered by a sheet of paper, holding a number of symmetrical reddish-black pills.

"Opium," Nettie told him, following his gaze. "I cried dreadfully with the hurt at first. It's dear, and Edward made those from some he had. You know, I watched him roll them right here; it was wonderful how quickly he did it, each exactly alike, two grains."

She told him the circumstances of her accident, while he sat with his eyes steadily on her face, his hands folded.

He was quiet, without visible emotion or speech; but there was an utter tumult, a tumult like the axis of a hurricane within him. Rebellious feelings, tyrannical desires and thoughts, swept through him in waves of heat and cold. Nettie's voice grew weak, the shadows deepened under her eyes, for a little they closed; and but for the faint stir of the coverlet over her heart she was so pallid, so still that she might have been dead. Moved by an uncontrollable fear he bent toward her and touched her hand. Her gaze slowly widened, and turning over her palm she weakly grasped his fingers. A great sigh of contentment fluttered from her dry lips.

"Gerrit," she whispered, barely audible.

He leaned forward, blinded by his passion for her. He admitted this in an honest self-knowledge that he had refused recognition until now. Tender and reassuring words, wild declarations and plans for the future, crowded for expression; nothing else before the immensity of desire that possessed him was of the slightest concern; but not a syllable was spoken. A sharp line was plowed between his brows, his breath came in short choked gusts, he was utterly the vessel of his longing; and yet an ultimate basic consideration, lost in the pounding of his veins, still restrained him.

"I love you, Gerrit," Nettie said; "I'll never stop till I die."

Her face and voice were almost tranquil; she seemed to speak from a plane above the ordinary necessities of common existence, as if her pain, burning out her color and vigor and emotions, had given her the privilege of truth. Curiously enough when it seemed to him that she had expressed what should have sent him into a single consuming flame, he grew at once completely calm. He, too, for the moment reached her state of freedom from earth and flesh.

"I love you, Nettie," he replied simply.

However, he speedily dropped back into the sphere of actual responsibilities. He saw all the difficulties, the hovering, insidious shadows in which they might be lost. This in turn was pushed aside by the incredulous realization that Nettie's life and his had been spoiled by a thing no more important than a momentary flare of temper. If, as might have happened, he had overlooked Barzil Dunsack's ridiculous tirade, if he had turned into the yard where Nettie was standing instead of tramping away up Hardy Street, everything would have been well.

It was unjust, he cried inwardly, for such infinite consequences to proceed from unthinking anger! A great or tragic result should spring from great or tragic causes, the suffering and price measured by the error. He could see that Nettie was patiently waiting for him to solve the whole miserable problem of their future; she had an expression of relief that seemed to take a happy issue for granted. None was possible. A baffled rage cut his speech into short brutal words flung like shot against her hope.

"I love you," he repeated—"yes. But what can that do for us now? I had my chance, and I let it go. To-day I'm married, I'll be married to-morrow, probably till I die. Perhaps that wouldn't stop a man more intelligent—it might be just that—than I am; perhaps he'd go right after his love or happiness wherever or however it offered. There are men, too, who have the habit of a number of women. That is understood to be a custom with sailors. It has never been with me; as I say, maybe I am too stupid.

"What in the name of all the heavens would I do with Taou Yuen?" he demanded. "I can't desert her here, in America, leave her with William. I brought her thousands of miles away from her home, from all she knows and is. If I took her back and dropped her in China she'd have to kill herself."

An expression of unalloyed dreariness overspread Nettie's features. "I wish I had been killed right out," she said.

The starkness of the words, of the reality they spoke, flowed about him like icy water; he felt that he was sinking, strangling in a sea grimmer than any about Cape Horn. He was continually appalled by the realization that there was no escape, no smallest glimmer leading from the pit into which they had stumbled. He had the sensation of wanting enormously to go with Nettie, but was fast in chains that were locked on him by a power against his will.

"It's no good." His voice was flat.

"I don't believe I'll see you again," Nettie articulated, "now the Nautilus is near ready to sail. I can't stand it," she sobbed. "That last time you went out the harbor just about ended me; but this is worse, worse, worse! I'll—I'll take all the opium."

"No, you won't," he asserted, standing, confident that her spirit was too normal, too vitally healthy for that.

His gaze wandered about the room. Her clothes were neatly piled and covered by a skirt on a chair. The mirror on her chest of drawers was broken, a corner missing. There was a total absence of the delicate toilet adjuncts of Rhoda and Taou Yuen—only a small paper of powder, a comb and brush and the washstand with a couple of coarse towels. What dresses she had were hung back of a ridiculously inadequate drapery. She had so little with which to accomplish what for a girl was so much.

His emotion had retreated, leaving him dull-eyed, heavy of movement. The moment had come for his departure. He stood by the bed. Nettie turned away from him; her face was buried in the pillow; the uppermost free shoulder shook.

"Good-by," he said.

There was no answer, and he patiently repeated the short tragic phrase. Still there was no sound from Nettie. There would

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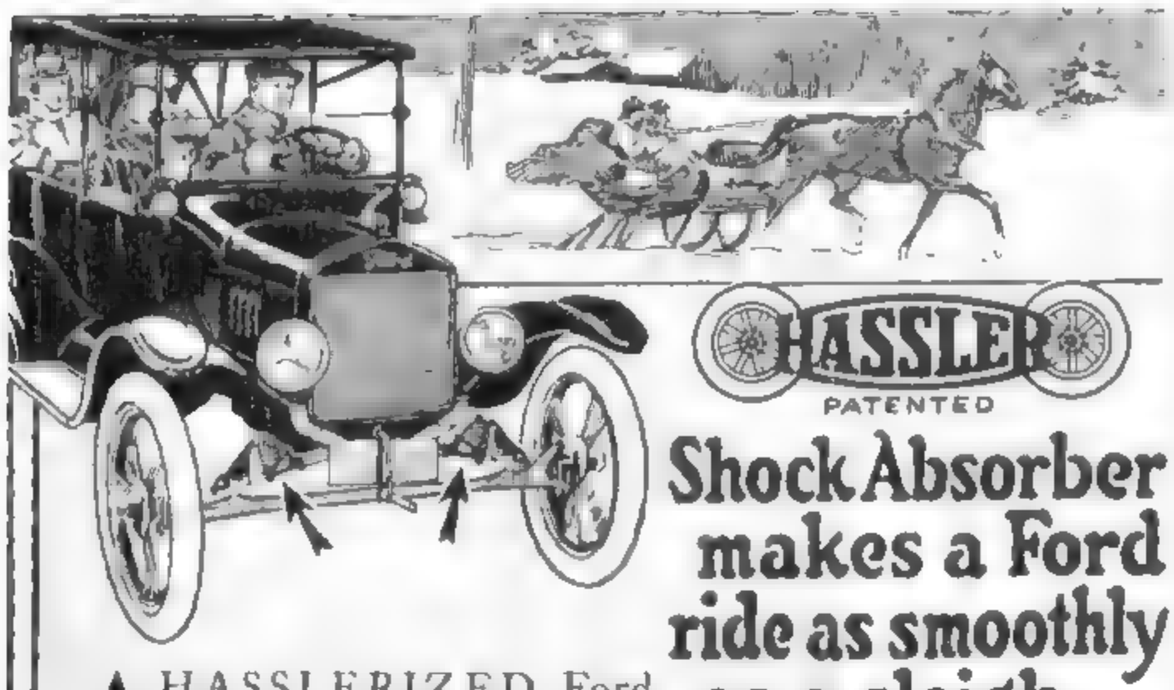

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be none. Even the impulse to touch her had died—died, he thought, with a great many feelings and hopes he once had harbored.

A fleet surprise invaded him at the absence of any impulse now to protest or indulge in wild passionate terms. He was surprised, too, at the fact that he was about to leave Nettie.

The whole termination of the affair was bathed in an atmosphere of stale calm, like the air in a ship's hold.

Gerrit Ammidon gazed steadily at her averted head, at the generous line of her body under the coverlet; then, neither hasty nor hesitating in his walk, he left the room

Kate Vollar met him at the foot of the stair. "You understood," she said, "that I only bothered you because your father—because I was so put on?"

"You were quite right," he replied in a measured voice; "it will all be attended to, with the agreement I mentioned."

"How they'll take it I don't know."

"In some positions," he told her, "certain persons are without any choice. The facts are too great for them. I said nothing to Nettie of Edward Dunsack's reason for my coming," he added significantly.

Out in the street he stopped, facing toward Java Head and supper; but with a quiver of his lips, the vertical bitter line between his drawn brows, he turned and marched slowly, his head sunk, to where the Nautilus was berthed.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

(Continued from Page 9)

Carter gulped back a lump in his throat.

"Good Lord!" he choked. "I can't. I can't. You're all I've got."

The young man placed a steady hand upon his father's shoulder.

"You must take this thing right, dad," he said firmly.

"In another year ——"

"I'd never forgive myself if I waited," cut in Ben. "I've heard too much from the fellows who've been over there and seen. I want you to understand that it isn't the adventure of the thing that gets me. It's the right of it. I'm strong enough for the game, and that's all that counts. Another year wouldn't make me any more fit."

"You'd be ready for Plattsburg—in a couple of years."

"Maybe," Ben nodded; "but somehow—well, I just hanker to use my arms and legs rather than my head. The way I feel, nothing short of a chance with the bayonet will satisfy me. That's why I went in for the Marines."

Carter glanced up. He saw those lips, which had once been so tender and soft, now sternly taut.

"Have you told your mother?" asked Carter.

"No, dad. I want it all settled first."

"I—I don't know what it will do to her," Carter struggled on feebly.

"She'll take it right," declared the boy with conviction. "She'll take it right because—because it's for women like her that we're going over there."

Carter did not reach for the paper, even then. He merely found it in his hands. He drew out his fountain pen and the name he scrawled upon the dotted line might have been written by a man of eighty.

"That's the good old dad," Ben whispered hoarsely as he replaced the paper in his pocket. "You're a brick."

Carter tried to see it that way. There were moments even when he thought he was going to feel proud. A day or two later, when Newell, Culver and the others on the eight-ten heard of it, they hurried up to him and shook his hand with such phrases as "The boy has the right stuff in him, Carter," and "He makes us glad we live in Edgemere." All Carter could do was to turn away.

The boy's going left a great big hollow place in Carter—a hollow that only grew bigger when he began to receive the lad's enthusiastic letters from the training camp. He missed him in a way that disturbed every detail of his daily life. When he woke up in the morning it was with a sense of some deep tragedy hanging over him—as though the boy were dead. This sent him downstairs depressed and irascible. His coffee with its abominable sirup tasted more bitter than ever. The mere sight of the war doughnuts irritated him. It was as though they made mock of him. Half the time the omelet was burned, for Kitty was becoming more forgetful than ever, and more often than not did not remember the omelet at all until she smelled it smoking. She did her best to cheer Carter up, until she found the wisest thing to do was to say nothing. As a matter of fact everything she said sounded to him as hypocritical as all the confounded war substitutes with which he found himself more and more hemmed in. Newell particularly was full of new recipes for foods and drinks that he claimed were as good as the original articles, and was forever pulling clippings from his pockets on the morning train.

"You ought to get your wife to try this, Carter," he broke out one day. "It's a new recipe for cake without sugar, wheat or butter. Ellen made some last night and you couldn't tell it from the real stuff."

"What do you call the real stuff?" demanded Carter.

"Why, the cake we used to get before the war."

"And you mean to say you can't tell the difference?"

"Well, of course this isn't quite so tasty, but it's a darned good substitute."

"You're welcome," growled Carter.

Newell appeared astonished. Later he repeated the conversation to Manson, and concluded: "Do you know, if the beggar didn't have a boy in the Marines I'd say he was pro-German."

"Nonsense!" answered Manson.

"Well, he wasn't any too keen about the Second Liberty Loan when I saw him. He only took a thousand."

"So? I thought he'd be good for five, anyway."

The Government was already beginning to talk about the Third Liberty Loan. Somewhat fretfully Carter read the preliminary announcements. Where was this thing going to stop, anyway? He was not any more than keeping even with the game now. And even so, he was not getting so much out of life as he had been getting before.

On top of that they sent the boy across. After an interval of silence Carter received a cable one day announcing his safe arrival at a port in France. It took the starch all out of him. It was like one of those nightmares he used to suffer when he dreamed of the boy in some great danger and was forced to stand by, dumb and paralyzed, powerless to help. It was like that exactly, only this was reality. Day by day and mile by mile this intangible merciless power called war was dragging the boy nearer and nearer his destruction. It was barbaric. It was wrong. This boy was his. Good Lord, he wasn't anything hardly when he came—just a pink handful of blind life. They had wrapped him in soft things and kept him in a warm room and coddled him like a frightened bird. It was a question every time he looked into the nest if he would find him there. So day by day, then week by week, and finally month by month, they had nursed him along until from a spirit thing he became substantial.

That was only the beginning. Followed years and years and years in which Carter gave of his best to this son he was making. And as the child grew bigger Carter turned over to him all his own unsatisfied dreams. Where he stopped the boy was to begin. He was to have the college education Carter had missed, and was to start with the Atlas people not as a petty clerk, but at a point where the presidency of the company would be in sight. Instead of waiting twenty-five years for seventy-five hundred the boy would attain that in five, which would leave him all the rest of the time to climb to twenty-five thousand. So while still a young man Ben should marry and live on the Heights, with all that connoted. Or he might even live in town.

Now he was at a port in France. Until the last few years that would not have been anything to worry about. He had wished the boy to travel. France had always stood to Carter as a land of sunshine and holidays—a sort of pre-honeymoon land to the more fortunate. To-day a port in France seemed like a port in hell.

On the eight-ten they kept asking about the boy, and when Carter told Barclay that

(Concluded on Page 45)

When Your Spring Breaks

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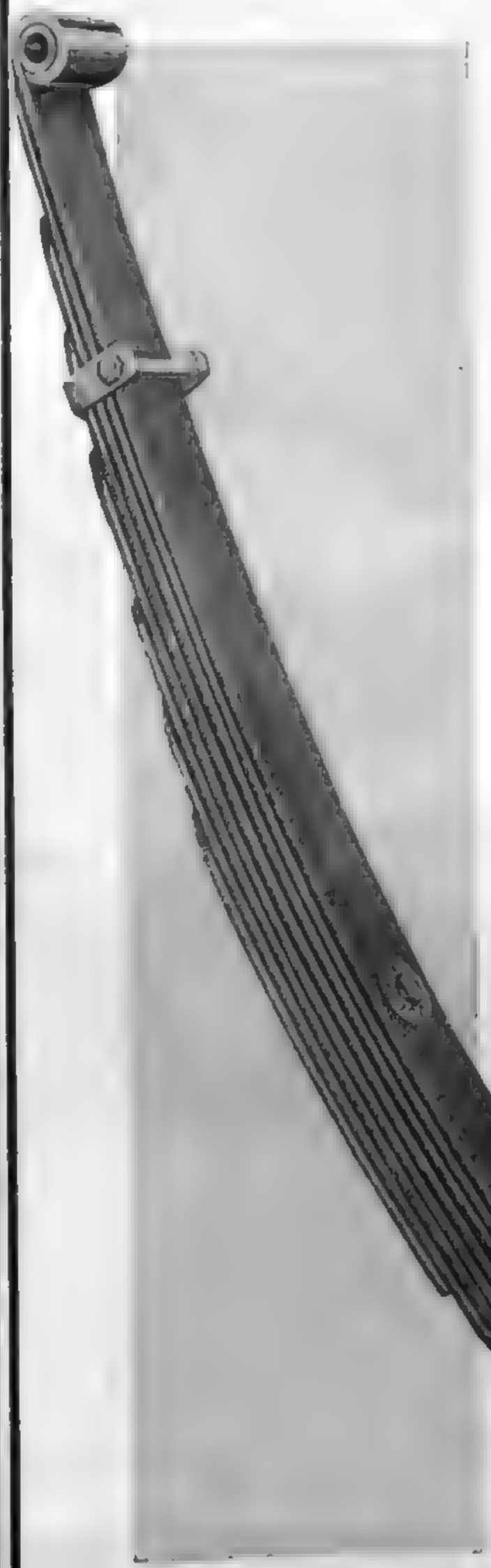

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(Concluded from Page 42)

Ben was over there Barclay answered: "Lucky dog. That ought to make you proud."

Carter made no reply. That was in March, just before the big Hun offensive. When that broke Carter did not dare read the papers for a while. Those were bad days. America had then been in the war nearly a year, and yet it was possible for those gray hordes to dash at and into the allied lines. They did it again and again, until the world stood aghast and Carter himself stood aghast. It made no difference whether he read the papers or not, for hourly bulletins were passed round the office and scarcely anything else was talked of.

America had been in the war nearly a year. Uncle Sam had appropriated billions upon billions of dollars; had built shipyards the size of which staggered belief; had talked of destroyers and airplanes in terms of thousands; had established vast military camps and already drafted millions of men; had turned almost every industry in the country over to war work; had taken over the railroads and whatever else was needed.

Uncle Sam had been working with his jaws set and his sleeves rolled up and flags flying from almost every housetop between the Atlantic and the Pacific; with men marching down the streets and bands playing and half the politicians of the country turned into Fourth of July orators.

Yet this thing was happening over there. Lines that had been thought impregnable were falling daily. City after city was being overrun. If the Huns paused it was only for breath, and to dash on once more. Nearer and nearer they came to Paris, until the city heard the sound of their guns; nearer and nearer, until they came to Château-Thierry.

Carter reached a point where almost his faith in God was shaken. He did not know exactly just what his faith in God was, but it stood for something outside himself representative of justice—just as his patriotism stood for something outside himself representative of honor. Not to be in the slightest sacrilegious, God was a figure crowned with thorns just as Uncle Sam was a figure crowned with a starred top hat. Both were invincible. Yet both stood aside, helpless, before the Huns' advance.

Until the gray wolves reached Château-Thierry. Then the news was cabled across that the Marines were holding this line—not only technically but actually. Again and again the wolves came on and staggered back.

The Marines were there—the American Marines—and they were holding.

The first report brought the sweat to Carter's brow. Somewhere in that line without much doubt his son Ben was standing. The little boy he had carried in his arms was under that merciless fire of shrapnel and explosive shells and gas. Carter had read a good deal about the gas shells—the yellow and the blue and the green cross kind. It was devilish stuff. It burned into the lungs and the eyes and the skin. He remembered when it had first been used—had been sent sneaking across the allied lines like some ancient superstition made real. From that moment he had been for war. He talked war with everyone he met, usually ending with the exclamation: "Uncle Sam won't stand for that sort of dirty work!"

As a matter of fact Uncle Sam had stood for it a good many months after that, and for acts even more barbaric. But now your Uncle Sam was right on the spot and Ben was on the spot. The two were one!

This was what Carter got hold of, suddenly, unexpectedly, unconsciously, as a man sees a vision. Uncle Sam was there not in the form of a middle-aged farmer in a starred top hat, but as one of the Marines, a tough, wiry young American fighter. And among these Marines was Ben, holding this ghastly line as in his play days he had helped to hold the football line. Uncle Sam was there as Carter's boy—blood of his blood and flesh of his flesh and soul of his soul. And so in a sense Carter himself was there. This was his fight too. He and Uncle Sam were one! He and the nation were one. He and the brilliant flags flying unharmed here in the streets of New York were one. As far as Carter individually was concerned he was essentially all there was of the nation—just as, individually and as far as his own soul was concerned, he was all there was of God. But because of this, because the thought made him so big, he took in the others too—his boy, Kitty, his neighbors, the state and the United States, and finally God himself. And this God not only stood for justice and honor but was justice and honor, and Carter was He and He was Carter.

Now God and Carter and the boy and the Marines and the nation were all standing side by side behind a little town that until now had been no more conscious of itself than Carter had been. It had been merely Château-Thierry—a tiny village where simple men and women had gone about their humble business of living with little thought of the world at large. Now it was finding itself a turning point in the history of the world, with the sinewy young men from a country that had not been discovered when Château-Thierry already was hoary with age, rushing there to help keep it true. And with Carter some four thousand miles away staring from his office window and, quite unconscious of the business of the Atlas Company, praying not that the boy might be kept safe for his own sake, but that he might be spared to fight his best—Carter's best, the nation's best, God's best.

The Marines held, and then they did a little better; they began to advance. They say that Foch himself was none too sure of what these lads would find it possible to do. These men were getting their baptism of Hun fire, which is comparable to no fire this side of hell and which possibly may have introduced some new ideas into hell itself. Certainly neither Dante nor Milton revealed any conception of mustard gas.

Creeping forward on all fours the Marines advanced. It was grim business these boys were about, while the flags flew dreamily in the streets of New York and a thousand other cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico—flew dreamily and prettily for safe men to look up at and for safe women and children to smile at contentedly. It was serious business they were about to the right and left of that old town, while the machines sped up and down Fifth Avenue bright in the summer sun. And yet when at length the cables flashed across the ocean the news that the old town had been won and all that meant, there was little in the message to hint of that grim business. And there was no mention at all of individuals—of the boy Ben who lay in a bit of woods like one asleep, his hair all tousled and his face dirty as he used to come in from play. But that night Carter went home with his head held high and his eyes alight.

When Carter opened the front door he was greeted with the smell of smoke from the kitchen. He hurried out there and found Mrs. Carter standing almost in tears before the charred remains of what had evidently been intended for a pie of some sort. She looked up anxiously as Carter entered. Her blue eyes began to fill with tears.

"Oh, Ben," she quavered, "I'm so sorry. I—I've been saving flour and sugar for a week to have enough to make you a real apple pie. And then—and then I forgot it. And—and——"

She made a despairing gesture toward the jet-black evidence of her unpardonable thoughtlessness. And then before Carter's accusing glance she shrank back and hid her face in the folds of her blue gingham apron.

Carter stared from her to the pie and then back to her. Fresh from the victory of Château-Thierry, thus was such a pitiful travesty! She was crying—she, the mother of his son who had fought with the Marines this day, was crying in fear of his anger because she had spoiled in the baking an apple pie.

Good Lord, to what depths had he sunk! To what pitiful depths of banality had he dragged her!

He strode to her side and seized her in his arms fiercely as a baffled lover.

"Kitty," he cried hoarsely, "look up at me!"

In amazement she obeyed. The clutch of his arms took her back twenty-five years. He saw the springtime blue of her eyes.

"Kitty," he pleaded, "can you forgive me?"

"Forgive—you?" she stammered, not understanding.

"For making you think it matters a picayune what I have to eat. Little woman—little woman, we took Château-Thierry today!"

She drew back a little as though expecting evil news to follow. But the news had not yet come.

"We," he repeated—"you and I and Ben and the Marines and Uncle Sam and God—all together. We not only held the beasts but drove them back. It's in the papers to-night."

"And Ben——" she faltered.

"He must have been there," he answered.

"He—he——"

But she did not finish her timorous question. She caught the contagion of the fire in her husband's eyes and sealed her lips. And he, stooping, kissed those lips as he used to kiss them before the boy came.

The next morning Carter drank his coffee black, and when Kitty brought on the war doughnuts he shoved them aside.

"Don't make any more," he said. "Cut 'em out altogether. That's the trick."

And when on the eight-ten Newell came round with a recipe for making frosting without sugar Carter refused to listen.

"Look here, Newell," he protested, "those confounded things don't interest me."

"They don't?" returned Newell ominously.

"Not a little bit," Carter continued calmly.

"You mean to tell me you aren't interested in conservation?"

"Did I say that?"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing, doesn't it?"

"Not on your tintype!" replied Carter. "Look here, Newell, you've been talking pretty plain to me lately and perhaps I've deserved it, but it leaves me free to give you a few ideas of my own. What we've got to do is to face this war—not duck it. We aren't going to win with substitutes but with sacrifices. The trouble with you and your crowd—the trouble with me—is that we've been trying to eat our cake and save it too. What's the use of those fool recipes of yours? The time has come to give up cake and pie and doughnuts—then why in thunder not give them up and be done with it?"

"But the Government doesn't ask that," cut in Newell.

"Who's the Government?" demanded Carter.

"Why—why——"

"You are. I am," Carter cut in, answering his own question. "That's all there is to it. And if you want to understand how important you are, just multiply yourself by a hundred million. That's what Hoover does. Do it for yourself."

Newell smiled a little maliciously.

"Perhaps you're right, old man. By the way, I'm on this Third Liberty Loan committee, and if you'll tell me how much I can look ahead for from you it would help."

"Ten thousand dollars," answered Carter. "In the meantime, if you hear of anyone who wants to buy a house let me know."

"You aren't going to leave us?"

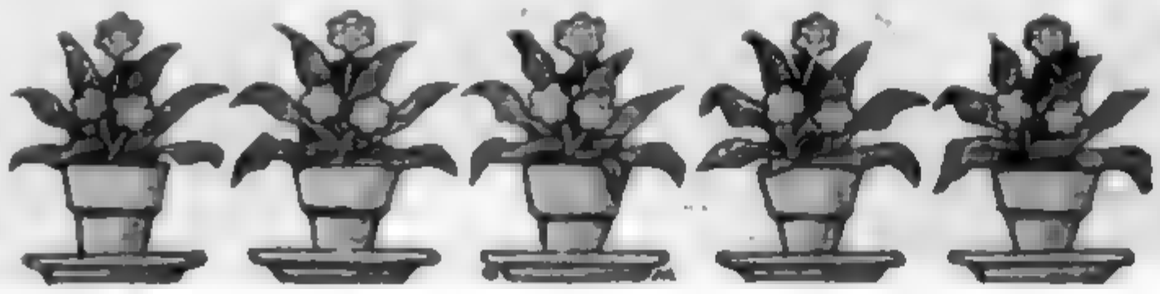
"Not if I can hire a cheap place round town," answered Carter.

"Say—but you are plunging," exclaimed Newell uncomfortably.

"We can't let that Château-Thierry victory go for nothing," answered Carter quietly.

At last—at last Carter himself had declared war. That was why when he received a cable to the effect that Private Ben Carter was reported seriously wounded the man could sign his name firmly to the receipt.

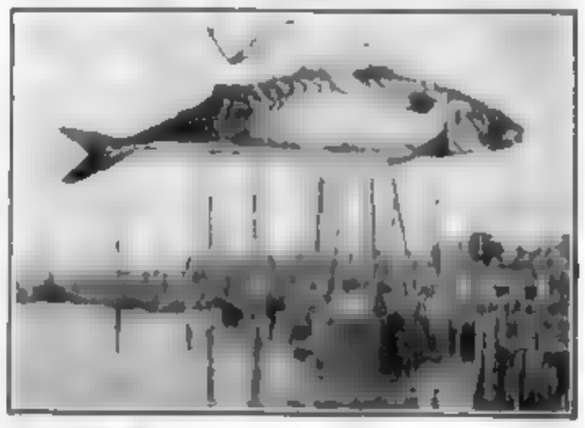
The time had come for the Huns to take seriously the entry of the United States into the war.



Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

RIGHT FROM THE FISHING BOATS TO YOU



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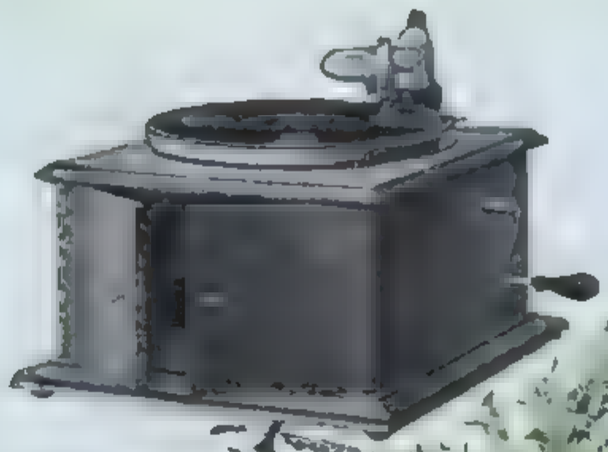

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3 Melba as Marguerite in Faust
4 Galli-Curci as Gilda in Rigoletto
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7 McCormack as Sir Edgar in Lucia
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17 Tetrazzini as Lakme
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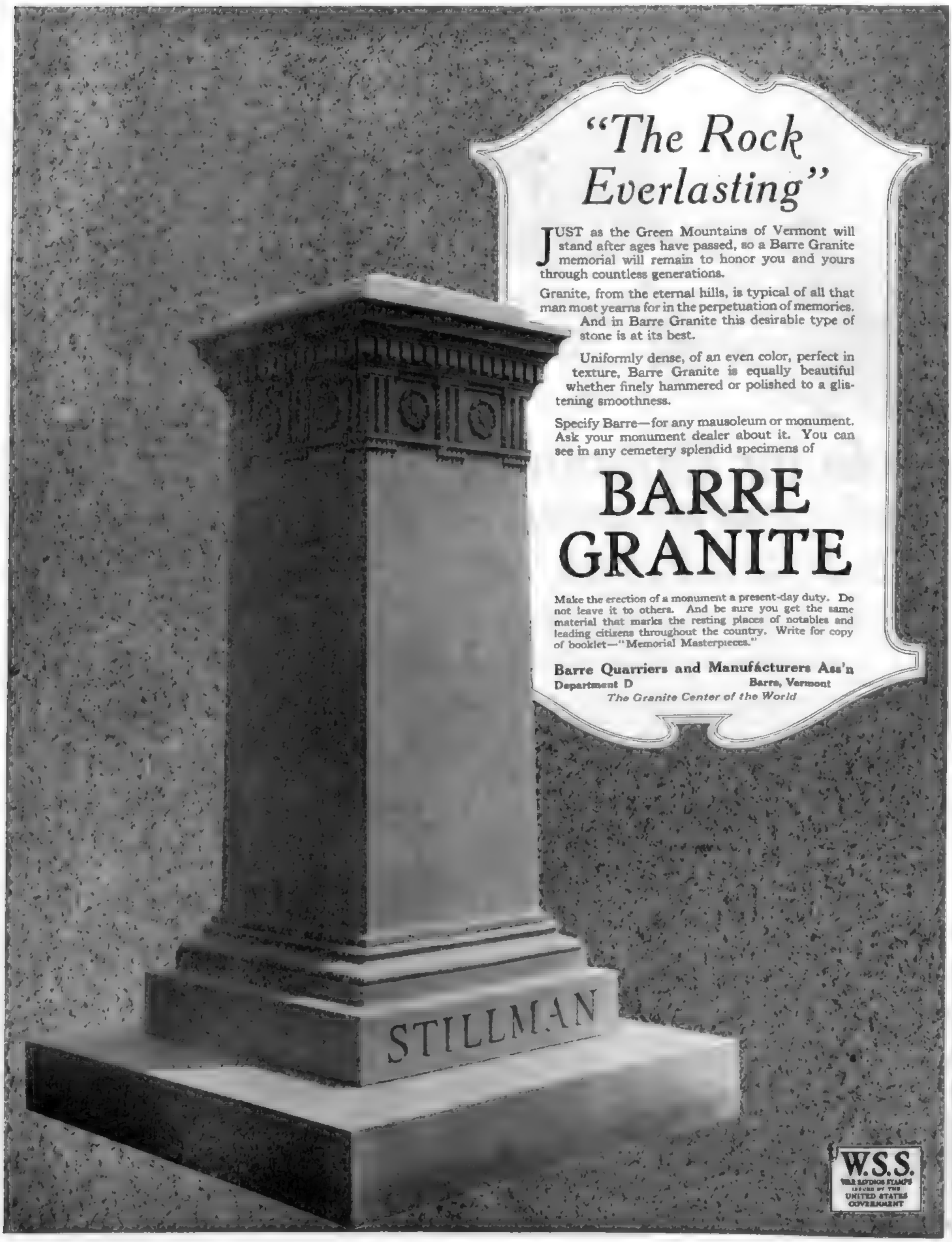
13 Garrison as Olympia in Tales of Hoffmann
14 Calvé as Carmen
19 Whitehill as Amfortas in Parsifal
15 Ruffo as Rigoletto
16 Braslau as Marina in Boris Godounow



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GOVERNMENT

WE TOOK THE HILL

By Maude Radford Warren

WHEN we set out upon that moonlight drive I had no shadow of a thought that we were going to see the rear of a battle. Still less did I realize that it was the decisive battle for the big hill, the taking of which was perhaps the chief urge the Germans had in the beginning of their panic-stricken and disheveled flight toward the north. There we were in La Ferté, which had been shelled only two or three days before by the Germans, and from La Ferté our troops were going up toward Vaux and toward Château-Thierry, that night still in the hands of the Germans.

Over here, especially when a new action begins, it is pretty hard to find out what is going on. You at home, in a way, know more about the conduct of the war, as a whole, than we do, because you can stand away from it a bit and see it in full proportions. Over here we are too close, even in Paris; while if we are practically in the midst of a part of the action our sense of values is quite distorted. All I knew of the offensive before I went to La Ferté was that various whispers had circulated throughout Paris to the effect that our men had begun suddenly to push the Germans northward. A very few minutes after my arrival in La Ferté, before I had time to ask questions, I had set out upon this moonlight drive. Even if I had asked questions, I doubt if I should have received any coherent reply.

On this night we were taking the moonlight drive for the purpose of carrying a field secretary to his next position with the artillery, of finding out where certain other secretaries were who had gone ahead with the troops they were assigned to, and of estimating what supplies they would need. As usual we had the car loaded with chocolate and cigarettes in case we came upon troops who needed them; for we never knew from hour to hour what we should meet or what was required of us.

Twilight had not yet come when our car swung out upon the Château-Thierry road, edged with wonderful tall trees. At the top of the long hill just outside La Ferté there was an entrancing view of the Marne, flowing in its sea-green tranquillity between varicolored harvests, checkered like a piece quilt. From that view we looked up the road. It should have afforded a wonderful vista, but all its long spaciousness was blotted out by traffic, above which the dust rose in swirling clouds. Yet somehow the peace of the evening and the strong promise of the twilight neutralized the effect of that warlike traffic.

The time was to come when, seeing it at high noon or early afternoon in terrible heat and blinding dust, I was to feel to the hilt what it all meant. But just at the moment I was merely passing the gray ammunition trucks, each marked "Load not to exceed three tons," and camions crowded with soldier boys, sitting or standing, stooped over, peering out to look at us, laughing and waving. It was as if the meaning of it all was suspended. These boys were merely rehearsing for war. We were all just taking a drive in the moonlight, the true meaning of which was not yet revealed to us.

No Yellow Streak

We swept on while twilight drew down and the moon struggled to rise. Suddenly we stopped at the château owned by the Baroness Huard, at that moment occupied by some officers; at the present moment used as a field hospital. What it will be used for next week no one knows, so fluid are circumstances in this war.

Here one of our secretaries dismounted with supplies for the artillery batteries he cared for. They were camping in the ground outside the château, were to move at midnight, and would bring up they knew not where. It was quite uncertain when we should see our fellow worker again. When we did he looked ten years older. He had saved the courage of a boy and had sent him into the fight a real soldier. He had made hot drinks for the men; he had slept on the damp ground without a blanket; he had walked miles carrying burdens and comforting the soldiers; and he made no remark whatever about his experiences, except to ask for more supplies.

It was just here that I became aware of Pep, the driver, who leaned back and whispered to me that there was nothing yellow about our fellow-worker. Pep's name is Peppin, but no one has ever called him anything except Pep. He shows his Gallic origin in his dark, vivacious face and his genial but critical eye. He is an ex-aviator and he has an obsession against yellowness. If you have even a touch of yellow, though you possess the best virtues of Napoleon, Saint Francis of Assisi and Abraham Lincoln, yet you cannot convince Pep. Conversely, if you are not yellow he will forgive you any other sin.

Pep refuses to wear a helmet and he courts danger. He likes to tell of the time he got careless and fell seventy-five feet out of his aëroplane and nothing happened to him. The conclusion seems to be that nothing can; and, indeed, he impresses one as being a spontaneous favorite of Fortune.

We swung on. The moon had still not quite overcome the clouds and a mysterious half darkness shrouded the road in front of us, which was no longer the main road. Whatever traffic it carried had for the moment quite ceased. One side of it was lined with camions of sorts, drawn up to camp for the night. Dimly I could make out kitchens and mechanics' trucks and trench supplies.

Letters From the Field

Of a sudden out of the darkness stood up the rectangular bulk of a farm. Our car swept into the courtyard and I became aware of subdued movements in the gloom. Figures rose about us, and the chief secretary asked a quick question: Was our Mr. Smith there or had he and his troops moved on?

Our Mr. Smith presently loomed up tall and weary, and from his talk I gathered that we were in the support line, that the troops for which he cared were just about to move up to the front, and that he wanted a truckload of supplies to be at a certain point to-morrow.

I got out and talked to the soldier boys. As always they were glad to see an American woman; and as always we plunged at once into friendship, for this prompt war makes short cuts inevitable. Either you get at once down to realities or you part.

A boy detached himself from the group and handed me a letter.

"Will you post this for me," he asked. "I've been writing the folks at home that I am safe so far. We were just having a discussion before you came. Some of these birds here are always volunteering for dangerous jobs. Well, I don't see it that way. You go out and get killed, and your family gets a Croix de Guerre. And what good does that do them or you? If I am chosen for it I'll go willingly; but I'm not going to volunteer."

There came a tangled volley of argument from the other side:

"It's as much a fellow's duty to volunteer as it is to enlist. We're over here to give every bit of ourselves to hurry up the end of this war. Some fellows have got to volunteer and one man isn't any better than anyone else."

It rushed over me that these lads were about to march toward death. They had been in action before, but never, as it afterward turned out, had they faced such danger as this. There they stood, some of them ready to march, some just shouldering their packs, some stooping over to lift their packs—dark figures, stirring a little against the dim white walls of the farm buildings. There they were, about to move toward the supreme hour of their lives; and they were discussing a point of ethics just as if they had been in camp or at home.

It is a safeguard and a mercy that they can care about any kind of discussion. Such talk is perhaps the main continuity, the main kind of permanence they have in the hand-to-mouth sort of living that warfare necessitates—that and their loyalty to their particular companies. These interests will help them back to normal living, once the war is over.

When we left the farm the platoons were beginning to form in line for the march. In something over an hour they would be with the battalions that were going into action at dawn. Boy after boy gave us letters to post and we assured them and our Mr. Smith that a truck with sweets and cigarettes would be at their heels to-morrow when they should be resting from having gone over the top. Though in this offensive the fighting was in the open, the soldiers still liked to use the expression "Over the top."

We parted cheerfully. They told us, in that way they sometimes have of playing with death, that we need not worry about "our Mr. Smith." He never got killed; but the people on each side of him always did. They waved and shouted that they would see us again to-morrow night; and I felt, as I was so often to feel during the next three weeks, such a passion of humility before the bravery of these boys.

If we are a very great nation it is not now because we are a nation of quick business instinct, great enterprise, great commercialism; it is because our plain common young men have strong moral fiber, have the spirit and the will to do their duty with bravery and cheer and patience and uncomplainingness. They have given much and relinquished much, and no talk of "It has to be done!" can minimize the sacrifice that every individual private has made, and that their parents and wives and sweethearts behind them have made.

Our car drew away from the marching men. We drove along another bare stretch of road to another rectangular farm, which was another support line, where we were told where we were to carry supplies for the next day. The one farm in the darkness looked like the other. Soldiers clustered about us asking for news and telling what they knew; the one experience was much like the other, yet a thousand repetitions of boys going out to war could never dull such a scene for me.

Because I haven't the kind of mind that can think of a company of soldiers as "part of our forces" or "a small percentage of those who fight," I always see them as individuals. And behind them I see the little home in Scarborough, or East Aurora, or Decatur, or Davenport, or North Yakima, or the little apartment in New York or Chicago that sent them forth, where anxious relatives are waiting for letters.

Hot Food for the Boys

Every boy is infinitely more precious than he would seem at home, because he is concentrating in a few days all the strain and suspense and danger he could ever know in a long civilian life, and because he stands ready to die for his country, and because it is such strange luck that just he should be in this hazard instead of the men of the last generation or the generation yet to come.

Among these boys about to march to the front there was excited talk of the hill. Had we taken it? Or had we not? If not, then their arrival would mean that it would be taken. As we left the farm and drove along a little side road full of fresh shell holes made that morning, it dawned on me that, though every group of soldiers we met talked about "the hill," they were not talking about the same hill or going to the same place, or aiming at the same objective. Though there was more than one hill, each group of soldiers realized but one between him and the Germans; saw the taking of it as the symbol of ultimate victory.

We swung out of the side road into a wide one lined with great trees that flung out their branches in broad camouflage. On the east of this road moved a procession of shadowy figures. Peering hard at them, we made out that they were a detail of men carrying food up to the front. Each two bore between them, suspended from a thick stick, a huge bottle full of hot food. They resembled a Bible picture of my infant days which represented young Israelites carrying, in just that fashion, provender from the promised Land of Canaan. In spite of the darkness they made out our Red Triangle, and hailed us joyfully.

"Say," one called softly, "can you give some of us a lift? We are going up to a wheat field to take a hot meal to some fellows that are going over the top at two o'clock. It's their last hot meal for Lord knows when, and I bet you they're longing for it and cursing us. We are an hour late already, and we should like to get there before they have to pull out."

We stopped. We are used to being thus informally commandeered by the army and we are proud to be of use. The soldiers sorted themselves out, the beefsteak-and-potatoes boys coming with us, the coffee and bread and sirup and pie boys staying behind. This, as the lad in charge informed us, was an especially bang-up feast; the fellows were going after Fritz lined with the best of Uncle Sam's rations. Loaded to the guards inside and out with cookies and boys, we proceeded slowly, listening to snatches of talk.

Cookies and Chocolates

"The fellows we're feeding have to go out and finish taking the hill. This steak will make them just eat up that hill!" "Say, the fellows that have come through in the ambulances tell us that the Germans are running like cooties in a delouser!" "But they're leaving behind them machine gunners that just rained down the lead on our fellows." "Gee, you ought to see the souvenirs the fellows have! A man could afford to supply about five best girls if he is allowed to keep all he picks up." "Say, it's no Sunday-school picnic to take that hill; open wheat fields to climb, with the Germans shelling and grinding out machine-gun fire from the edge of the wood!"

Most of us have had the experience of being in real danger that, nevertheless, does not seem real; of being on the verge of a vital experience that persists in seeming dreamlike. We were in danger; we were going along a road that had been shelled a few hours before and that at any moment might be shelled again. Our voices were lowered, because any ditch, any shell hole or any sheltering clump of trees might conceal a German spy able to pick up from our chance words information valuable to his fleeing countrymen. We were in territory that was unknown to all of us; not one of us had trodden it before, while only a few hours since it had been in the possession of the enemy, who knew it as thoroughly as we knew our streets at home. And we were just a stone's throw from men about to enter upon the last stretch of their lives.

It did not seem as if our car was moving. It seemed as if the road began slowly to unroll columns of figures and objects—horses and men, camions and limbers. We were suddenly in the midst of young clamorous soldiers who said they had had no chocolates or cigarettes for two days.

"Here you are, buddie," said Pep, dumping out for distribution all we had. "Break the bars of chocolate and boxes of cookies in two and there will be enough for everybody."

As the marching soldiers passed us a feeling of reality sank in on our hearts. On they went, these young creatures who are our shield and buckler. The sound of their marching feet rose above the noise of the car. The moon went behind the clouds and a light drizzling rain started. Behind the men camions loomed in the darkness, chiefly wagons full of ammunition, their drivers hunched forward, staring anxiously ahead into the blackness. Machine-gun wagons passed, too, and small supply wagons, their roofed heads making them look like gypsy carts. Sometimes a number of men on horseback jingled by, speaking softly each to each or to their mounts.

It was all real enough now, and yet it was in a sort of dream fashion we drifted away from that main road, unwinding its silent freight of battle. The sound of it lessened by the way and nothing was left except the droning of our car and the whispered remarks of the soldiers we carried. We drove along the stretch of heavily darkened road and then came into a lightened area where a little broken village stood up

(Concluded on Page 53)

Photograph of 16 x 6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire used on trailer which carries three-ton loads of logs for M. P. Mickler Lumber Co., Tuscaloosa, Florida

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Hauling Logs On Air

WHIRRING along under unwieldy and dead-weight loads of giant logs, Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have decisively proved their worth in lumber hauling in Florida.

Unquestionably there is little else in heavy hauling duty which is more arduous or trying than the grind of transporting huge timbers from the woods to a sawmill over a slippery sand trail.

Such conditions are encountered at Thonotosassa where the Mickler Lumber Company employs two ¾ ton International trucks with trailers, all Goodyear-shod, to carry log loads averaging three tons over a four-mile route, three-quarters of which measures a hard pull through deep sand.

> *"Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have enormously reduced our hauling costs under conditions that make the use of solid tires practically impossible."—M. P. Mickler Lumber Co., Thonotosassa, Florida.*

Former attempts to negotiate this particular distance regularly with solid tire equipment were abandoned after many delays caused by the inability of this type of tire to secure traction in the soft ruts.

And these trucks and trailers, with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires bearing the brunt of the work, have permanently replaced two four-mule teams which, pulling loads of two and one-half tons, made three round trips a day over the route described.

Contrast, then, the immense improvement in hauling speed and volume accomplished by these pneumatic-equipped motor transports which travel at a 15-mile-an-hour rate over the bad trail and make nine round trips each day.

Their record totally eclipses all previous experience on the route, putting any consideration of even partial solid tire equipment out of the question and representing the delivery of 54,000 pounds a day as against 15,000 pounds with the mules.

Despite this immense increase in the work the expense of running each truck and trailer has been only five dollars a day higher than the former cost for each mule team, so that logs are now delivered for considerably less than half the previous figures.

Thus Goodyear Pneumatic Truck Tires, known as most economical on long hauls, have proved a distinct economy on these very short hauls and further emphasis is given to their tough construction which withstands the bad road conditions and the splinter-littered sawmill yard.

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RELIABLE POWER

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"We just start her up in the morning and let her run—and we have mighty little trouble with her."

That's what T. J. George, general foreman, says about this Novo Type U Pumping Outfit owned by the Standard Bitulithic Company.

The accompanying photographs were taken near Elsmere, Delaware. The pump, driven by 4 H. P. Novo Engine, was pumping a 2-inch stream 3700 feet, up grade, to a concrete mixer used in construction work on the Lincoln Highway.

This Novo Outfit was handling from 5000 to 5500 gallons of water a day, with practically no attention. The engineer of the mixer simply started the pump going, in the morning, and stopped it at night.

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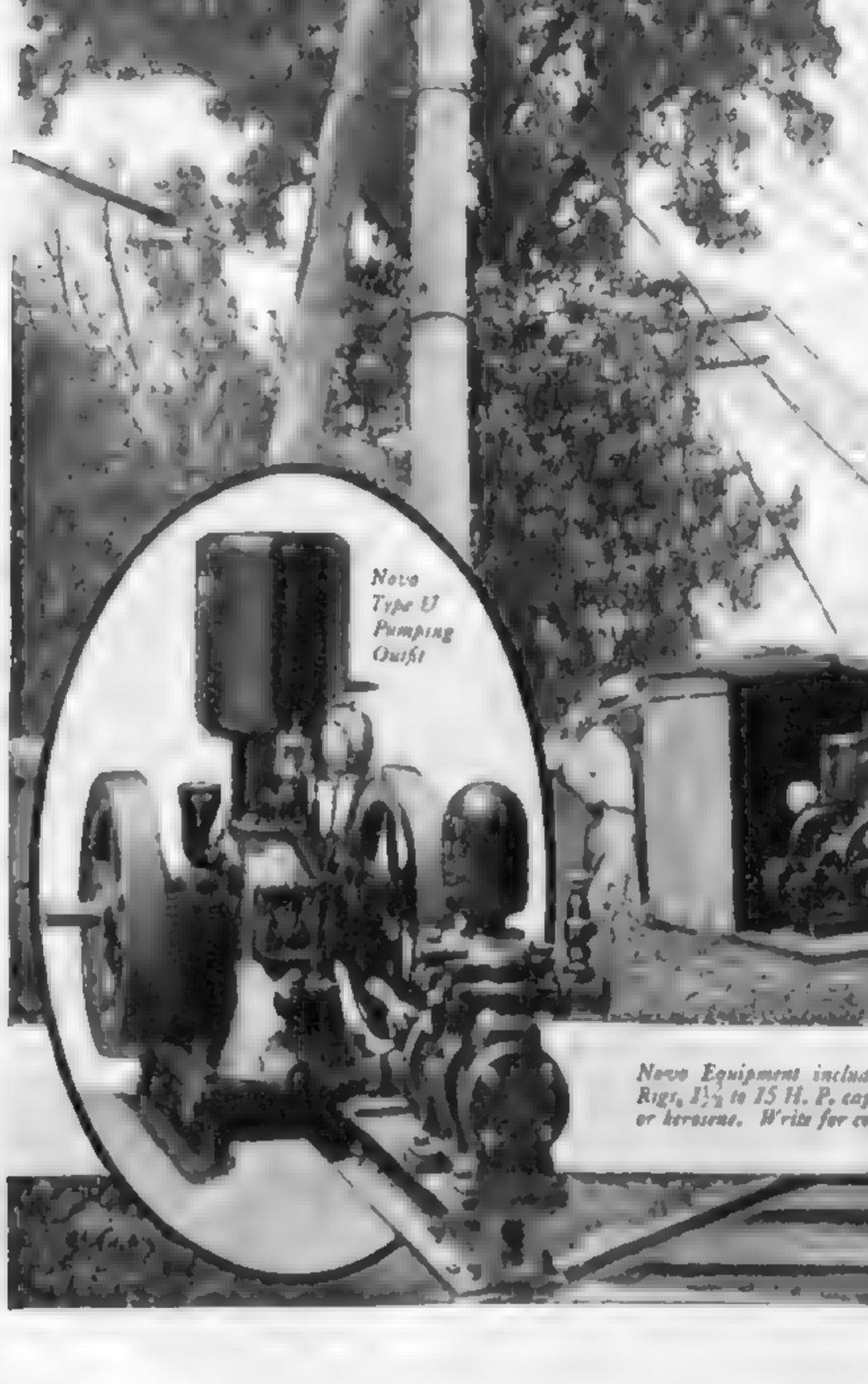


Novo Type U Pumping Outfit

Novo Equipment includes Hoisting, Pumping, Air Compressor Outfits and Saw Rigs, 1½ to 15 H. P. capacity. 75 types and sizes. Furnished to operate on gasoline or kerosene. Write for complete information.

(Concluded from Page 49)

steeply. Here a stalwart M. P. rose majestically out of the darkness and barred our progress.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you can't go any farther. A car makes too much noise just here. You can walk on a little way if you like; not too far, though, unless you are anxious to step on Fritzie."

"Gee, we've been in luck!" said our soldier passengers as they clambered down. "Our outfit is over there where that wheat field and wood meet. So long! We'll have the chow to them in ten minutes."

They dismounted, took up their Land of Canaan burdens, and melted into the pale wheat field. By now the moon was showing again and we could see clearly the crumbled gables of the little village.

"Follow that path," said the M. P., "and cross in front of that farm, where the engineers are. Then you'll be on the main road. You can see Vaux and Château-Thierry, where the Germans are. You can see the hill that our fellows are taking. Some say they have taken it. You can see No Man's Land if you have good eyes. They say there's another hill to the left that our men are fighting for. We never know anything for sure. Mind the barbed wire."

We walked with our eyes on the ground minding the barbed wire, threaded our way through the wheat fields, and stood suddenly among the gaunt farm buildings. Here a group of men rose about us, armed with rifles and picks and shovels—the engineers.

As usual at first they were amazed and pleased to see an American woman, and then accepted it as naturally as we accept any fact in this war.

We were just about to move on when an engineer said:

"Won't you wait a moment? The sergeant wants to meet the lady."

The Suspicious Sergeant

The sergeant bore down on me, a great creature, grave, even grim. I suppose he was tired and I was glad to see him relax after a minute or two and smile. As we were talking a group of mud-spattered men materialized out of the darkness and addressed him:

"Say, we're the ——, sent to police up a bit of road here. Anywhere we can sleep?"

"Cowshed would do if the floor was cleaned up a bit," replied the sergeant.

"It will do without being cleaned up," muttered a boy; and a dozen weary men followed a self-appointed guide to the cowshed.

Meantime a young engineer whispered:

"We had to hold you back to meet the sergeant because he had heard that a lady spy was on the road, and he had to see for himself that you weren't a spy."

"A spy!"

"Well, if you could see the way these foxy boche ladies can pretend to belong to the different organizations! But it's funny they always give themselves away pretty soon—that is, any of them that pretend to be helpful women. The parasite sort of spy puts it over a little longer sometimes."

He offered to be our guide, and as we left the farm and followed a twisting path through a wheat field he spoke to me of the thing nearest him.

"I have a brother out there," he said, "fighting for a hill; not the hill you'll see in a minute; not the hill everyone will be talking about to-morrow. There're two hills, and maybe more. I suppose they'll make all the fuss about the big one; but how about the men who will die taking the little one?"

I tried to give him some comfort.

"Well," he said, "I've always laughed at superstitions; but my great-grandfather and his younger brother were scouts in the Mexican War, and the younger was killed. My grandfather and his brother fought in the Civil War, and the younger was killed. My father and his brother were in the Spanish-American War, and the younger was killed too. My mother has just us two left. She worries."

There's so much I used to believe in history that I now began to doubt. There is that story, which I took as gospel truth, about the Spartan matrons who commanded their sons to come back with their shields or upon them. I don't believe that even Spartan matrons ever went in for concerted heroic action like that.

The soldier guide had been trying his best to follow the brother's movements, but he could speak only in piecemeal. It is so that one hears of a battle. Of course, since the beginning of time, it has been hard to get at the absolute facts of history. In this offensive I have found events clouded within two days of their happening, and people whom I have considered perfectly reliable contradicting each other as to what really had happened. Each company knows what it has to do and generally what the rest of the battalion in action are doing; but it is not sure as to the objective of any other battalion, still less of the regiment.

A Moonlit Battlefield

As the soldier guide and I walked along the winding path in the wheat field, that memorable Saturday had not yet fully passed and the hill was still being taken. He pointed out to us a row of trees and went back. We stumbled into a dark road where figures rose and bent over shell holes, which they were rapidly filling. Nauseating charnel odors floated to us; but of a sudden we forgot them, for before us a battle sprang into being.

Directly in front of us and on the left the sky was shot with a flashing curtain of pink and crimson, and cannon mouthed in multitudinous sounds. It seemed as if a full half of the horizon was alight and was pounding and roaring with menacing, sweeping sound. It is strange how cannonading always gives the effect of motion.

The moon shone clearly, and we saw ahead the broken village of Vaux and the great hill for which there had been such bitter struggles. A wide, dark mound it was, fifteen kilometers round, as the soldiers who had flanked it afterward told me; innocent-looking enough by day, with its stretches of green and blue woods, its open meadows and harvests; innocent and quiet enough now in the darkness, except for the barrage that burst across it.

We were looking straight into No Man's Land; almost it seemed as if a few moments' walk would take us into it. Very lights, as we gazed, soared aloft, remained suspended a moment, and then gently slipped again to earth.

There is something singularly soft and beautiful about these lights. They are like electric globes, turned mellow and irregular in shape, gone, as if spontaneously, upon some high adventure in the skies. It is hard to associate them with daring and spying and death. One after another they flew high, lighting up No Man's Land—wheat fields and dark woods. Ever the high color flashed behind them and above them; and the sound of the cannon never ceased.

There were thousands of men fighting on that hill and in No Man's Land. By now, for it was long past midnight, the boys whose supper we had helped carry were advancing through those wheat fields on our left. Others of our men were sweeping steadily up the long slope. Almost we thought we could see the brave figures steadily pushing on.

A battle, a decisive battle, was progressing there in the half darkness, and we civilians were helpless. All we could do was run back quickly and get more supplies, and be ready to take them to-morrow to the soldiers. All we could do was to stand aside, ready for the deeds of peace, while these young lads gave their courage and faith and pain for their country.

We watched the battle for a long time. After we had made our way again over the winding path in the wheat field, and Pep was once more driving us southward, we kept looking back, watching the crimson interleaping fires of the barrage, listening to the deep mouthing of the cannon. The moon was bright now, but the Very lights still rose and soared; and behind us, as we went closer and closer to safety, the young soldiers passed through anguish and suspense and fire.

We drove a few miles down the Château-Thierry road slowly, for the upward-moving traffic never ceased, of men in camions, of ammunition and guns and supplies. About us was a mysterious world of moonlight and shadows, crimson disks of cigars, the sudden flashes of pocket lights, whispering voices, creaking wheels, the heavy breathing of horses and mules, the drone of a distant aëroplane and everywhere the sense of eager anticipation, of excited zest.

We left the main thoroughfare, drove along a side road, and presently turned into the little irregular main street of the little deserted town of Bezu. In a triangle of ground stood a row of ambulances, large and small; behind them a church and one or two lesser buildings. Into one of the latter were carried wounded men, where their wounds were examined and perhaps redressed. The seriously hurt were taken on at once to the hospital at La Ferté.

The slightly wounded were taken into the church. Some boys were lying on the floor with eyes closed, too weary to speak, but not too weary to carry the ghosts of smiles. One young lieutenant wore a wide lambent grin, and as I bent over him to lift his head to a cup of tea his litter jingled like a wreath of sleigh bells. He motioned me to throw back his blanket. I did, and saw a German officer's helmet, a pair of splendid field glasses, a belt and buckle, a canteen, a knife and its sheath, and a dispatch case.

In the Passing of Arthur, Tennyson has a line to the effect that in that last conflict, where Arthur died, there was many a noble deed and many a base. I believe that in every battle for the hills there was no base deed on our side. In the soft gloom of that church I came upon dozens of wounded men who were where they were not only because they were brave but because they were more than that.

Chained to Their Guns

There was the gassed boy covered with blisters, his eyes swollen shut, because during a gas attack he had not used his own mask until he had put on that of his buddie, who had been shot through the hands. There was the second lieutenant and his five men, all shell-shocked; they had been overlooked in a certain part of the wood, and, having had no orders to leave, had stayed where they were under shell fire and without food for sixty hours. There was the boy with broken arms who had been protecting a wounded friend against three Germans. There was the "gas-sniffer" who had gone out in the wheat fields for his wounded lieutenant and had carried him back under machine-gun fire with a bullet in his leg. There was the little lad of sixteen who turned a machine gun against a squad of Germans as they crossed a road, sprayed half of them down, and when they ran for cover he ran for another position, so as to reach with his deadly rain those still able to try to get away from him. These were but a few instances.

And, on the other side, man after man told me stories of Germans chained, for fear of cowardice, to their machine guns. Our soldiers were able to describe minutely enough how it was done. The machine guns were in shelled trenches; behind them sat the gunners. Each was fastened by two chains, which went from his ankles to two trees, giving him just enough freedom to load and to fire his gun. Later on, in a wood toward the Vesle, I saw two such chains still fastened to the trees. The gunners are told that they must fight to the end, because the Americans will kill them with all the cruelties of red Indians.

Story after story, too, I heard of the treacherous Red Cross bearers. On the famous hill several groups of our soldiers passed men, in the uniforms of French poilus, carrying a covered litter. One of our men lifted the blanket to look at what he supposed was a dead Ally, and found a German machine gun; and he saw then that the thwarted faces above it were German faces. After dark, when the stretcher bearers went out on their errands of mercy, some of the German Red Cross men were found to be carrying machine guns on litters. Several of the prisoners taken had in their pockets Red Cross brassards

Boche Treachery

Such were some of the stories I heard as we helped feed the wounded men. And I heard snatches of half a hundred others that would have been rich material if I had had time to listen; but I wanted to relieve parched throats. From the soft brown gloom of the floor, heads were constantly lifting, and voices were calling:

"Where did you get yours? Mine's through the knee." "Do you know whether the major is safe? He went right over the top with us; we could not hold him back." "Big Hun had been firing the machine gun as hard as he could on us when we came across the wheat field; and when I ran down on him he yelled 'Kamerad!' After he had fired every last belt he hollered: 'Kamerad.' I said: 'Kamerad hell!'" "Say, weren't those big boche shells sweet? I tell you one of those big shells will convert more boys than the finest sermon Billy Sunday ever preached." "General Pershing says: 'Hell, Heaven or Hoboken by Christmas!' And I sure did think to-night that I never would see Hoboken again." "Don't you ever think a signalman's work is a cinch! I tell you, this afternoon when I got mine I was out stringing a line pretty near up to the Kaiser's ear." "Well, it wasn't any tea party, but still I wouldn't have missed it; and I'm darned lucky to be alive and to have my eyes and arms. What's a little hole in the shoulder?" "I got mine before I saw a single Fritz—three wounds. I'm going back and get a Heinie for every wound." "I didn't think I'd get nicked at all—we chased them clear away from the hill and had taken it, lock, stock and barrel; and then I had to get my right arm smashed! But, anyhow, I was in it till we took the hill."

That phrase was like a triumphant chorus: "We took the hill!" The ambulances had almost ceased to come and there was little work to do. We drove away slowly along the road that, only two or three days before, had been shelled, and which was now safe—safe forever surely. Signs of war were there in broken walls and gables standing blank in the moonlight, but already refugees were coming back to them.

A few hours of rest, and for other soldiers, unwearied soldiers, there would be other hills to take. But this hour belonged to the lads who were dead, wounded and asleep in the wood; who had taken that objective set before them which each called The Hill.

It had been ordered; it had been done. And by whatever name the American soldier calls his objective he obtains it; and he obtains it quickly. This is the magnificent and simple process by which the Germans are being conquered. The American soldier recognizes no impossibilities. He takes the hill!

Iron-Steel-Copper-Brass Paint-Labor

A Suggestion In The Program Of Saving To Those Who Buy Washing Machines

UNDER *normal* conditions it is the right and privilege of every woman to procure the best washing machine she can afford.

¶ Under *normal* conditions it is the business of every merchant to sell as many washing machines as he possibly can sell.

¶ Under *normal* conditions the manufacturer is privileged to use all materials necessary to produce maximum output.

¶ But—conditions are *not normal*.

¶ Conservation must be practiced in all ways. Particularly must metals, basic and alloyed, and the other essential materials used in the making of washing machines, be conserved.

¶ All of these materials are widely used in fabricating the sinews of war. Therefore, none must be wasted. To save—to conserve—is to forge humanity's weapons.

¶ The Government must not only have materials, but personal service, as well. Washing machines are essential to the thrifty and efficient utilization of time in the home. The housewife who is giving her time to war-winning work, must have facilities to perform her household tasks with minimized effort and in the least possible time.

¶ No other labor-saving device enables the housewife to cope so successfully with the situation created by the transfer of household domestics to the work-rooms of the great war industries.

¶ War and the resultant shortage of domestic service have brought about a definite appreciation of the modern washing machine.

¶ What was once indifferently looked upon as merely a device for performing an onerous household task, is now recognized as an established essential in the maintenance of that greatest of all institutions—the American home.

¶ The power-driven washing machine of today has reduced days to hours and hard labor to mere superintendence. It not only saves time and labor, but conserves materials as well, by prolonging the life of washable garments.

¶ Since our participation in the war, the demand for dependable, efficient washing machines has become so great that with the prevailing restriction of materials, it will be impossible to supply all who would like to obtain them.

¶ Yet every home requires one. The saving of time and hard work and betterment of health resulting from the abandonment of the old-fashioned tub and board, are beyond calculation.

¶ Therefore, in order that the available supply may do the maximum good, every owner of a washing machine is beseeched to use it and take good care of it.

¶ No matter what type of machine you have, whether electric, multi-motor, belt, water or hand power—don't discard it to buy a new machine. Many a machine that has long out-lived the manufacturer's guarantee is still serviceable. If it is out of repair have it fixed. For a small sum your hardware dealer's repair department can probably put it in perfect running order.

¶ No matter how well you can afford to buy a new one—don't do so if you can possibly avoid it, for you will probably prevent someone who *seriously needs* a washing machine from getting it.

¶ If you can sell or give your old washing machine to someone who needs, and will use it, then only are you justified in buying a new one.

¶ In making your selection, look first for simplicity in design and construction. Avoid whimsical or unnecessary accessories or contrivances. By doing so you will aid the industry in its effort towards standardization and simplification of types and parts.

¶ In short, this is an appeal to the people to practice an economy that will avoid a disastrous disarrangement of household conduct and management, and make it possible for the washing machine industry to give its whole-hearted assistance to the Government in bringing to a successful issue its fight for PEACE and DEMOCRACY.

Aluminum-Wood-Rubber Time-Money

An Appeal From An Essential Industry To Those Who Sell Washing Machines

YOU will best serve your community and your country if you endeavor to put all new washing machines into homes where they will do the most good. If your prospective customer does not own a washing machine, urge her to buy the best one she can afford.

¶ If you can supply her with an electric or power-driven washer, and she can afford to buy it, urge her to do so rather than buy a hand-power machine. But if any circumstances whatever limit the sale to a hand-power machine, sell it by all means, for the Nation must conserve woman-power as well as man-power.

¶ You are justified in selling a new machine to anyone who now has a workable one, only when you can find a place for the old one to serve another family. Washing machines are too great an asset to the womanhood of America to permit even one to be idle.

¶ Make it a point to ascertain whether or not your prospective customer now has a washing machine. If her reason for buying a new machine is that her old one is not usable, persuade her to let your repairman look it over with a view to putting it in running order. Every manufacturer stands ready to co-operate with you in supplying parts and repairs that will place old washing machines in working order.

¶ Show the prospective buyer why it is her patriotic duty to continue using the washing machine she now has if it is at all possible to do so. Explain to her the material and labor situation. Let her understand that if she discards a still usable machine and buys a new one she will probably be the cause of hardship to some overworked housewife. Offer suggestions that will assist your patrons to properly operate and care for their machines.

¶ By doing so you will save money for your customer, prove your continued interest and willingness to serve, gain her everlasting good will and, at the same time, render a valuable service to your country.

¶ Keep in mind the fact that idle washing machines, if at all usable, are a positive waste of the Nation's resources. Remember, too, that the modern washing machine is the housewife's greatest economizer of time, labor and strength.

¶ You know, of course, that present output is not equal to the demand. You know, too, that further shortage will probably limit the supply for the coming year. War-time demands upon labor and materials make conservation imperative.

¶ In view of these conditions, you are urged not to make any attempt to displace any washing machine with a new one, unless you can dispose of the old one to someone who will *use* it.

¶ In times like these, it devolves upon you to operate your business on a war basis. The co-operation requested will effect a conservation of an essential, the demand for which is greater than the supply.

¶ Therefore, if the washing machine user, the washing machine dealer, and the washing machine manufacturer work together in the proper spirit, then, indeed, can much good be accomplished for the housewives of America—and vast quantities of materials, time, labor and money be converted to the winning of a complete and decisive VICTORY.

Space Contributed to the Washing Machine Industry by The Maytag Co. of Newton, Iowa.

F. L. Maytag.

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

GRIP-SURE

Basket Ball Shoe

The three leading basket-ball teams of the country—the Olympic Club of San Francisco, Illinois Athletic Club, and Seattle Athletic Club—use Grip-Sure. It's the fastest high cut and strongest of all basket-ball shoes.

Patented Suction Cupped Red Sole

This sole of the "Grip-Sure" holds the player's feet to the ground like rubber hands and is of great aid in dribbling and dodging. It is full of spring and speed. The shoe laces very snugly about the ankle and instep and gives great support to the ankle muscles. For bowling and hand-ball too.

Write for descriptive folder and the name of the Grip-Sure dealer where you live. Try a pair of these wonderful shoes. Regular and athletic styles lacing.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Dept. C Beacon Falls, Conn.

55¢ Waterproof Match Box

The soldier, camper or hunter—anyone who lives in the big outdoors needs

MARBLE'S
Waterproof Match Box

For the civilian too, it's better, safer than carrying matches loose in the pocket. Holds good supply of matches. Is absolutely waterproof. Keeps matches in pocket. Will last a lifetime. Operated by opening and closing cover. Thousands in use by sportsmen and guides.

SEND ONE TO YOUR SOLDIER

At Sporting Goods or Hardware Stores, or sent by mail upon receipt of price (two postpaid). Write for catalog of Marble's Safety Specialties for Sportsmen.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co. 600 Delta Ave. Gladstone, Mich.

WANTED IDEAS. Write for Free Patent Guide Books and List of Patents Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

THE COMING WINTER IN RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 16)

source of Russia's subsistence. No set of figures could be compiled to show Russia even remotely self-sustaining without the black-soil acres of the south. Whether Germany will derive either profit or pleasure from the independent peasant of Little Russia is another question. Certain it is that her soldiery found no such reserve stocks as the world had assumed in the south, and equally certain that every bushel of grain will have to be taken from the peasant at the expense of bitter guerilla warfare.

In any case, though, Russia will not taste the wheat and the rye from the black acres until the Great War and Russia's civil war have run their course and peace has opened up the iron-bound frontier that now severs the north from the south.

Consider, then, a Russia with no reserve stocks of grain and other food, a Russia where only a tenth to a twentieth of the acreage has been planted in the summer that has passed, a Russia hopelessly shorn of her own leading source of food and just as hopelessly distant from foreign assistance, and you understand why a careful and conservative statesman like Lord Robert Cecil said a short time ago that hundreds of thousands of people would die of starvation in Russia the coming winter.

Russia was practically as circumscribed as this by the wall of want when I arrived last fall. From the beginning of the Bolshevik régime communication with the south was seriously interrupted. As early as November only stray cars of grain drifted into the Saratoffskaya Station in Moscow from Kharkoff and Kieff. By December this supply had dwindled to a few sacks of wheat brought in over the shoulders of peasants on the trains that arrived at long intervals and entirely off schedule. All this time Petrograd was being served even more sparingly from the east and Siberia; but there still lingered the hope that Ukrainia could be conquered or reconciled and the grain trains resumed, a hope that finally vanished with the signing of the disastrous treaties of February and March.

Foraging Between Valleys

The downward course of the food supply in Russia last winter, therefore, will show more concretely and more unmistakably than anything else the path that this unhappy nation must travel in the months just ahead. With no relief in sight from within or without, the coming winter will carry the process of famine just a little closer each month to its terrible goal. Month by month and day by day, just as last winter, the time will approach when there will be nothing. There has been a breathing space this summer with the green vegetables from numerous private gardens and the scant crops on the farms near the cities. But by this time with the closing in of the winter anows the inexorable process of shorter and shorter rations has begun again.

Moscow was in the throes of the Bolshevik revolution when I arrived last November. Food was not the first source of anxiety in the shot-and-shell-raked streets, but it came a close second to the problem of the preservation of life from stray bullets. I was fortunate enough to find refuge with the group of Y. M. C. A. secretaries who had gone to Russia for work at the Front and who had rented the palace of one of the richest men in Russia as their headquarters. This mansion was midway between the Alexander Military Academy, one of the strongholds of the forces that defended the Kerensky government, and the Kurskaya Station, which, like all the railroad terminals, was in the hands of the Bolsheviki. This station was the goal of the troops from the southwestern Front, the main source of the Bolshevik disaffection, and so we were in the thick of the most bitter fighting, with ill-aimed and ill-timed shells breaking over us or in the garden back of the house night and day. In the lulls in the firing, though, some of the boys who had become acquainted with the surrounding streets prior to the revolution would steal out and bring in odds and ends of food. I contributed a ten-pound loaf of bread which I had brought from Siberia, and twenty hungry mouths finished it at a meal.

Other Americans and many Russians were not so well situated. Cut off in a side street and with no siege provisions they were in desperate straits. An American boy, connected with the National City Bank, was marooned in such an island with no outlet. He lived in a short street raked at both ends by machine-gun fire and boasting only a chocolate shop in the way of food supply. All through the revolution, therefore, he subsisted on cake chocolate at a dollar a cake, to the sorrow of his purse and his digestion.

Less than a week after the revolution had settled down to the desultory firing that has lasted ever since, I found a permanent home with a Russian millionaire who thought he would feel safer with an American on his premises. I had to forage for my own food, however, for his wealth was scant help in his task of feeding his seven servants and his family of six. And so it was that I came face to face with the problem of eating in Russia.

Russia never had any "Food will win the war" campaign. The zemstvos and the cooperative societies had tried to compile statistics concerning the food supply. After the revolution the soviets, or committees of workmen and peasants, attempted the same task with a view to sending the food where it was most needed; but the old régime had no very evident desire or intention to win the war and discouraged everything resembling efficiency. And after the revolution disorganization and anarchy began to vitiate any efforts to work out a system of orderly distribution. Nevertheless, by the fall of 1917 bread and butter, sugar and tea, milk and eggs were all on a card-rationing system at most reasonable prices, considering general conditions and the deterioration in the value of the ruble. Almost all of these commodities, however, could be bought on the sly through the early part of the winter at greatly advanced prices if you knew where to find them. The card-rationing system caught the bulk of the food supply and sold it slightly above cost, but under the existing disorder and confusion it was powerless to corral the soldier slackers who brought provisions in from the country on their backs and sold them in side streets near the market places.

And so it was that I heard an American say the first week I was in Moscow: "You can buy anything here that you can buy in New York." So it is that letters still drifting through from Russia tell how as late as last summer you could buy such delicacies as sugar and caviar. I have a Russian friend who boasted that up until the holidays he had everything on his table that he wished. To accomplish that unsocial result he had to resort to considerable intrigue and extravagant expenditure. I am sure that other friends of mine between the acts at the Moscow Art Theater are still spreading an ounce of costly caviar on a microscopic gram of black bread, just as I saw them do all last winter. I am sure they are still eating apples and oranges at a dollar or two apiece which some trader has managed to smuggle through from the Caucasus. But these things are not food. They do not satisfy bitter hunger. They are only the fantastic frame for a picture of black death spreading white crosses over a stricken land.

Poor Food at High Prices

The Russian hasn't given up all his old notions of order, in spite of his revolutions and his new idea of freedom. Before you sleep in a new bed your passport must be recorded with the police of the town or district, though it isn't a life and death matter as it used to be. I had to pass through this ceremony before my food cards were issued to me entitling me to seven ounces of bread a day, seven ounces of sugar a week, three and a half ounces of butter a week and similar portions of tea, milk and eggs—if I could find them! It was no use trying to find any milk or eggs, so I just put those cards out of my mind. Sometimes my restaurant had them if I came early—at the cost of a special trip to the country on the part of the proprietor, I suppose. Tea I had brought from Japan, though I didn't have enough and had to buy more in midwinter, when I paid two and a half dollars a pound for a packet of broken twigs. Sugar, too, I had brought from Japan, and I was lucky, for instead of the two pounds a month to which I was entitled I found only about two pounds the entire winter. Butter, too, was too elusive to keep up with the card ration, and I soon found I had to substitute cheese for it at a dollar a pound. Potatoes, other vegetables and meats were not on a card basis, but they were difficult enough to find, and I was glad to trade the housekeeper's responsibilities for my scant portions at the restaurant.

By the time I left Moscow all this had seriously changed. Even before Christmas bread had tumbled from seven ounces daily to three and a half ounces. The quality had deteriorated, too, for in the fall the bread issued in the Pretchistensky district in Moscow resembled our whole wheat or graham bread. Now, however, it was invariably black and often sour and soggy. The limit had not been reached, though, for in February the ration was still further reduced to one and three-quarter ounces daily. And in addition to the minority of rye flour, its composition included chopped straw, chaff, potato, and always some sand to make it weigh. By spring, too, sugar had disappeared from the market. Butter was obtainable only at speculators' prices in out-of-the-way places—one and a half dollars to two dollars a pound. Tea had long been gone from the shelves. Cheese had jumped to two dollars a pound, potatoes were growing so scarce that the food *kommissars* threatened to put them on a card basis, and meats of all kinds were so difficult to find that the housekeeper invited hungry friends in to share a cut which her servants had walked miles to buy.

Living on Short Commons

Foreigners in Russia, especially Americans, have had comparatively few food worries. Most of them who lived on an independent basis with all the multiplying responsibilities of a household got out before conditions became critical. The great majority of those who stayed through last winter and of the handful still remaining have been connected either with government services or with institutions like the Y. M. C. A. or the National City Bank, which in a way stood guard over their individuals. While in Moscow or Petrograd or after their flight to Vologda and Samara in the face of the German advance of February these men shared responsibilities to advantage. Many of them suffered hardships while traveling alone in outlying districts, but they were not stinted in their expense accounts and they profited by the eager good will that greeted the American in every nook and corner of Russia.

In order to see life as nearly as possible with Russian eyes, though, I determined to live as frugally and economically as the average Russian was compelled to do. Like him, I started the day with a samovar, from which I extracted four or five glasses of weak tea. In this filling breakfast I set swimming a few nuts, a few bites of cheese and about half my daily allowance of bread. I found that with this menu I could literally fool my stomach into a sense of having really broken my fast. The rest of the bread I took along in my pocket to tide me over until I could no longer put off my single meal of the day. Then, about five o'clock, I sat down at a marble-topped table in a clean, modest little second-story restaurant run by a Bohemian from Prague, and reveled in a few bites of meat, a spoonful of potatoes and sometimes a bowl of soup if I came early enough. Once in a while, for thirty cents extra, I had a glass of cocoa. Or occasionally it would be an omelet instead of meat. The cost of this simple dinner averaged a dollar, though it would have cost two or three dollars at the National or Métropole Hotel. That concluded the day and had to satisfy me until next morning's camouflaged breakfast, unless I cracked a few more nuts at bedtime or ate a few pieces of dried fruit which I had soaked in boiling water from the samovar in the morning. By careful buying and still more careful consuming I managed to standardize my diet in this way and make the lean days average up with the more fortunate. But toward the end my sugar ran its tether, my tea had all but disappeared, a small surplus stock of bread refused to be further subdivided and the daily one and three-quarters ounces often failed to come at all. How I would rearrange my diet to meet the inexorable conditions of the coming winter I frankly did not know.

(Continued on Page 59)

Note how this Brown Shaping Last insures the correct heel seat—which is essential in preventing weak ankles and to the development of a graceful carriage.

What Brown Shaping Lasts Do for Growing Boys and Girls

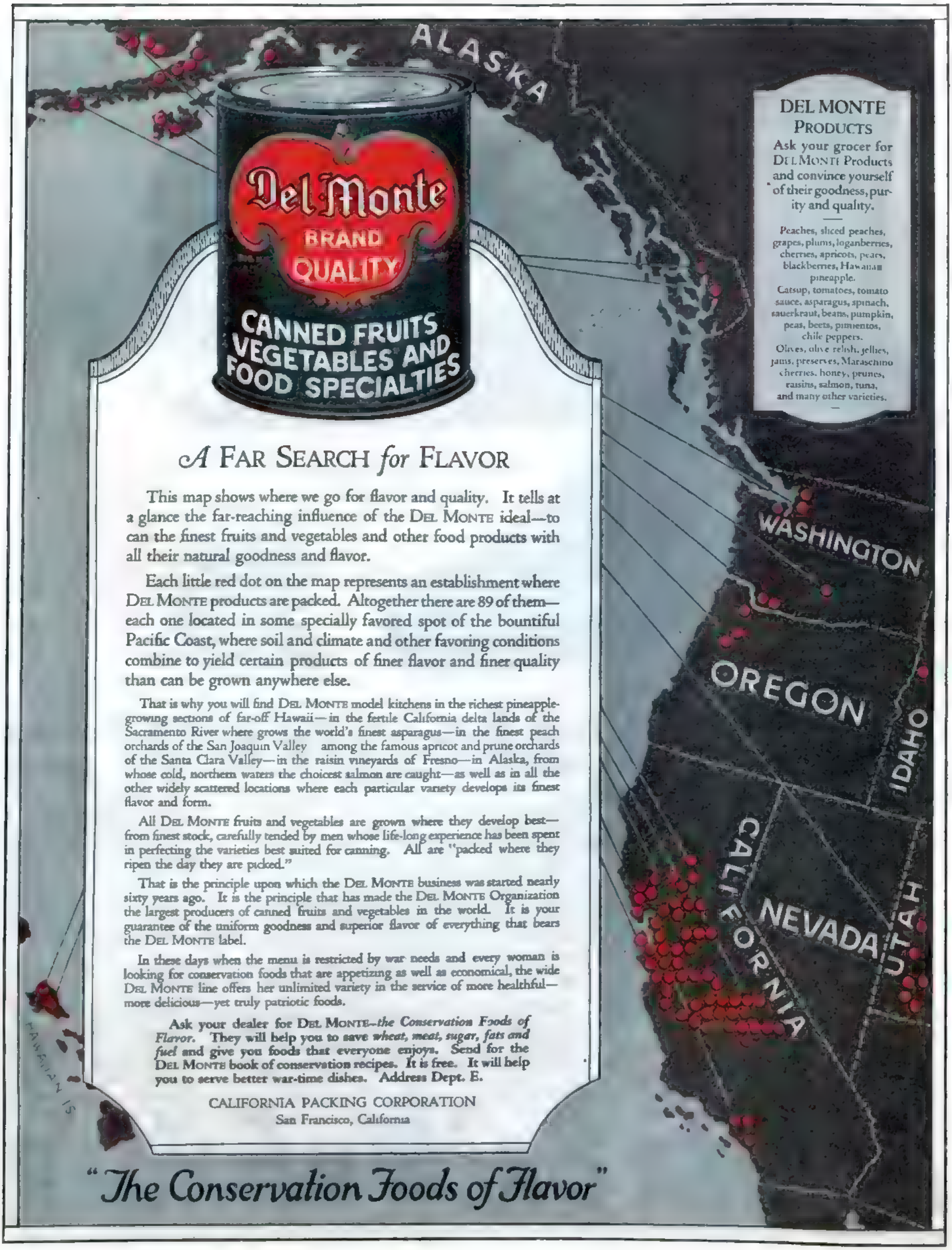
THE *last* is the wooden form that gives *shape* to the shoe. Unless the last is *right* the shoe will be *wrong*. Unless the *shoe* is properly shaped, the *foot* cannot develop properly. Brown Shaping Lasts have been perfected, after years of study and thousands of tests, to scientifically duplicate the perfect foot at every age and size, from 2 to 16.

Buster Brown Shoes are the *only* shoes made upon these lasts. They are anatomically correct in shape—give proper support to the growing feet—and prevent the development of weak feet, broken arches, and other annoying foot ailments that come from wrongly shaped shoes.

You can buy Buster Brown Shoes at good stores everywhere in the U. S. for $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and up—in many styles and different leathers—all of dependable quality.

Parents are urged to read the authoritative book, "Training the Growing Feet." It describes proper foot development, and tells how you can save your child from untold future suffering. Mailed free by Brown Shoe Company, Exclusive Manufacturers, St. Louis, U. S. A.

For Girls **BUSTER BROWN SHOES** For Boys of 2 to 16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QUALITY
CANNED FRUITS VEGETABLES AND FOOD SPECIALTIES
DEL MONTE PRODUCTS
Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE Products and convince yourself of their goodness, purity and quality.
Peaches, sliced peaches, grapes, plums, loganberries, cherries, apricots, pears, blackberries, Hawaiian pineapple.
Catsup, tomatoes, tomato sauce, asparagus, spinach, sauerkraut, beans, pumpkin, peas, beets, pimientos, chile peppers.
Olives, olive relish, jellies, jams, preserves, Maraschino cherries, honey, prunes, raisins, salmon, tuna, and many other varieties.
WASHINGTON
OREGON
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NEVADA
UTAH
CALIFORNIA
HAWAIIAN IS

A FAR SEARCH *for* FLAVOR

This map shows where we go for flavor and quality. It tells at a glance the far-reaching influence of the DEL MONTE ideal—to can the finest fruits and vegetables and other food products with all their natural goodness and flavor.

Each little red dot on the map represents an establishment where DEL MONTE products are packed. Altogether there are 89 of them—each one located in some specially favored spot of the bountiful Pacific Coast, where soil and climate and other favoring conditions combine to yield certain products of finer flavor and finer quality than can be grown anywhere else.

That is why you will find DEL MONTE model kitchens in the richest pineapple-growing sections of far-off Hawaii—in the fertile California delta lands of the Sacramento River where grows the world's finest asparagus—in the finest peach orchards of the San Joaquin Valley among the famous apricot and prune orchards of the Santa Clara Valley—in the raisin vineyards of Fresno—in Alaska, from whose cold, northern waters the choicest salmon are caught—as well as in all the other widely scattered locations where each particular variety develops its finest flavor and form.

All DEL MONTE fruits and vegetables are grown where they develop best—from finest stock, carefully tended by men whose life-long experience has been spent in perfecting the varieties best suited for canning. All are "packed where they ripen the day they are picked."

That is the principle upon which the DEL MONTE business was started nearly sixty years ago. It is the principle that has made the DEL MONTE Organization the largest producers of canned fruits and vegetables in the world. It is your guarantee of the uniform goodness and superior flavor of everything that bears the DEL MONTE label.

In these days when the menu is restricted by war needs and every woman is looking for conservation foods that are appetizing as well as economical, the wide DEL MONTE line offers her unlimited variety in the service of more healthful—more delicious—yet truly patriotic foods.

Ask your dealer for DEL MONTE—*the Conservation Foods of Flavor.* They will help you to save *wheat, meat, sugar, fats and fuel* and give you foods that everyone enjoys. Send for the DEL MONTE book of conservation recipes. It is free. It will help you to serve better war-time dishes. Address Dept. E.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

"The Conservation Foods of Flavor"

(Continued from Page 56)

When I reached Petrograd for the first time, in February, a few days after the German advance had begun, I found the food scarcity much more serious than in Moscow. Even potatoes were on cards—two pounds a week at twenty-five or thirty cents a pound. Moscow would reach this stage in another two or three months. It had been so all winter. Petrograd had kept just about this distance ahead of Moscow in the depletion of its food supplies, those who had traveled frequently between the two cities told me. In addition to the sand and the straw of the Moscow bread a new ingredient had been pressed into service here—sawdust. One morning in my single slice of bread I found a piece of wood as large as the end of my thumb! Splinters could be extracted from it without the aid of a magnifying glass, but one didn't bother to do so. Some days the proportion of straw ran as high as fifty to seventy-five per cent. Scientists who took the pains to analyze it declared that never in a civilized nation had such poor bread been baked.

All this told seriously on the initiative and will power as well as on the health of the people of Petrograd. I asked a Russian one day how he explained the passive attitude of the masses in the face of these conditions.

"Well," he replied, "it may be partly due to the endless patience of our race. We have suffered and endured so many years in silence it takes a great deal to move us to action. But I think the chief trouble now is that the lack of food has robbed us of the energy to protest. Starvation, you know, isn't the agonizing process under these conditions that it is in an open boat at sea or on the desert. One still gets something, but never enough. Gradually, day by day, the vitality ebbs away, and the only outward record is hollow cheeks, perhaps, or a listless resignation. And then one day it is all over. Several of my friends have gone that way this winter before I realized that there was anything wrong."

Nearing the Danger Line

"Most of the deaths from deficient nourishment in Russia, however, have thus far been traceable to this cause only indirectly. You reach a low state of vitality from lack of the proper food and then if you become ill you have no reserve power to fall back on, nothing with which to fight illness and overcome it. Ordinary diseases, therefore, have become fatal with us to an alarming degree. Next winter, in addition to all this, there will be out-and-out starvation. There simply isn't enough food to go round, and those who can't afford to pay the steadily mounting prices will be the first to go under. The women and children and all of the poor of the cities will pay a frightful price next winter!"

The map of famine Russia, though, won't be confined to Petrograd and Moscow. The smaller cities and the towns and even the rural districts are eating their way closer and closer to the danger line. There was some relief from the hunger of Petrograd in the town of Vologda, whither I went to confer with Ambassador Francis ten days after all the embassies had fled from the capital in the face of the February advance of the Germans. But even Vologda, the junction point of the Trans-Siberian and the Archangel Railroads, had not been able to commandeer enough grain to save herself from a bread ration of a quarter pound a day. There were still meat and milk and eggs—but I saw a horse's head for sale in the meat market!

A month or two later I spent ten days in Samara, a city of 200,000 on the Volga, a little more than halfway from Moscow to the Ural Mountains on the Moscow branch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It was an illuminating ten days, ominous for Russia's food future. For in that brief space of time a light-brown bread had given way to black, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to obtain more than the official half-pound ration daily. And all this in the very heart and center of Russia's wheat and milling industry! The Russians form an adjective from the noun bread, and Samara had the reputation of being a "breadly city," a city in which bread abounded. But even here the soviets of workmen's deputies were holding anxious conferences with the soviets of peasants' deputies over the serious question of the food supply, and the soviet authorities were standing guard in the mills and the bakeries to see that the full kernels of the rye and the wheat were used.

The long trail across Siberia last summer presented a startlingly different panorama from that of the autumn of 1917. Then there was no question of food. A dining car was attached to the train, and regular, though not sumptuous, meals were served the entire journey. Perhaps there was more foraging at the station markets and buffets than in previous times, but that had always been a diversion on the nine-day trip. Now, however, there are no through trains, no dining cars, and in some parts no trains at all. There are hungry communities here and there all the way from the Urals to the Pacific. Siberia has sufficient food for its own needs, but the districts that produce it are not taking any chances. Commerce has utterly broken down in the division of a far-flung sovereignty into a dozen independent local governments. Abnormal immigration from the cities of European Russia has been going on for more than a year and has inflated the population of the Siberian cities until even these havens of refuge have on their hands intricate problems of housing and food. Omsk has grown by this means more than fifty per cent, and though in the center of the Siberian grain district has had to substitute black bread for white.

It is in the uncultivated pockets, though, where suffering is bound to come. One of these is the mountainous country from Nijni Udinsk to Lake Baikal. In all these miles not a loaf of bread was on sale last summer at the stations. Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, at the eastern edge of this territory, was running short of food while I was there. Black bread was a new experience for its inhabitants. One of them told me the difficulties in the way of obtaining sufficient grain:

"We ask Omsk and Krasnoyarsk and the western districts for wheat and rye, and they tell us to obtain them from Manchuria. When we turn eastward we run against the snag of the border warfare between the Bolsheviki and the forces of Colonel Semyonoff which have closed the path to China's grain reserves ever since last winter. So what are we to do?"

By far the most terrible toll of the winter, though, will be taken in the peasant villages, the home of nine-tenths of Russia's 180,000,000. The sullen and defiant muzhik, who has planted for himself and only for himself, hasn't taken into account the possibility that superior force from the city or from his own or a neighboring village may seize his grain. When that calamity befalls, an endless train of disaster and bloodshed and starvation will follow in its wake. Reprisal on some weaker peasant will be the next step, and from that the flame will spread to a virulent border warfare with whole villages on the trail to plunder the grain bins of others or intrenched to protect their own. In some districts, even before I left, this most cruel form of civil strife had broken out. I contemplated returning from Petrograd to Moscow by sleigh overland in case the German advance enveloped the railroad outlets. Careful investigation, however, disclosed the fact that machine guns, brought home from the Front, were mounted on all the roads leading into many of the villages, and travelers approached them at their peril.

A Typical Instance

The course that the simple peasant mentality followed in the face of the new-found freedom is well illustrated by two reports from the estate of my millionaire host in Moscow. About the time of the first revolution he had sold his estate near Moscow and had purchased a new one of ten thousand acres out near Smolensk. There had been no oppportunity, therefore, to establish personal relationships between landlord and tenant. Nevertheless, when the Bolshevik revolution came and the peasants throughout Russia seized and divided the land this report came from the estate:

The peasants had taken orderly possession of all the buildings and all the supplies. Among the livestock on the estate were a number of hogs which the peasants thought were ready for the market. They delegated some of their own number to make the sale, and then instead of dividing the proceeds among themselves they intrusted the sum to an intelligent peasant to keep pending developments.

"If it turns out that our new possession of the land shall be confirmed," they said, "then we shall divide the money. But if we find that we have to give back the land to its former owner, then the money will be safe and it will be returned to him too."

That was too good to last, though. For in February came the report that hunger had broken out among the peasants. Those who had grain and the money with which to buy grain had been robbed by those who had none. First one had been killed and then another until the total of lives lost on this single estate was five or six.

Back at the heart of all of Russia's food sorrows is the failure of her transportation system. And back of that failure, of course, were the czar, and the autocracy, with its scientific cultivation of inefficiency. Dependable statistics are as scarce as sugar in Russia to-day, but it doesn't require statistics to see how the railroads are powerless to bring order out of chaos or even to save themselves from destruction. How they will continue to operate the coming winter is inconceivable. Their continued operation last winter was only a miracle due to the unselfish and patriotic determination of the railroad employees to keep the wheels of the system moving and the trains running. For several weeks after the Bolshevik revolution the railroad men worked on as if nothing had happened. The sympathy of most of them was with the Kerensky Government, and so the time came when the Bolsheviki decided to clean house and install their own men. A frightful period ensued with disastrous wrecks, in one of which four hundred were killed or burned to death, and then a compromise was reached whereby the former operatives were retained under a soviet form of government. Committees of the workers at each station chose the station master and the other officials. These committees took out of the station master's hands the decision of all important questions and tied him down to a mere routine.

Railroad Conditions

Under such a system each station along any given line of railroad has become a law unto itself. In Ryazan, for instance, one set of rules is in force. In Suizran, several hundred versts down the line, a wholly different and possibly conflicting set of rules must be observed. In the next large station, Samara, a still different code holds sway. One station permits an international or a first-class sleeping car to pass through; another has a rule that nothing but third-class cars can proceed from its yards; still another permits no grain of any kind to pass through in either direction. The passengers must alight and wait until another train is made up to go in their direction. Telegraph and telephone communication rarely extends beyond the next station. There is no way of telling when a train will arrive except to wait day and night in the station until it pulls in. Of course this is nothing else than actual anarchy. The wonder is that the system holds together at all. It always seemed to me incredible when a train pulled out of a station, and utterly beyond belief when it arrived at its destination. In the cases when it did arrive the fact that it did had to be credited to the old trainmen who remained faithful to the service, the only public servants in all Russia who have stuck to their jobs and who have been permitted to wear their old-time uniforms!

But the hopelessness of the future of the Russian railroads and their complete inadequacy to the tremendous burden of the coming winter lie not so much in their operation as in their exhausted physical state. Their operation might be changed by the restoration of an orderly régime, but their physical upbuilding will require the reconstruction of the Russian industrial plants or free intercourse with foreign nations. There is hardly a first or second class car in Russia that has not been ruined by carelessness or willfulness. Windows have been smashed and brakes have been tampered with. Most of the full-size American freight cars sent to Vladivostok have not penetrated much beyond mid-Siberia. Huge engines, imported from America after the outbreak of war, are lying rusting on side tracks because some part of them, irreplaceable in Russia, has been destroyed. I counted fifteen of them in one row on a siding in the Ural Mountains. Most of the many engines that helped carry us across Siberia would be scrapped in America even to-day with all our need of motive power, for they were ridiculously inefficient or extremely unsafe.

In spite of the fact that all of the trains are crowded far worse than the New York subway at rush hour the railroads of Russia

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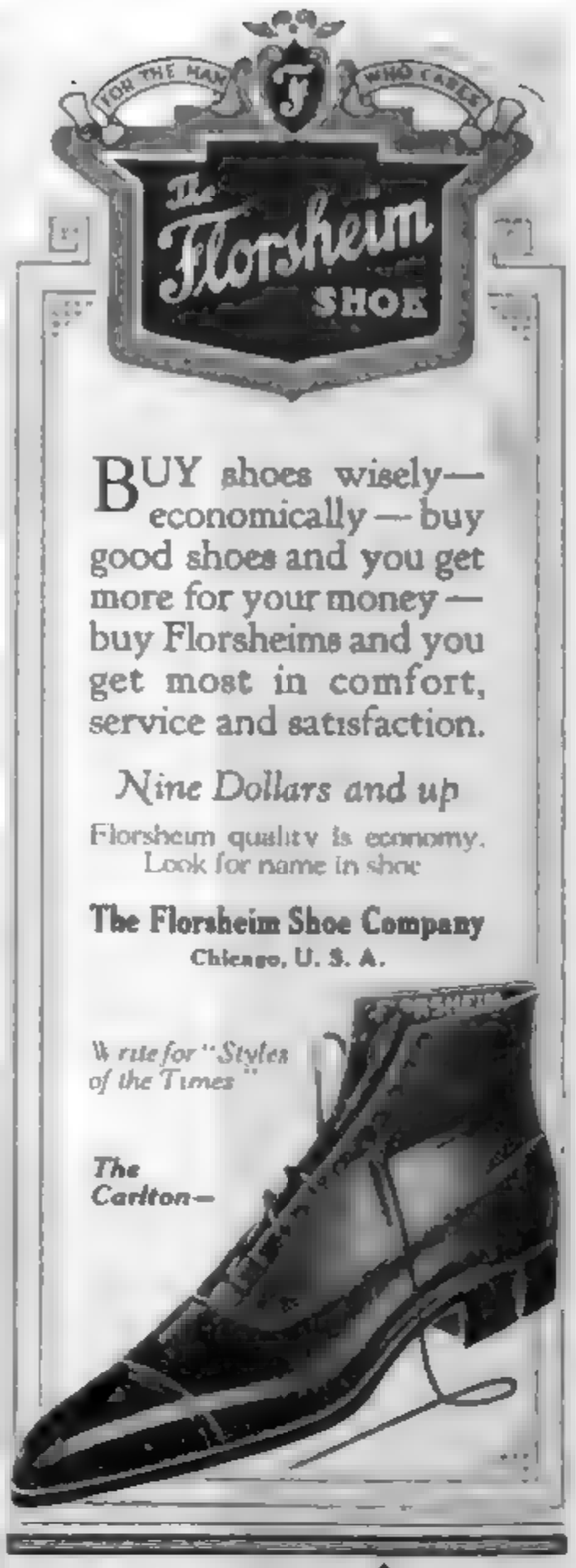

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Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe

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Write for "Styles of the Times"

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A Comfort You Will Appreciate

Try a pair of E. Z. Garters today and see why this *wide webbing*, non-binding and comfort-giving garter is winning friends everywhere. You'll agree after one day's wear that the

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"THE ONE THAT WON'T BIND"

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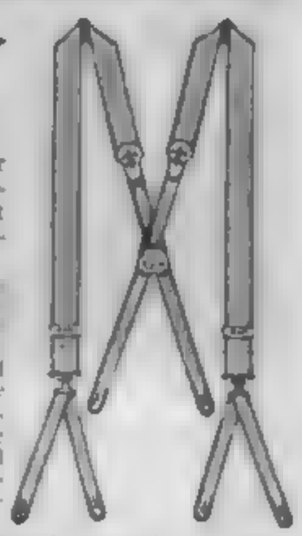

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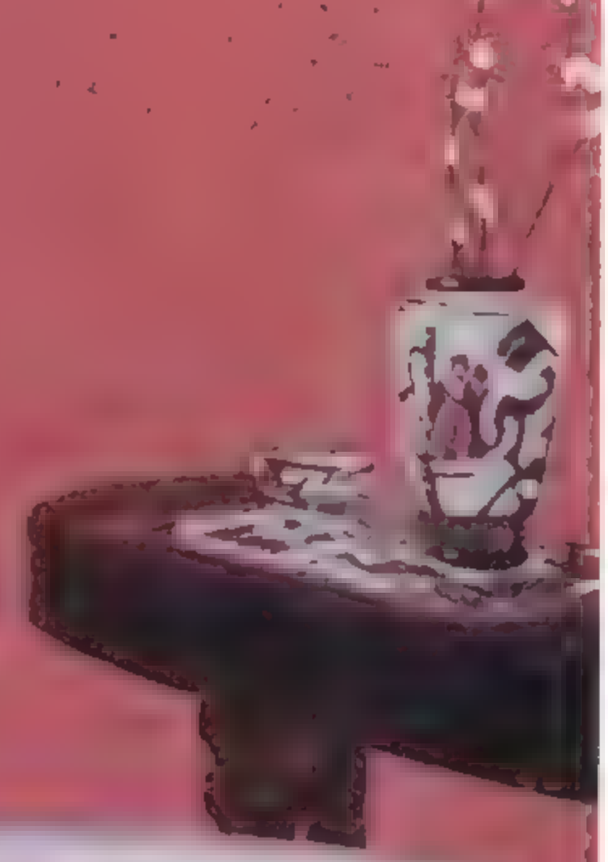


The Certain-teed Policy:

To make every ***Certain-teed*** product from the best quality of materials; to use modern methods and machinery in manufacturing; to employ skilled experts to manufacture in a way that insures minimum costs; and to sell on such a basis that ***Certain-teed*** prices are reasonable. Under this policy we always have made and will continue to make ***Certain-teed*** Roofing. And under this policy ***Certain-teed*** Paints and Varnishes can be made to sell at such reasonable prices. Paint makers usually charge the same for each color. Some colors cost less to manufacture than others. ***Certain-teed*** prices vary for each color, according to its manufacturing cost. You, therefore, obtain in ***Certain-teed*** Paints the very highest quality at a worth-while saving in cost.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices and warehouses in the principal cities of America **Manufacturers of**

Certain-teed Paints — Varnishes — Roofing

(Concluded from Page 59)

lost literally billions of rubles last year in operation. The soldier, condemned to the fourth class or ordinary box freight car before the revolution and permitted to go only where the government sent him, now travels free of charge all over Russia. The entire nation is in flux. It has been pulled up by the roots and can't find a place to settle down. Soldiers, or men in soldiers' uniforms, still make up the bulk of the traveling public, though it is now months since the demobilization of the army was completed. Heedless of the desperate conditions in the cities and of the repeated orders denying all entrance into Moscow or Petrograd thousands flock thither to take the place of the thousands who are fleeing to the country. Trains in both directions are jammed with twenty people in a compartment built for four, with forty or fifty more in the corridor of each car, twenty or thirty standing on the couplers between the cars, and dozens more, even in the most bitter cold weather, all up and down the roofs of the cars.

And it is over these lines and under these conditions that Russia's scant crops must be carried this winter.

Day by day, too, Russia's monetary position is becoming more hopelessly tangled. For all practical operations the banks have been closed since last Christmas. Pay the financial secretary of the soviet ten per cent of your check and he will probably make it possible for you to cash it. I knew of one man who had thus obtained the coveted initials on the back of his check for five thousand rubles. He presented it at the bank and the Bolshevik cashier handed out the money without taking up the check. So the man pocketed the check and brought it back again next week with the same results. In the end he had drawn out one hundred thousand rubles on this single check!

Such banking operations as these have inextricably scrambled the financial records of Russia for years to come. Unable to collect taxes the present government meets its bills each day by setting the presses busy printing as much new paper money as that day will require. Over the border from Germany are coming uncounted millions of rubles of forged and counterfeit paper. Anyone can tell the distinguishing marks of the German notes, but there are so many of them in circulation that it is not feasible to refuse them. Secret banks have been organized among groups of business men to avoid this maelstrom, but any single expedient is useless in the face of such a growing snowball of financial ruin.

Sanitary Conditions

Fuel, along with food, is dependent on Russia's broken-down transportation system. And so are clothing and shoes and all the thousand and one other necessities that Russia does not herself produce even in normal times and cannot now import. Petrograd, always raw and penetrating, suffered bitterly from lack of firewood last winter. Moscow was spared by the warmest winter in many years, with the thermometer rarely below zero Fahrenheit. Such a dispensation can hardly be expected two years in succession. More cold and less clothing to withstand it seems to be the immediate lot of the Russian. He has discovered longer life in shoes and coats than any of us ever supposed leather and wool possessed of. Russia is one great patch. But the process will come to an end when there is nothing more with which to patch. A tailor demanded eight dollars and two months to put a new lining in my coat, and I was to furnish the material. He hadn't any and couldn't get it. The coat waited for its lining until I got out of Russia.

But I finally agreed to pay a cobbler nearly two dollars to use my own leather in straightening the heels of my shoes. In the open markets, like the Suhareffsky, in Moscow, cloth remnants and even stolen or secondhand coats and boots and rubber overshoes may still be purchased, but the shops where such articles were formerly sold might as well be locked up until peace comes or a path is opened up for importations from the Allied nations.

When a Petrograd dealer unearths a case of shoes that have been in hiding somewhere he sends a sandwich man out to parade up and down the Nevskii Prospekt to announce the glad news to the world. There were cartoons last spring at the time of the Brest-Litovsk peace conference of the German commercial travelers swarming across the border, their arms loaded with clothing and other patiently awaited commodities. If the Russians seriously expected any such relief they had forgotten that Germany, too, has had to make ends meet. The German business man did appear in Moscow the week the treaty was signed, but he had come to purchase the titles to real estate and industrial plants.

I think the only thing I really feared in Russia last winter was the coming of disease. I am sure the same fear would be a close contender with the fear of starvation in the winter ahead. The ease with which disease may be contracted in Russia's disorganized condition and the difficulty of fighting it with lowered vitality are thoughts that inevitably prey upon the mind and make their realization more probable. Medicines of all kinds are scarce or exhausted. One day I heard a physician change a prescription three times in order to meet the druggist's available repertory of chemicals. Hospitals have been closed because of shortage of funds and lack of supplies. But the most serious handicap in the treatment of disease is the alarming scarcity of physicians and surgeons.

It is no wonder, then, that pestilence has broken out in various parts of the country. The plague, brought back by returning soldiers from the Turkish Front, is raging in many cities along the Black Sea. Typhus this summer claimed its victims in Blagovyeshchensk and other towns in the Amur River Valley in Eastern Siberia. Cholera sweeps on unchecked in Petrograd. I shuddered last winter when I looked on the conditions there which would inevitably bring this or some other epidemic with the spring. For, instead of carting the snow from the streets out beyond the city as in the old days the authorities had been compelled to resort to the makeshift of dumping it in the canals which thread the city. Petrograd is built on a swamp and there is almost no fall to the canals or the River Neva, and so the melting snow backed up into the houses and spread contagion throughout the city.

The Unknown Future

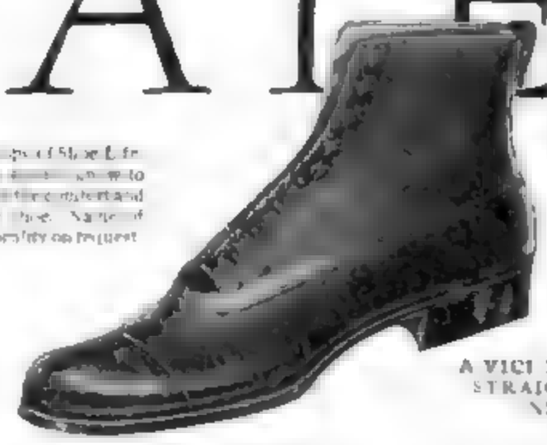
There are countless other sources of infection. Several times last winter Moscow's water supply gasped for breath. It will halt when the coal pile runs out. A modern city without water is unthinkable. Adulterants in the food and tainted food abound. I know of a man who died from eating bread with lime baked in it. You eat fish now at your peril. But when you are hungry you are not always careful what you eat.

What the coming winter will bring in the way of further political upheaval, realignment of parties, counter revolution or deeper descent into anarchy no one can predict. It really matters little for the immediate future, since even the most vigorous reconstructive policy would have to devote its first efforts to preventing the spread of disintegrating forces. The materials for rebuilding have been shattered and scattered. The only thing that is sure about Russia is that conditions are bound to be far worse before they begin to turn for the better. "To a great height shall the business of hungering go," said Jean Paul Marat in France nearly one hundred and thirty years ago. To a great height shall the business of hungering go in Russia the coming winter.

Through it all, whatever happens, there is only one course for America to follow in her relations with Russia, one course consistent with our ideals and our destiny. The concrete path of that course will change with changing events, but it must always stand the test of sympathy and infinite patience.

Russia believes in America. The mass of the people believe vaguely in us as the great democracy that will serve ultimately as the model for their own. Those whose education has given them broader vision believe in us because they have faith that our national purpose is unselfish. They will all find it difficult to retain that belief through the bitter days ahead, for it is hard to understand in agony why a friend cannot help. In our greater security, therefore, our patience must be all the more unfaltering. We ourselves, most of all, cannot afford to forget President Wilson's declaration last January in his statement of our war aims: "The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy."

BATES



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BATES Shoes are swinging along in line with your own thoughts, helping solve your problems. You will like them. You will like their clean lines. You will like their moderate prices and the quality that backs up their appearance.

The dealer who sells Bates Shoes likes them, too. He knows they are the shoes you want. They show it on the sales sheet. Volume-sales today are proving the popularity of Bates quality at moderate prices.

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"Say it with Flowers"
Chrysanthemums
suggest the way to convey the expression of sentiment over which you've been hesitating. These great, glorious flowers are fairly alive with generous good cheer. Their freshness and beauty will keep for many days.
Chrysanthemums should be known to every home once at least during their season. They should be sent broadcast as stately messengers of cheer and good will. They should be used as decorations for weddings and all social occasions.
The dainty miniature Chrysanthemums lend themselves charmingly to inexpensive basket arrangements, while Chrysanthemum plants in profuse bloom are ideal gifts this month and next.
See the Chrysanthemum display at your florist's shop. You may safely order them by telephone if more convenient.
Do you know that by the use of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service you can have flowers delivered in any city anywhere in the United States or Canada in a few hours?
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"Say it with Flowers"
is the title of a dainty 16-page booklet bound in many miniatures in colors, on etiquette and uses of flowers, sent free on request
Whose Birthday is it?
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Put The Black Shell primer to test. Don't be [illegible] and with primer alone, shoot a quarter-dollar off your gun-[illegible]. If it won't [illegible] shell. Then you'll know why Black Shells make less "dead" on your game.

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UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

HOMO AMERICANUS IN GAY PAREE

(Continued from Page 11)

And besides, General Pershing, at the monument of an immortal Frenchman, said it all in a speech of four brief words:

"Lafayette, we have come!"

It was in 1492 that Columbus discovered America. But it was not until 1918 that France, and Paris in particular, discovered the real Americans. Before that time, it is true, Paris, the pleasure ground of all nations, had received within her gates many Americans. She received them with open arms, played with them, and then ticked off their salient characteristics, their weaknesses, their foibles, their vanities, with the brutal precision of an adding machine. She had their number.

In those legendary pre-war days there were of course many different types of Americans in France. There were the rich American tufthunters, coal, oil, and steel magnates, cattle and beef barons, lumber and candy kings, men who had amassed millions, whose wives had come over to marry off their daughters to the scions of some noble race, to regild with their bright new gold the tarnished splendor of some antiquated coat of arms of an ancient mildewed family, whose ancestors possibly had been possessed of a sufficient amount of brain or brawn to lift them a little above their fellows, but whose descendants had haughtily refused to traffic with such vulgar prerogatives and had been imbeciles since the Conquest. Of this particular lot of Americans Paris took mocking note.

Besides this group there were other groups. There were those who came over for the racing season; those who came over to study art and life as she is lived in the Latin Quarter; certain affluent young bloods who came over to dispense their governors' hard-earned winnings in the leather trade; various young gentlemen who cherished the fond faith that they could beat the game at Monte Carlo; others who held that to be King of the Battle of Paris at Maxim's or the Moulin Rouge was the highest honor the gods bestow.

There were the Americans the French dressmakers knew; husbands who paid preposterous prices for gowns that no Frenchwoman could have been hired to wear. And these husbands laid down the price so meekly that the rapacious head saleslady made the same grim remark that Bismarck made when the French, after the defeat of 1870, turned in their monstrous war indemnity even before it was due. Said Bismarck, watching that operation: "Had I known you could pay so easily I should have charged double the price!" Bismarck did not get another chance, but the dressmakers did.

The Azalea Family Abroad

Then there were the tourists. Now tourists, viewed solely from the low, base, pecuniary point of view, spell prosperity—coins to jingle in the purse. But viewed in any other light whatsoever they are worse than a plague of locusts. They are always asking fantastic disagreeable impossibilities, and they are always more or less mad, to boot. Sane people remain at home and mind their own business. Conceive yourself a French innkeeper of the good old easy-going régime. You keep a small deluxe hotel. An American family arrives—papa; mamma; a young demoiselle about nineteen, pretty as a carnation and fresh as wet paint; and a young brute of a monsieur with the tough sang-froid of a camel. If all goes well that family should defray the running expenses of that small exclusive hotel for the season. The innkeeper himself comes forward to welcome the wanderers in. It is an old custom for which he reasonably charges only ten per cent extra on the bill. But before even the luggage is unloaded from the van the Americans begin to make themselves disagreeable. They demand a suite with hot and cold running water and porcelain bathtub! *Nom de chien!* A bathtub on top of the Alps! And Young America pipes up that there are three bathtubs in his house in Azalea, and Jimmy Jackson's has five, and neither of them even pretends to be a hotel. *Sacrés mille cochons!* Then why didn't they stay in Azalea—if it was bathtubs they came to see? Verily, they should pay for their sojourn and their insolence!

Later, down in the dining room, more unpleasantness occurs. The maître d'hôtel, a haughty liveried gentleman, evidently a duke in disguise, places in father's hands a card a yard long covered with smudged violet hieroglyphics which resemble an intoxicated hen's tracks. No prices on any dish. You buy a pig in the poke in every sense of the term. Father puts on his spectacles. He wades through the *hors d'œuvres*, flounders through the *potages*, struggles over his head in the violet sea of *poissons*, comes up to bubble on the *entrées*, throws up his hands at the *légumes*, the *rôtis*, and the *entremets*—and goes down without a groan.

Mother takes the card.

"I know what I'd like," announces young Middle-West unhesitatingly. "Corn on the cob—with plenty of butter. Yellow butter with salt in it. Not this white lardy stuff they pass out."

Father brightens. "Corn on the cob! Can you make out anything like corn on the cob in that confounded jungle, mother? And along with it look for chicken à la Maryland, with lots of gravy. Daughter, I've spent several thousands on your finishing education. Now here is where I begin to realize on the investment. Turn that into French for this son of an earl behind my chair."

But corn on the cob can't be turned into French for the very best of reasons.

Over the wine list father again strives gallantly. He glances through the catalogue of rare and seldom old vintages at rare and seldom old prices, turns the leaves, but apparently cannot find what he is searching for. Finally he glances up with a wistful look in his eye.

Shaking Down Father

"I suppose," he suggests mildly, "that you haven't got such a thing as real good sweet cider here?"

Cider! Oh, father! Oh, shades of Bacchus in the wildwood! Even mother emits a little squeal of horror at this egregious social faux pas. So in the end father weakly throws himself on the mercy of the waiter. And everybody knows what happens when you do that! At dessert the innkeeper comes round to ask if monsieur has enjoyed his dinner and has monsieur remarked the view. Incidentally, the view is also rendered in the bill. Father regards it absently.

"Mother," says he, "do you remember that outlook from the hill up behind the old pasture?"

And so the ice caps go a-begging.

There are also other things. "Oh, papa, don't pour the wine into mamma's glass! Pour a sip into your glass first." "Oh, papa, don't carry your own bag. It's just too awfully plebeian! . . . Yes, I know it's a suitcase but they call them bags over here."

And when the welcome hour of father's deliverance arrives there is a whole battalion of servants in livery lined up in a double lane leading from the grand red-velvet staircase out to the door. And father, who has grown savage over the matter of tips, bristles like an Eskimo husky and is for turning up his coat collar and running the gantlet, head down.

"No, no, papa, you just can't do it! You've got to tip them—tip them every one."

"But I don't owe these highbinders a red cent. They never served me. And when they did I paid them off on the ground. By George, look at them! Count them! They've gone out into the highways and the byways and compelled them to come in. I'll wager my hat there's not a man left in town, unless it's the mayor."

"Well, papa, you have to tip them all, just the same. If you don't they'll put marks on our trunks to show the servants at other hotels that we're cheap and stingy. And you know we're not! So tip them good."

And what can father do? He does his duty; but he relieves the bitterness of his soul by sardonically handing over five francs extra for the mayor—who he judges

(Continued on Page 65)

TIME—the Most Valuable Raw Material

The greatest service of the motor car is in shortening the time of business transportation.

It has extended individual radius of action.

It has caught many a train that might have been missed.

It has enlarged the salesman's territory by shortening his time of travel—has brought the farmer nearer to the city and the suburbanite closer to his work. It has taken the city postoffice to the farmer's gate.

It has multiplied the value of the contractor's hour by enabling him to cover his jobs in quicker time and to keep closer in touch with every unit. It has brought the doctor to his patient—has rushed the injured to the hospital, saving lives as well as time.

Keep your car efficient. Remember that the more reliable it is, the less time it is laid up for repairs, replacements and overhauling—the more time it saves—the less time it loses. Also that the more carefully you look after lubrication, adjustment and small repairs the less need there will be for using that valuable, non-replaceable raw material—the time of highly skilled labor.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN BEARINGS

FOR MOTOR CAR, TRUCK & TRACTOR

Every Garment
HANES
Buy None

GUARANTEE—*We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks*

You know Hanes Underwear is right the instant you rig up in a suit!

Put that fleecy warmth of Hanes Winter Weight Underwear next to your skin—and, you're fit to face the stiffest blast the north can let fly! Get the friendly hug of the elastic knit, long fibre cotton; and, strain in any direction, and prove how perfectly Hanes gives-and-takes with every body movement! If you'll pass-up the fuss-frills in high priced underwear, then add these fine service-features, you'll know what Hanes Underwear offers at a popular price. *Follow every fact*—guaranteed unbreakable seams; elastic tailored collarette that cannot gap; pearl buttons that are sewed on for keeps! And, behind them all stands Hanes workmanship! An unbeatable combination!

Hanes Heavy Winter Weight Underwear comes to you in Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers—the utmost extra value your money can buy. Inspect the knitting, tailoring and finishing. Realize that it is *all yours at a popular price!* And this is made possible by enormous production.

Illustrated above is the Hanes Heavy Winter Weight Union Suit. The Closed Crotch *stays closed;* the elastic knit ankle cuffs assure snug fitting. In every way these Union Suits are perfection.

Greatest Winter Underwear **HANES** Sold at Popular Prices

ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

WARNING TO THE TRADE—*Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label*

Hanes Heavy Winter Weight Shirts and Drawers have for many years been the American Standard at popular prices!

Greatest Underwear for boys!

Hanes Boys' Union Suits exceed in quality, workmanship and service any boys' underwear we have ever seen. They are superbly made with an unusual finish and combine the features of the men's garments with cozy warmth so ideal for youngsters. In reality, they are men's suits in boys' sizes.

If your dealer does not have Hanes Underwear write us immediately.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C. *New York Office* 366 Broadway

(Continued from Page 62)

must be out of town! Mad. Perfectly mad, concludes the innkeeper, who nevertheless pockets the fee. Thus each parts from the other in high dudgeon, and each is partly wrong: father for expecting to find Europe America: and the innkeeper for expecting to find father the original Comstock lode.

These were just a few of the pre-war specimens of the great overseas democracy that the French collected, analyzed and tagged. Then came the war. And during that first desperate unorganized year of tragedy, when it seemed as if France, like an overloaded lifeboat, must surely sink beneath the overwhelming weight of misery, the French began to discover another group of Americans—Americans who frequented neither race courses nor casinos nor dressmakers', but who gave money as freely as if it were water; gave time and thought and their best gifts of energy and organization; worked ceaselessly day and night, drudging like kitchen slaves at tasks that possessed neither grace nor interest but nevertheless must be done; and who, so toiling, with love in their hearts, brought together two great democracies. They swung an airy suspension bridge across the ocean, and thousands traversed it back and forth, bringing and seeking aid. Then it was that the French began to get past the outer shell and to discover the real inner quality of Americans—and especially of American womanhood. For the relief organizations formed during this period were formed mainly by women—with men standing shadowily in the background, check books in hand. But chiefly it was a woman's pie—the men furnishing the dough. And the inspiration, the cheer, the heart-warming sympathy which American women poured forth will never be forgotten by France so long as tides flow toward the moon.

The Decoration Hunters

The first year passed; the second came and was well under way when some characteristics of certain relief workers, hitherto unmarked, began to rear their heads. And Parisians, keen analysts and satirists, began to be amused by another type of American abroad. There exists down in the Solomon Islands a certain joyous band of natives called head-hunters. The term is self-explanatory. And in Paris there came to exist a certain band of relief workers called decoration-hunters. That term also is self-explanatory. A few war workers began to hunt decorations with the same solemn naïve passion with which the simple native hunts enemy heads. Many were the laughs which these stalkers furnished war-weary Paris.

One personage in America cabled a friend in Paris the laconic message "Get me a decoration." And the friend did. But alas for human nature! She went and got that friend a silver medal, while she herself possessed one of gold! Rage. Humiliation. A lifelong friendship sundered. A committee gone to smash. Another worked herself into a state of hysterical neurasthenia to get a gold medal; got it; and then called in all her decorationless friends and enemies to an afternoon gloat and tea.

"Of course," she modestly remarked, "this honor was absolutely unexpected. I had no idea that the French Government was watching my work and meant to reward me like this—with a gold medal too! You know dear Mrs. Van Blank, so sweet and charming and good, just pulled wires right and left, made herself vulgarly absurd, and then received only a silver medal—which everyone knows means just nothing at all. It's heartbreaking to see women act that way. It injures our noble cause. And in a solemn hour like this. Wasn't it Shakspere who said: 'My son, cast away ambition'? It's incredible to me how anyone can harbor such low unworthy ideals. . . . Yes, isn't it lovely? And now I'm not going to rest until I've got one for my mother!"

This is not fiction. That final remark of the lady was repeated with unholy glee all over Paris. For everybody knew she had started her campaign the day she landed in France. Now the authorized manner of hunting a decoration is this: One—or one's amiable friends—hands in to the French Government a memorandum, or dossier. This dossier consists simply of a collection, duly listed and stamped, of all the good, beneficent, meritorious deeds in the way of relief activities which one has committed in France, and which should entitle one to sport a decoration along with the best of them if there is any justice in the land. It is like getting into a certain type of club: Enough people of the right sort write in to the admissions committee that you are a ripping person and no party is complete without you. A dossier, however, contains only lists of good works, with a few selected autographs. And nearly always one receives the decoration.

Sometimes, though, it arrives with a sting in its tail. One was delivered, without ceremony, through the mail! And a French minister harried by importunities was heard to declare that it was true that Americans had done magnificent war work before their country's entry into the conflict; it was likewise true that the French Government delighted to honor with decorations those Americans who had stood by France in her hour of need; but it was equally true, so far as he himself personally was concerned, that not once had he accorded a decoration that had not been previously demanded of him!

To offset these decoration-hunters there were of course dozens of indefatigable workers who stoutly refused rewards, saying that if honors were to be bestowed they should be bestowed on the anonymous Americans at home who were digging down into their pockets to provide the war funds.

The Dried-Up Expatriates

Nor were Americans the only sinners. In this same respect the British and the French were also quietly doing their part on the side. They were all Solomon Islanders together in Vanity Fair. This particular class did not bulk large in the entire army of fine sturdy workers who with their own bare hands were holding up the bulwarks of the French nation. But they were conspicuous, just as foam is conspicuous on the top of a big green deep-sea roller. The foam isn't the ocean, but it may try to bamboozle the landsman into thinking that it is!

This list would be incomplete if one omitted to mention a certain group of not exactly Americans rather prevalent abroad, who made themselves heard in the months just previous to America's entry into the war. This group, not exactly Americans, as I have said, were neither masculine nor yet feminine gender, but a sort of neuterish class. They were, in short, Men and Women Without a Country. They were atrophied Americans. Now "atrophied" is a biological term which signifies to become dried up as a result of not having a sufficient blood supply; to die from disuse; to become diminished and desiccated from lack of participation in the general activities of the body. These Americans had become atrophied by separating themselves from their native country. They had uprooted themselves for various reasons: because they aspired, because they hungered for culture—excellent reasons in themselves; because they suffocated in their small home towns, unutterably crude, crass, hustling and money-grubbing, where no one seemed to care for the higher artistic life. So they came to Europe; and having come they stayed on.

But they stayed on as spectators, as people who had bought tickets to a show. They had uprooted themselves from their native soil, but they neglected to reroot themselves in the new; to become solid citizens, voters, taxpayers, shapers of the common life of the community. They drifted here and there much as tumbleweed is drifted on the desert by the wind. So they dwindled, dried up, went to seed.

But in all these atrophied Americans one common characteristic prevailed: They hated their native land. They railed ceaselessly at its crudities, its vulgarity, its degraded ideals, its mad scramble for gold. It was as if in casting off their unfortunate country, as one casts off an undesirable relative, they felt the constant need of justifying their choice.

Accordingly during those difficult unsettled days before America stepped down into the war arena it was this class which was her most savage critic abroad. Of her problems, her internal travail during that period, the atrophied American knew nothing, having disdained all real information for years. That made no difference. He knew all about her, in his own estimation, and he disseminated his knowledge far and wide. The French people listened and drew their own conclusions. Intensely patriotic as well as polite they argued rather shrewdly that to proclaim aloud before strangers the

Hallow the parting with this beautiful *love*-token!

More than a ring, more than a gift—Symblem is a message from your heart to his. Molded in its patriotic design is the word that has, for centuries, been a sacred symbol of parting!—

MIZPAH

"God watch between thee and me while we are absent one from the other."

Symblem will be silently saying to him, over and over again, wherever he may be, the words and the wish that you had in your heart when he left, "God watch between thee and me while we are absent one from the other." Let that thought be with him *always*.

Give *each other* a Symblem Ring

A Symblem Ring on his finger—a Symblem Ring on yours—they will be love-links of remembrance for you and for him.

See Symblem today at your dealer's

Sterling Silver $2.50—10-k solid gold $7.50. If the dealer hasn't Symblem in stock, he will order it for you at once.

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It is put in every Raynster so you will know what you are getting. It is a promise of satisfactory wear from the world's largest rubber manufacturers. It is assurance of full-measured value in material and workmanship.

Do your part by looking for this label.

Raynsters come in all desirable styles. There are heavy rubber-surfaced coats for outdoor men; featherweight silks; trim business Raynsters of fine woolens; light slip-ons for dress-up wear and a complete range of styles for women, boys and girls. The Raynster Label covers the largest line of weatherproof garments made.

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United States Rubber Company
Clothing Division
New York and Boston

shame of one's kinfolk was ignoble to say the least. And if these Americans were as vitally concerned as they appeared to be and had good honest red blood in their veins, why did they linger in Europe; why did they not hasten home to wrestle with their poor country's evil ways?

Then America declared war. And both France and England regarded that solemn declaration with mixed feelings—deep gratitude accompanied with grief, grief that now this young and very independent sister among the nations was to enter upon the long agony which they had endured for years. No one can gaze upon the cemeteries at Ypres and Verdun—thousands on thousands of little crosses in close serried rows—without realizing how deep that agony has cauterized the heart of each race. Had one interrogated a Frenchwoman upon the glory of the American men going forth into battle she would have replied "*Ah, les pauvres enfants!*" with a sigh and a tear for all the misery yet to be. But not the etiolated Americans. They thought they had done it all! Listening to them one had the impression of the United States as a large shock-headed, ungainly schoolboy, being led by the ear by a stern master to some unwilling task. The etiolated Americans had brought the country in! One of them explained the situation to a visiting British commissioner, who complimented him on his country's decision.

"Yes, yes," replied the Man Without a Country; "now I feel as if I could go away and take a holiday. God knows I need one after the burden I've been carrying on my shoulders all these months. Before, until a few of us over here got America up to the sticking point, we couldn't do anything except skulk round back ways with our tails between our legs!"

The True Nature of France

Poor fatuous fathead. Etiolated egoist. He thought that he and a few others of his ilk by a few windy words had dragged a whole mighty nation into war.

I have gathered these various groups together and sketched them briefly in order to show how difficult it is for two different countries, separated by custom and blood, really to understand each other. France, a proud, subtle old race, realistic to the marrow, loves to mock at shams and crown them with a fool's crown. So in the main she laughed at these American excrescences. Nevertheless, they colored and distorted to a certain degree her conception of the entire nation. It could not be otherwise.

Practically the same thing took place in the United States with regard to France. What were the popular beliefs concerning the French character current before the war? Decadent. Immoral. Sterile. A dying race, already on the toboggan slide. A gay people fond of laughter and light wines. These false or superficial aspects of the French clung tenaciously to the American imagination; and the fact that our best literature, art, philosophy, plays, pathologists and scientists were French scarcely abated this popular misconception.

It has taken four years of crucifixion, a spectacle of agony such as the world has never before beheld, to teach us the real points of the French nature. Originality of the first order, spirituality of the first order—these are the cardinal qualities of the French genius which distinguish it from the genius of other lands. And from the fountainhead of those twin qualities spring gayety, laughter, charm, irony, perversity, unrest, melancholy, austerity, sacrifice—all those chromatic rainbow effects that dazzle the outside world. But nail them on the cross as they have been nailed for four years, and those two salient characteristics shine forth strong and clear.

With the entrance of America into war France, and Paris in particular, began to catch fitful glimpses of still another class. There was no social searchlight played upon this class. They did not linger in Paris; or if they did it was without banners and bells. But for the most part they remained a couple of nights in the capital, and then spread out over France like a vast dragnet. Usually they were past draft age, shrewd-eyed behind their spectacles, with thinning hair. They had a habit of melting into the landscape. If they wore uniforms, as the majority did, it was without the smartness of a regular army man. Their military belts were forever humping up behind.

I have said they made little noise, this great influx of Americans, neither soldiers nor yet relief workers, who came and took up their headquarters at ports, railway and supply centers, and construction camps. And yet a wave of such magnitude, even though it had a seeping rather than a sweeping quality, could not altogether escape the keen eye of the Parisians, who began to line up these specimens for view.

A Paris cabman had for his fare one night a gentleman of this group which I am attempting to define. It should be stated that a Paris cabby is an extremely intelligent animal. And his horse, though it looks but a poor bag of bones, is not one whit behind. Moreover, there exists between man and beast a close confederacy. For when the cabby becomes too intoxicated to drive, which begins to be the case along toward five o'clock in the afternoon, he gets down from his seat, and under pretense of rearranging the bridle he whispers the address of his fare into the horse's ear. The sage quadruped nickers gently, "*Ça va, mon vieux!* I get you, old boy!" After which he does the rest. Everybody has observed this small transaction without perhaps quite understanding the combination.

All that remains for the *cocher* is to mount his seat, and curse the passers-by. And if he curses loudly enough the chances are his fare will become frightened and tip him heavily to avoid an altercation. It is very sound psychology.

Now a Paris cabby has still another idiosyncrasy: He will accept with gratitude a tip from a Frenchman that he will spit on and cast in the dirt if proffered by an American. For it is a fact, well known among the cabby fraternity, that all Americans are multimillionaires. And for an American to pretend otherwise is gross deception, which won't go down.

Accordingly, when this particular American had designated the address and the gaunt beast had carried him to it there began to be enacted a little play. The fare descended, scanned the round white dial, and handed up the precise fare plus the precise tip, as a Frenchman would have done. A hoarse bellow broke from the mouth of the cabby, who forthwith began to balloon himself up into purple rage like a baboon. *Mon Dieu*, what kind of a pourboire was that? Did monsieur take him for the son of a reputationless monkey to offer him a mangy little tip like that? The American received back the money which was jammed into his hand, glanced at it mildly, made a slight change, and mildly returned it again. And this time when the bloated face of the cabby bent above his palm he discovered he had no tip at all!

An American Curiosity

Upon another occasion this strange homo Americanus, genus unknown, was sitting in the Métropolitaine opposite two charming young French matrons. Americans abroad have the habit of speaking their frank mind about their French Allies before the latters' very noses, fancying because they talk in English they will not be understood. These two young Frenchwomen must have caught the naughty habit, for they were vivaciously discussing their neighbor as if he were deaf and dumb and blind.

"Not a real *militaire*, certainly."

"*Non, mon Dieu!* He wears his clothes as if they were a disguise."

"Nor rich—do you think?"

"*Jamais!* Would a rich man have unmanicured hands?"

"He looks bored to me—even a little sad. Regard his eyes—how dull they are. How different from our sparkling French eyes!"

"You are right. But perhaps the poor unfortunate has indigestion. However, he looks tired. Yes, and intelligent. Do you not find an air of simplicity about him? And!—do not look—but remark how straight he stares at us, with the grave frank candor of a child. Oh, decidedly, there is something attractive about this man!"

"Perhaps. But he appears somehow unroused, asleep."

"Unroused? How then?"

"I don't know. To women, perhaps. They say these Americans care nothing about love."

"*Oh, là là!* How droll!"

"Well, you know what I mean." Suddenly she clapped her hands and laughed aloud. "*Mon Dieu*, I have it! I know who he is. I have never seen one before, but I have heard of his kind. An American friend of mine has one for a husband. *Oh, là là.* 'Tis he!"

(Continued on Page 69)

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Gives More Comfort Than You Have Ever Known Before

ATHENA means more to women than "just underwear." It affords them *unrestricted freedom of movement*—never "binds" over the bust or around the hips. By giving free play to body and limbs ATHENA adds to woman's grace and poise.

Being tailored to fit the form, it never "bunches" under the arms or in other places, but conforms to the figure, *all over*.

Its *comfortableness* is so unusual that when women once wear it, they will never again wear the ordinary garments that must be *stretched* into shape.

ATHENA Underwear is made in all sizes, weights and qualities, at the prices you pay for ordinary underwear.

Ask for ATHENA at your local dealer's

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK

Note the striking contrast between ATHENA and ordinary underwear as shown in the two illustrations at left. ATHENA is *tailored in the MAKING* to conform to the figure naturally, without being *stretched* into shape.

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Absolutely Freeze Proof

Testimonials

We used your Freeze Proof for the last ... winter in our ... We found ... to stay ... freeze solution and ... It is an ... for ... It ... for the purpose it is ... OPITZ, Pres. Peter Kuhn ... Co., Racine, Wis.

We used several cases of your Freeze Proof ... winter and ... It ... enough ... for us ... it again this coming season.—CITY GARAGE OF TYLER, Tyler, Texas.

We have used your Freeze Proof for the past year and it gave entire satisfaction, and proved our claim ... —MADISON MOTOR CO., ... Maine.

I put your Freeze-Proof in my radiator and have had ... I look ... and ... I ... REV. F. ADIX, Rush Center, Kans.

Wish to say that the Freeze Proof is satisfactory in every respect. ... best ... of ... and ... J. DUNN, Wood-Davis Auto Co., Springfield, Mo.

Our confidence in Freeze-Proof is such that we have ... for the coming ... We ... and have the agency ... made in ... if we did not have ... profound confidence in the ... SALT LAKE HUDE. CO., Salt Lake City, Utah.

In regard to your Freeze Proof ... to say that ... have ... Please ... to send ... I have ... a ... —W. ... DOUGHTY Co., Parker, S. D.

I am glad to say that ... the many things I have ... that did the ... The temperature here ... to ... zero ... but it did not freeze. I advise ... to buy your Freeze-Proof and avoid trouble in cranking their automobiles.—ALFRED ... Dawson, Ia.

Have used your Freeze-Proof and find it all that ... always use it unless I ... I doubt I ever ... H. H. ... Norwood, Conn.

I have used ... Freeze-Proof during the winter 1917-1918 and ... it to all ... It ... on my car ... zero. For that reason I ... it.—REV. H. NIELSEN, ... Minn.

Johnson's Freeze Proof has done good work for me the ... My car has been out all night several times in a heating ... from 10 to 16 below zero, and my radiator did not freeze.—DR. MALCOLM DEAN MILLER, Akron, Ohio.

I have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof in my Ford ... unusual cold winter with complete ... results.—R. WM. F. HAKE, Grand ... Mich.

Don't Wait!

Don't wait until the freezing weather comes to think about protecting your car for the coming winter. Decide early to use Johnson's Freeze-Proof—purchase your supply from your dealer and read the directions carefully. A little time spent now in cleaning the radiator and putting on new hose connections will save you unlimited time, trouble, worry, and expense during the winter months.

JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF

is the logical anti-freeze preparation to use. It is inexpensive—does not evaporate—is non-inflammable—is easy to use—and is guaranteed. One application will last all winter unless the solution is lost through the overflow pipe or leakage.

One package will protect a Ford to 5° below zero, and one and a half packages will protect a Ford to 30° below zero and two packages will protect a Ford to 50° below zero. For larger cars, or to protect to lower temperature, use additional Freeze-Proof according to the scale on the package.

Cost $1.50 per Package in U. S. A. East of Rockies

For Sale by all Dealers and Jobbers

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

Testimonials

I have used Johnson's Freeze Proof in my ... and ... winter and have ... Every ... winter ... has been the ... winter in my ... I ... sign of ... when I have ... in ... Freeze Proof. J. V. A. ... Business Manager, The Herald, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I used your Freeze Proof ... winter ... and at ... it ... the ... per ... have had in ... years ... my ... car ... degrees ... and ... the ... I ... Johnson's Freeze Proof as the best insurance one can have on ... cooling system of any car.—C. W. MALLORY, Georgetown, Ky.

My automobile radiator and engine heads ... I ... Last ... I put in ... gallons of your Johnson's Freeze Proof. It has been ... degrees ... and ... the ... winter we have ever ... in Virginia. My car has been ... in an ... and your Freeze-Proof has done ... that ... guarantee it to do so we have never had it ... of the ... broken.—HOKE ... SMITH & CO., Inc., Farm Machinery, Petersburg, Va.

We wish to say at this writing, we want to compliment your ... for the ... it ... that we have had ... with the use of Freeze Proof this past season. We ... a package of Freeze Proof ... left in stock and ... came to ... of cars where the ... of these cars ranged from $1 ... to $15 ... and we ... in ... we did not have a ... in ... product.—JOHN J. MAHONEY, Treas. Motor Accessories, Inc., Boston, Mass.

We have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof this winter in ... Buick, Chalmers, Six, Ford, Wilson and Reliance ... This has been the coldest winter we have had for years, zero and lower right along, but notwithstanding the extreme ... weather all of the above cars and trucks have worked every day and not one of them froze up. We ... your preparation the best we ever used. JOHN ... BYERS, Supt. Labor Brewing Co., Uniontown, Pa.

Recently I left the car in my unheated garage and went out of the city. The car stood for a ... in the cold garage, during which time we had the coldest weather of the season, the thermometer being 36 degrees below zero. When I returned to Calgary ... my ... I found the car in perfect ... I figure that the ... boxes of Johnson's Freeze Proof ... I used saved me ... dollars.—J. J. WILLIAMS, Mgr. Robin Hood Mills Co., Calgary, Alta., Can.

Johnson's Freeze Proof fulfils every claim made for it and after ... we find that it not only prevents water in the radiator from freezing in below zero weather but also does not injure, in any way ... any part of the ... —H. E. COX, H. E. Cox Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

I have used Johnson's Freeze-Proof in my Overland ... which is a regular type Continental motor. Although this was a very severe winter, Johnson's Freeze-Proof stood the test.—H. E. GNADT, General Hardware, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 66)

"But, dearie, tell me. Quick. Who is he, then?"

"Why, he is 'the tired business man!'"

And at this the American, who had indeed been staring at her with the round unwinking gravity of a Buddha, suddenly emitted a chuckle.

"Madame," said he in passable French, "you are right. I am an American business man—but I am not tired. There are many of us over here; and, believe me, none of us are tired! Nor are we utterly insensible to the charms of attractive women. You see, my wife is French!"

With the advent of this class of Americans into the field of war came a certain clearing of the atmosphere. There was less rosy sentimental glow and more get-down-to-brass-tacks understanding between the two nations. Each had, to be sure, its own method of doing business, and at first these two methods clashed. A Frenchman is as precise as a dry-point etching in his affairs. He wants all of the details of a venture fully discussed, fully explained, before he signs his name. Up to that point he considers himself free as air. He may withdraw at any time, his honor in no wise impaired. After he has signed he will maintain his faith to the end of the world and beyond. But he is in no great haste to commit himself.

This extreme caution, this spying out every part of the process with a magnifying glass, so to speak, is the French tradition. Nor does it imply suspicion or want of confidence. It takes place in the most intimate transactions, between members of a family, in deciding an inheritance or arranging a daughter's dot. The proposition is discussed for weeks, from every possible angle. Its object is to bring the problem forth into the clearest light of day, to test thoroughly every segment of the circle, to leave no loophole to unlucky chance. And the result of such care is that some of the ancient French documents, legacies, wills and the like, have stood the wear and tear of the centuries and are still operative today, beautiful clean-cut examples of French logic and style.

Once-Over Message

Now that is not at all the way in which the American business man proceeds, and partly because time is his slave-driver, whereas the Frenchman is master of his time and refuses to be hustled by it. But there are other elements of difference. For example, in the putting through of an important business deal in America all the cards are at once laid face-up on the table, and the idea is discussed in its essence rather than in its details, and half an hour may suffice to conclude a transaction involving many millions. Here each man's word is as good as his bond. He may have traveled all the distance from New York to San Francisco to be present at that short discussion and to give his word. But that is the end of it. Signing the papers is merely a necessary and legal form.

This casual and offhand way of settling affairs scandalizes the Frenchman. From his point of view, eliminating the discussion eliminates also the soul, the beauty, the charm of business, and leaves dead dry bones. Both are good methods. It is the difference between riding in a jaunting car and racing along in a sixty horse-power machine. All depends on whether one desires to admire the landscape or whether one desires to arrive.

Now there was no doubt about it that during the year 1917 what the American business men in France desired was to arrive. For the landscape at that particular moment they did not care a single little d. Accordingly, chafing to get somewhere, to them the French methods appeared small and picayunish. They used a thousand-dollar unit of measurement, while the French used a franc. To the French, on the other hand, the American methods seemed large, scraggy and rough.

This difference in method was well exemplified in the installation of a French X-ray plant in an American evacuation hospital operating just behind the Château-Thierry Front during the June drive. It was necessary to install the plant with all possible speed, for other evacuation hospitals had been captured by the Germans, and as a consequence the wounded were massing in great numbers; and to operate without the X-ray to locate exactly the shrapnel was to lose valuable time and lives. French mechanicians were installing the plant, which was of French manufacture, while American mechanicians looked on with interest mingled with irritation. For those French experts, with their exquisite sense of detail, worked and tinkered and hammered and changed, getting that machine into the very pink of perfection, with exactly the same sense of infinite leisure as if precious lives were not approaching nearer and nearer the Great Divide.

"It set my teeth on edge," laughed the American X-ray lieutenant, as he related the incident. "I saw they were artists on the job, and we were only artisans. Compared to them we were nothing but rough-stuff barnstormers. As technicians I take off my hat to them every time. That French head mechanic was a better man than I am every day in the week. But just the same I couldn't stand it to see them tinkering and balancing away, taking all the time there was, with our fellows dying outside. And so when it came to massaging the coils I just took the matter out of their hands. Now the usual method of massaging coils is to throw the high current through them at stated intervals, let them cool for a space, then throw it through again, and so on until they can stand a continuous high voltage. And that's what the Frenchmen were doing, standing about and smoking betweenwhiles or fiddling with the small parts. I couldn't stand that and so I said:

"'Look here, I'm going to throw on that high current continuously and massage those coils all at once. After that we'll get to work on our boys.'

"'Ah, but you must not!' cried the head mechanic. 'That abrupt continued high pressure will injure your coils. They'll wear out sooner. It's too great a strain. You must massage them gradually.'"

Getting Acquainted

"'You may be dead right and I may be dead wrong,' said I, 'but the way I figure the thing is this: That the life of a man is of more value than the life of a coil. And if we shorten the life of this coil by overpressure at first, why, when it wears out we'll go out and buy another one.' And as I was boss I got my way. But they sure were disgusted with me!"

If as in the above case this fine technical craft seems at fault it comes in very handily in others, as for example when a seventy-five suddenly jams in face of the onrushing foe. Then not only the lives of the gunners but those of an entire company as well may depend on the cool, unhurried, exquisite precision with which the machinist works.

This constant interplay of two widely different temperaments in business has been of the greatest value to both nations. France has come to admire America's genius in organization, and to speed up some of her own slow processes, notably the telephone and the telegraph. America, on her side, has come to admire the fine solid business principles of the French and to realize that if they seem slow, laborious and finicky in detail, yet nevertheless the French have managed to instill into their transactions a charm, a personality, a flavor, which certainly render life more agreeable. They are artists in business, just as they are artists in war, in love and in art.

The best part of all this is that each nation has got down beyond superficialities to bedrock; each one is taking the other's measure in true workman style; and the friendship thus formed, with knowledge as a base, is bound to endure.

Thus far I have attempted to sketch the various classes of Americans which from time to time have invaded France, and the reaction of the French toward each class. It will be seen that thus far there has not been a single group concerning which the French have not permitted themselves the free use of their critical faculties. There is not a single group which has not been keenly scrutinized. But there remains one group of Americans in France of which one hears naught but words of love and praise. This is the great Army of American soldiers in France.

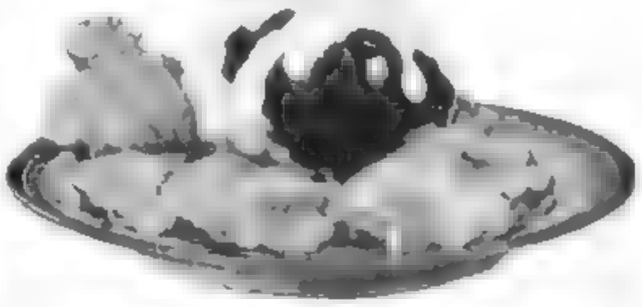
Nothing is too good for the American private. Paris, France, delights to honor him. They have raised him to the same high tender place in their regard as is occupied by their beloved poilu. *Adorable, admirable, superbe, brave, bon, simple*—are the adjectives most often in their mouths describing him. He is a *bon enfant*, a *brave garçon*. French mothers yearn with pity over him, knowing his loneliness so far away from home. Scarcely a day goes by

The Choicest Oil

For Salads, Shortening, Frying

Here, at last, is a de luxe salad oil which is equally valuable for cooking. An oil which you will prefer to olive oil and use in place of butter.

Made from corn, it is highly nutritious. Its origin makes it doubly attractive—all Americans love foods made from corn.



Douglas Mayonnaise

1 teaspoon mustard — 1 teaspoon salt — 1 [illegible] sugar
Paprika to taste — 2 [illegible] yolks — 1 [illegible]
1 tablespoon vinegar — 1 pint [illegible]

Combine mustard, salt, sugar and paprika; add to egg yolks. Add three teaspoons of oil, drop by drop, stirring constantly; then add [illegible] in a fine steady stream, beating and thinning alternately with lemon juice and vinegar [illegible]

When ready for use, thin with whipped cream. For a mildly seasoned dressing, omit mustard and sugar

Douglas Oil

Used for Salads

All users report that Douglas Oil makes wonderful mayonnaise.

This is because it blends a little more perfectly with the yolks of eggs, insuring success.

Salads dressed with Douglas Oil are splendidly balanced dishes. Serve them frequently, both in the interests of health and food conservation.

Douglas Perfect Doughnuts

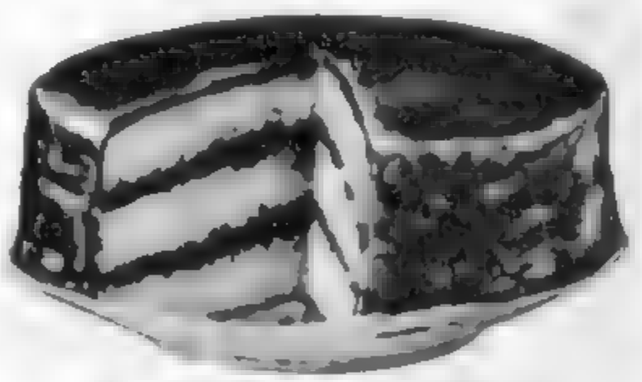
6 tablespoons Douglas Oil — 2 tablespoons baking powder
1 [illegible] sugar — [illegible]
3 eggs — ½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 [illegible] milk — ½ teaspoon salt
1 cupful flour — ½ cup Douglas Corn Starch

Add oil to one-half of sugar. Beat eggs [illegible] add to remaining sugar. Sift flour [illegible] with baking powder, salt and spices [illegible]

Used for Cooking

Douglas Oil requires no special method for successful cooking. Use it just as you would butter or other hard fats for shortening, but it is only necessary to use two-thirds as much.

Douglas Oil is the best of all fats for frying. It does not absorb flavors or odors, and can be used over and over again—one of the big economies offered by Douglas Oil.



Douglas Chocolate Layer Cake

[illegible] Douglas Oil — 3½ cups flour
[illegible] sugar — 1 cup Douglas Corn Starch
[illegible] vanilla — 2½ teaspoons baking powder

[illegible]

Order a Trial Can

Ask your dealer for Douglas Oil. He has it or can get it for you.

If you can't secure it, write us direct, giving us your dealer's name, and we will see that you are supplied. It is guaranteed satisfactory.

101

The Douglas Recipe Book compiled by food experts and published to sell for 50 cents, is offered FREE for a limited time to users of Douglas Oil. Beautifully illustrated in colors. Send your name, address and dealer's name.

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Douglas Corn Starch is the finest quality that can be produced—made by the world's largest exclusive corn starch manufacturers. Makes the best sauces, gravies, desserts, pastry flour—recipes on package. Highly nutritious—a splendid food for children.

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Sound teeth and healthy gums can only exist in a hygienically pure mouth.
Brush the teeth and rinse the mouth with Listerine.
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that the French dailies do not print some suggestion for keeping him off the streets, for mitigating the natural results of his loneliness. French homes have been opened to him. One French bachelor entertains a dozen privates at his home twice a week. Another, a wholesale pastry dealer, writes in to demand why they shouldn't "adopt" these *braves garçons*, according to their professions, for the duration of their stay in France. French "home associations" have been formed. For France realizes that in this one respect of never seeing their homefolks Americans are being subjected to a heavy strain, and they are striving by every means to lighten the load.

In one American evacuation hospital close up behind the Front there was a little old lady in rusty black crape bonnet and veil, about the size of a minute and a half, who was wont to appear in the tent wards with methodical regularity. By a kind of mother intuition she divined the men who were fighting a hard fight or were about to pass. And down she would sit beside them, smooth their pillows, give them drinks, hold their hot hands, ease them into comfortable positions, her gentle old eyes all the while shining with unutterable tenderness, unutterable love.

Who was this little French mother? What was her history? Nobody knew. Not a word of English had she at command. It was evident she was poor. Her hands were red and rough. But that gentle old mother-face, transfigured by a tenderness divine, was the last earthly image many a dying young American saw.

A Life and a Peach

In another French hospital lay an American dying of gas gangrene. It was observed that the little French scrubbing maid, a blond midget of about fifteen, with cherry cheeks and clattering sabots, had taken his bed under her especial charge. A rose each morning in the bedside vase; the flies chased savagely away; a drink at the slightest movement of his lips. That little maid translated his wants almost before he was aware of them. One day they set his bed in the garden. It was not for long that he would look at gardens or scented honeysuckle with fat bumblebees straddling their petals.

A doctor came on the little maid interceding in French with the soldier. The American couldn't make out what she wanted; himself he did not want anything; he was dying, and in a dull remote way he knew it. The doctor asked her what she wished. She replied quite simply that she wished to make this American a gift. He had given so much for France. She would like to give him something in return. A pencil—would he like a pencil? The doctor translated. No, he had no use for a pencil, the American said. Some paper, then? No, no paper. She named a number of things, and each time the sick man shook his head. The little maid grew pale with despair. Some fruit, perhaps? A beautiful luscious peach? At this the American brightened. Yes, he certainly would enjoy a peach! The little maid was radiant.

And the following afternoon, which was her half day off, she trotted six long dusty white miles into the village, sought the best fruiterer, and selected with infinite pains one superb peach. Just one. It was all she could afford. Little scrub maids are not like princesses with purses full of gold. They receive as pay a few random coppers every now and then. Chiefly, they live like hedge sparrows, by the grace of God. So in offering this peach, which cost her a franc, twenty big round copper sous, this little scrubbing maid was not doing so badly, after all. The American gave his life; she gave a peach; and both of them gave their best. Incidents of this character multiply themselves indefinitely along the Western Front.

In Paris itself the American soldier has not been so well known as in the provinces. But recently the troops which distinguished themselves in the Château-Thierry sector have been allowed forty-eight hours' leave to the capital. All France is divided into leave areas. A certain small percentage of a division is given leave for, let us say, forty-eight hours at a time, including transportation; and the district is designated to which the troops may go. The leave area behind the Château-Thierry sector includes Paris within its boundaries and thus it is to the capital that the soldiers come. Most of them have never been there before. It is their first visit to the metropolis of the world. In the station they receive their bread tickets, and may command the services of the military police or of the Y. M. C. A. to guide them on their way. Then they may go to one of the Y. M. C. A. hotels, where the prices are reasonable, the food good, the language American, and everything is done for their comfort and amusement. This, however, is not obligatory. Within certain set limits the American on leave may do as he likes—always remembering that if he likes to do certain forbidden things the Gobble-uns'll git him ef he don't watch out.

And as the Y. M. C. A. is the social headquarters of the enlisted men in Paris most of them sooner or later drift into that friendly port. Here some form of entertainment is going forward day and night. The guests come and go like the audience of a cinema. The beds scarcely have time to cool. In front of the Pavillon, a popular soldiers' hotel, a rubber-neck wagon leaves each day to view the Paris sights. Down the boulevards the camions rumble, past the Column Vendôme, made of melted cannon taken by Napoleon and with the bronze figure of the Little Caporal himself standing atop; past the Tuileries Gardens, the palaces of the Louvre, the famous Place de la Concorde, where stood the guillotine; and up the broad Avenue of the Elysian Fields to the magnificent Arch of Triumph dominating the Place of the Star.

The rubber-neck guide up in front bellows the information, and young America sits back in the truck, blinking, interested, striving to take it all in. This big picturesque sunlit city is a far cry from Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood and burying fallen comrades in shallow graves! Nevertheless, they catch glimpses of its beauty, its monuments, its gardens, its beautiful distances, softened as if by mauve and lilac and gray chiffon veils let down like back drops through the air.

A Case of Fifty-Fifty

And no soldier's leave is complete without sipping an afternoon apéritif at the little tables set out on the pavement in front of the Café de la Paix. One sits there for two reasons: First because it is the most celebrated gathering place in the world; and second because there a man may be freed from the pestering attentions of pestilent young damosels—or damosels not so young. For in front of this one café such may not seat themselves save in the company of a man. This rule was made by the proprietor, a man with a heart. For once upon a time there was a little French girl with a little French curl—but that is another story. But after that no *dames seules* were allowed at that café!

At the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club is another sight-seeing trip conducted solely for the convalescent American soldiers from the hospitals. They arrive, leaning on canes, on crutches, a bit pale and washed-out, garbed in vivid pink-and-green striped flannelette pajamas and floppy carpet slippers. And these pajama-clad warriors invade Notre Dame by wobbly squads, fifty or a hundred strong. They hobble about the stone pavements, stare up at the great stone bastions and beams clothed in everlasting twilight—and they wonder. But the wonder is not strictly confined to their side. For if they have never before seen anything like Notre Dame, neither has the great gray old cathedral seen anything like these troops of pajama-clad veteran-kids! The surprise is fifty-fifty.

At the Y. W. C. A., where concerts for the soldiers are held at stated intervals, the doughboy strolls in and finds a chair, not only to see what is on in the way of a show but also to rest his eyes by looking at real American girls.

A Canadian one day dropped into this Y. W. and after staring heavily at the secretary for ten long minutes said in low diffident tones: "Say, could I get a girl from here to take out to dinner?"

The secretary took his measure in one flashing comprehensive glance before she replied with a smile: "Why, yes, I think you can. What kind of girl would you like?"

"I'd like a sad kind of girl. One that doesn't go out much. You know, when you choose a girl you want one a bit like yourself."

"All right. I'll see if I can fix you up." She disappeared into an inner room. "Girls, there is a Canadian out here who wants a sad girl to take to dinner. Anybody care to go?"

(Concluded on Page 73)

— as Transportation Makes Greater Demands Upon the MOTOR TRUCK

Republic nation-wide service is a big advantage

Greater demands are constantly being made upon motor trucks everywhere. Transportation needs are urgent. Every truck must be kept at work day-in and day-out. Each truck must be made to haul every ton of freight that it is capable of hauling.

Republic Nation-wide Service makes this possible for the owners of Republic Trucks.

There are more than 1300 Republic Service Stations, distributed all over the United States, making Republic Service available to Republic Truck users in city and country alike.

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It is this conscientious service together with the quality built into all Republic Trucks that is responsible for Republic attaining the leadership in the entire motor truck industry within five years. Last year Republic built and sold more than twice as many trucks as the next largest manufacturer.

There is a Republic Truck to meet every hauling requirement. Seven Models—¾ ton to 5 ton. The Republic dealer will help you decide which model will best meet *your* needs.

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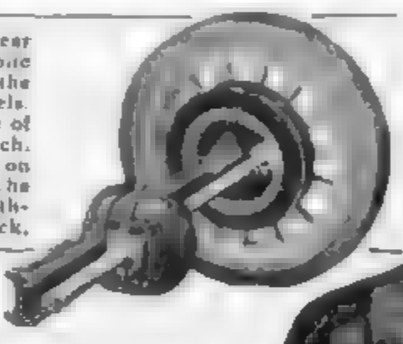
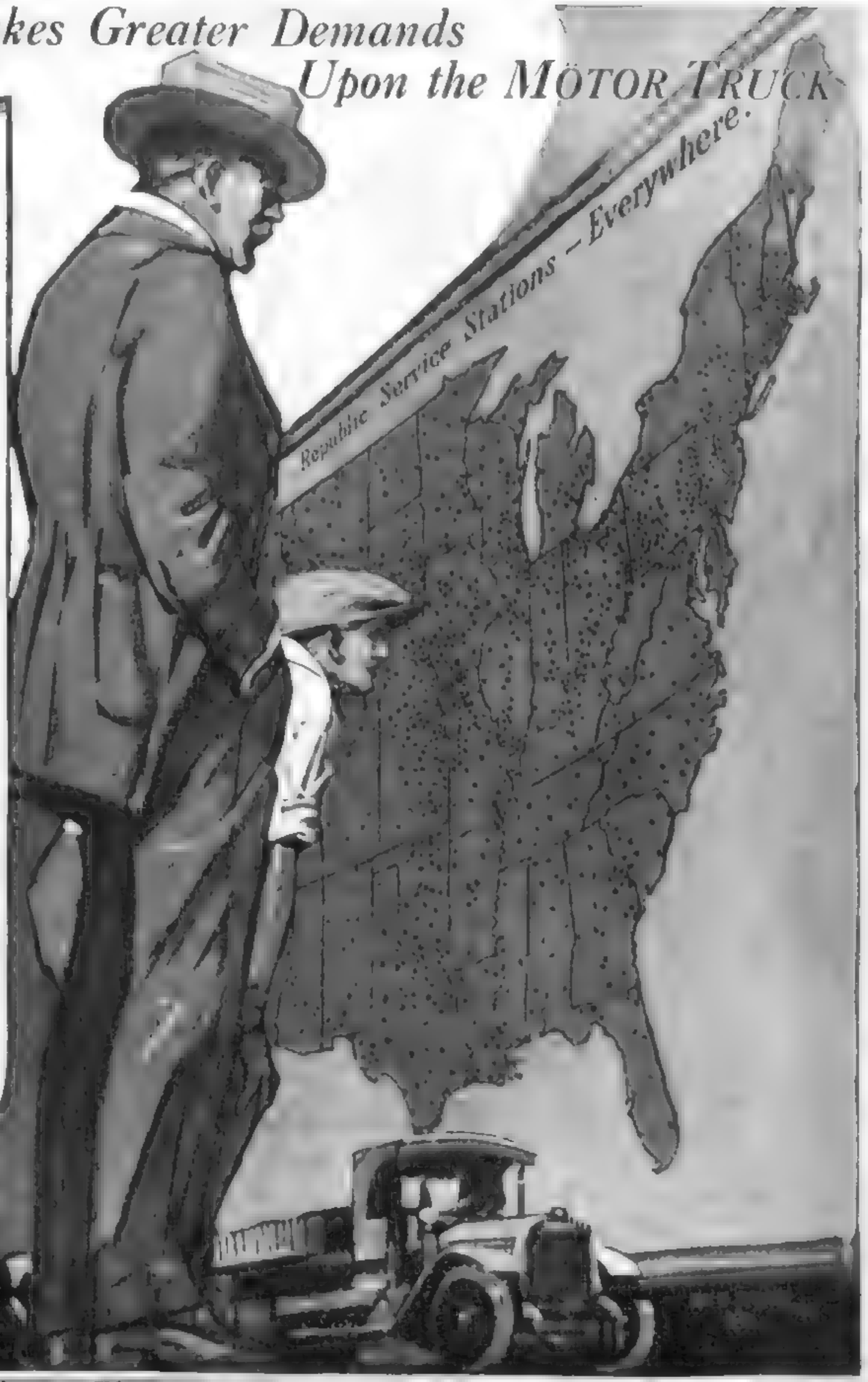


The Torbensen Internal Gear Drive used in all Republic Trucks, delivers 92% of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. The entire load is carried on a separate I beam axle. The driving mechanism has nothing to do but *drive* the truck.



REPUBLIC

Internal Gear Drive

MOTOR TRUCKS

Built by the Largest Manufacturers of Motor Trucks in the World

To help Win the war

TODAY no American shrinks from any sacrifice of a business or personal nature which helps forge a link in the chain of victory. In the forging of one of these victory links the Priorities Division of the War Industries Board, Washington, D. C., has asked manufacturers of Composition Roofings and Shingles to limit the sale of their products to:——

The United States Government and its Allies.

War construction or non-war construction authorized by the War Industries Board.

Structures in which its use may be allowed by permit of the War Industries Board.

Building construction for essential uses and costing in the aggregate not more than $2,500.

Repairs and replacements on all old buildings.

The Standard Paint Company has gladly pledged itself to fully meet these requirements both in spirit and intent. Every one of our distributors of Ru-ber-oid or other of our roofing products has made the same pledge.

We place the program of the War Industries Board before you, the ultimate consumer of composition roofing, in order that, knowing its provisions, you may more readily assist in carrying it out. Buy composition roofing for the purposes specified *only*. By so doing you will help win the war.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

Chicago New York Boston

MAKERS OF

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

(Concluded from Page 70)

"What about Miss Blank? She's Canadian. Maybe she'd like to go. She's out, but she'll be back in half an hour. I heard her say the other day she felt sorry for these Canadians so far away from home."

The secretary returned. "I've got a girl for you. But she's out just now. Will you come back in an hour?"

The Canadian preferred to take no chances, and remained where he was. In about two minutes a girl came running downstairs. She was not a sad girl, for she was singing a foolish little ditty as she ran.

As she passed the soldier she caught his insignia, and called breezily: "Hello, Canada! Where are you from?"

"Montreal."

"Do you know Jack Winston?"

"Cousin."

Leaning over the counter toward the secretary Canada murmured in confidential tones: "Say, never mind about the sad one. I'm suited right now."

This kind of incident is constantly taking place. American and Canadian soldiers are always demanding to meet nice American girls. A special bureau formed with such an object would have a great future in France!

When I asked the provost marshal in Paris concerning the rules governing the conduct of American soldiers on leave he replied:

"Well, inside certain limits the American soldier has the same freedom as everybody else. There are places which, for obvious reasons, are out of bounds, and these are patrolled by the military police. A soldier may not get drunk or break the peace or be guilty of misconduct any more than a civilian. There is, however, one thing I should like to say for the benefit of our people at home. And that is this: The American Army does not take over in any degree whatsoever the standards of the country it chances to be fighting in. In the United States Army United States standards prevail, whether the soldiers are at Paris, London or the North Pole. That one principle—American cleanness, American nondrinking habits, American good health—we apply rigorously to our men on leave."

As a matter of fact, in the main the American soldiers play as clean-cut a game on leave as they play at the Front. I have yet to see a drunken American private in Paris. For the most part they are to be seen in groups of twos or threes, "gangs" or "outfits" as they call themselves, strolling about the streets. On brilliant moonlight air-raid nights, when all Paris is out on the Champs Élysées, on chairs, laughing and chatting, waiting for the *alerte* to sound and the Gotha concert to begin, there gather together ten or twenty American soldiers in a big open circle, and they sing and sing and sing!

And if you chance to be passing at the time and call out "Now please sing Over There," half of them will bound to their feet and exclaim: "Gosh all hemlock, that's the voice of an American girl!"

The truth is that even after a year of absence and of foreign houris they still appear to harbor a stubborn prejudice in favor of the maids of their native land. 'Tis passing strange, but true! Taken all in all, the homo Americanus, genus militare, in gay Paree is a specimen to gladden the hearts of all of us who must remain over there.

CALL UP THE BALLOON

(Continued from Page 4)

wore with pride and by which I was known throughout the entire wing. As he opened the door we fell into a mess room with the table laid for dinner. A piano was vying with a talking machine in noise producing, while several officers were lounging about the room. As soon as we entered the noise stopped. The major took me by the arm.

"Here's a tame Canadian I have brought you," he laughed.

My section, when I joined it, was flourishing in epicurean style. Their billet was a French château, with the inhabitants, or some of them, still living in it. We had real beds to sleep in. Altogether it felt like being on permanent leave. It was the end of a long winter, and the visibility was for the most part low, so there was not a great deal of observation possible. Moreover, very little was going on on that Front anyway. Our quarters, by the way, descended the scale of palatiality considerably every time we moved, for each move took us nearer to the Front and into a more lively sector. While in the château we were about eight or nine thousand yards behind the lines. From the château we advanced to a farmhouse; then to a house in a deserted village; after that to well-made huts in a wood—I know because I made them myself; then to poorly made huts; and when I left France we were living in heavily camouflaged tents just over four thousand yards from the Hun.

The morning after I arrived I was informed that I was to make my first flight. The major was to take me up himself. I found out afterward that it was more for a test than for any other reason. Personally I thought that they were rushing matters too fast.

I knew absolutely nothing about balloons. It seemed very cold, and the wind appeared to be getting stronger every minute. I was sure I had never seen so many Hun planes about, nor so few of our own. Need I say that the night previous I had been entertained by a recital of all the most gruesome accidents that balloons are heir to. My own idea of the fitness of things was that I should see two or three ascensions made first, and then some calm day I would be taken up for my first test.

In this I was grievously disappointed, for at one o'clock the tender called for me. I was bundled into tons of warm flying togs belonging to the different officers and driven away to the flying field. The last comforting thing they said to me as I drove off was: "Be sure and remember always that the end of your parachute harness is in the right-hand coat pocket!"

Cheerful thought, that!

I found the major arriving as I got out of the motor. The balloon was swinging lazily as the crew attached the cable. To me it looked awfully big and fragile, and the cable surely was very thin. I was supplied with a pair of binoculars and clambered into the basket.

"We'll just toggle onto the parachutes," suggested the major as he fastened me securely to mine and then climbed into the basket beside me. He tested the telephones, adjusted the aneroid barometer, looked round to see if everything was all right and then nodded to the flight sergeant.

"Hand over hand, let up!" bellowed the latter. "Let go!" Then two short whistles and the winch commenced to rattle as it paid out the cable.

Someone was taking the earth away. I could see it dropping away from us. The figures of the men become foreshortened and smaller.

No, by Jove, we were going up! I could see for miles all about me—just like looking from the top of a high building.

Gee, what a lot of wind there was up there! It roared past my ears, warmly tucked away in my flying helmet. The basket began to rock from side to side in the most alarming fashion. It was most disquieting. It gave me a very uneasy feeling where my lunch was resting. Most discouraging of all, the basket looked old and the floor was probably much weaker than it had been when new.

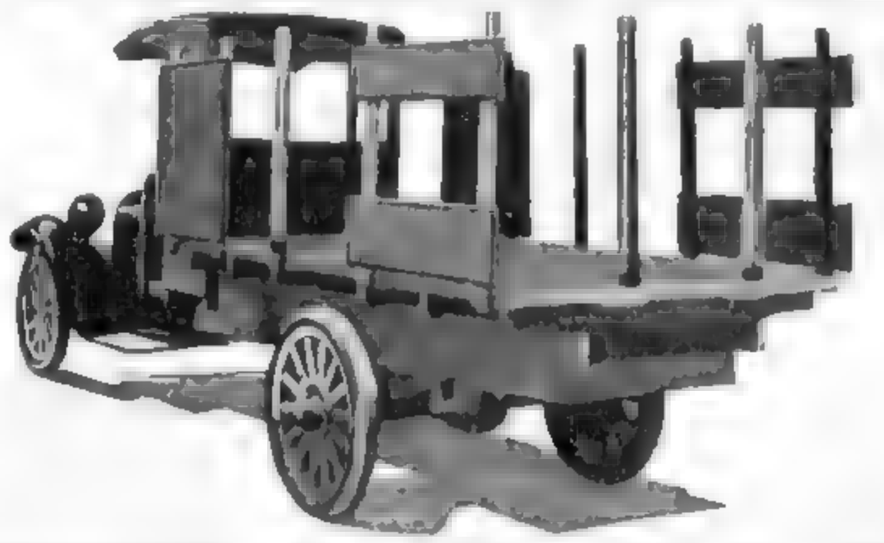
For the first time I realized what a wonderful privilege it is to walk, particularly on a nice, hard, firm *pavé* road. I remembered one delightful walk I had had from a nice, wet, muddy trench back to the battery. I had been up in that trench forty-eight hours. It had rained all the time and I had seen a Zeppelin. It had rained all the way back to the battery. My, that had been a lovely walk!

Down below us I discovered an immense amount of soft white meringue. They were evidently serving it on a futurist plate, for I could see yellow and brown triangles and squares in places between the meringue. There seemed to be fire cracks in the plate too. No! They were roads and trenches. The meringue looked fairly soft but the plate looked solid enough—too solid. We were just over a nice brown triangle of plate.

"Stop at twenty-five hundred," came the major's voice into the phone.

Everything was so quiet up here that I thought at first he was trying to talk to the men below without using the phone. Suddenly a sickening lurch heaved the

GRAHAM BROTHERS
TRUCK-BUILDER



The Truck Complete, Graham Brothers Truck-Builder combined with a Dodge Brothers Motor Car

GOOD power plants from used motor cars can now be built into light or heavy *trucks*, complete with cab and body, with the assurance of long life and high-grade truck service.

Graham Brothers Truck-Builder has brought the process to a point of certainty which merits the serious consideration of every truck user in the country.

So many thousands of them have been standing the stress and strain of light and heavy hauling for more than a year past that their soundness is beyond debate.

Graham Brothers feel warranted, therefore, in urging business men to consider the Truck-Builder in active comparison with the very best of new trucks.

It is not merely the initial saving of forty to fifty per cent which will appeal to them.

It would be impossible to buy for truck purposes a better power plant than those built by Dodge Brothers, Cadillac, Packard, Reo, Overland, Chalmers, Chevrolet, Stutz, Locomobile, Premier, Hupmobile, Haynes, Cole, Maxwell, Buick, Hudson, White, Ford, Kissel, Mitchell, Pierce-Arrow, Lozier, Apperson, Marmon, Oakland, King.

Graham Brothers, by utilizing existing power plants, are able to attain a production impossible in the ordinary truck plant.

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Truck-Builder bodies and cabs are backed by twenty years' manufacturing experience and unequalled factory facilities.

Users of national standing who employ the Truck-Builder in the same work with ordinary trucks, include the Bell Telephone Company, United Cigar Stores Company, Coca-Cola Bottling Companies, Standard Aircraft Corporation and a score of others.

Graham Brothers Truck-Builder is made in 1, 1½ and 2-ton capacity, complete with cab and body. Special types for Dodge Brothers and Ford application. Torbensen internal-gear-drive axle.

Also 3 and 5-ton Traction Truck-Builder for fifth-wheel and semi-trailers.

A special cab and body for each particular hauling need.

Your dealer can supply you.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
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Graham Brothers Truck-Builder and a Motor Car Make a Complete Truck

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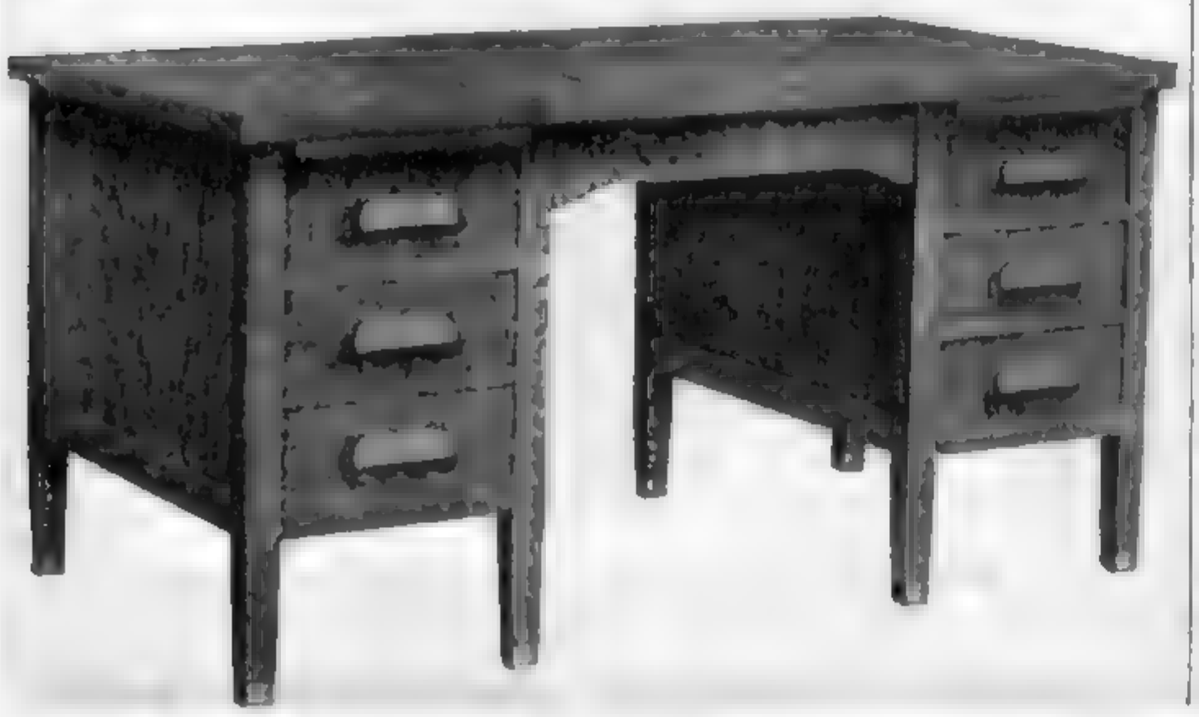

basket. The solid feel of the basket disappeared. We were falling. I was falling a bit slower than the basket and my stomach was going even slower than I was. Stomachs are such difficult things to replace in France too!

I was just preparing to think over my entire past life, as all well-regulated people do just before death, when a voice came over the telephone: "Winch stopped at twenty-five hundred, sir."

Was that what it was? Well, they needn't have been so infernally rough about it.

The basket was riding easier now, and the long string of tail parachutes attached to the gas bag was stretched out at about forty-five degrees.

At that time we were using a Drachen type of balloon. The Caquot type, which was adopted about a month later, had two large longitudinal fins in place of the tail parachutes. The function of the parachutes was to keep the balloon head on to the wind, but they had the disadvantage of putting an extra strain on the cable. The Caquot type is superior in several other ways, the chief ones being the ability to ride out a stronger wind and being much steadier. The fundamental difference between a Drachen and a Caquot is that the former is essentially a kite balloon, riding at an angle of about forty-five degrees and allowing the wind to exert upward pressure on its lower surface. The Caquot is a true streamline balloon. It rides into the wind almost in a horizontal position. It is quite obvious that the latter is much steadier in any wind.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked the major.

"I beg your pardon?" I replied.

He repeated the question.

"Sorry, major, but I can't hear a word you are saying," I answered.

"Grab hold of your nose and swallow a couple of times," shouted he, suiting the action to the words.

I followed his example; there was a crack in both ears and I found I could hear quite well. The decreased pressure had made that difference.

"How do you like it so far?" asked the major.

"Fine, sir," I replied; "but rather indescribable for the moment."

"Well, we always send down certain information every flight we make regarding atmospheric conditions," he continued; "but first haul in a bit on the balancing guys."

He pointed to two ropes leading to the rigging from the stern of the basket.

A Lesson in Directing Fire

Under his direction I hauled accordingly, bringing the basket more toward the stern of the balloon. Its nose went up in consequence, and the basket became much steadier. On the Caquot type balloon these guys are not needed.

Meanwhile the major got busy with the instruments.

"Just throw that overboard," he ordered, handing me a thermometer incased in a shutterlike box. To hear was to obey, and overboard it went, but to my surprise I found it was fastened to the basket by a cord.

He had arranged a wood and rubber tube contraption, which he called a Pitot tube, on the edge of the basket.

"Wind, northeast, twenty-eight miles an hour," said he, looking at the dial connected with the Pitot tube. "Visibility, fair"—glancing toward the Hun lines. "Height, twenty-three-fifty. That was the barometer reading, though the winch indicator showed that there was twenty-five hundred feet of cable out. We had drifted down the wind to some extent so that our actual height was twenty-three hundred and fifty feet.

"Position," he continued, glancing overboard and then at the map: "A twenty-six; C sixty-five point forty."

To the uninitiated this conveys little, but to one who is familiar with the army maps it pinpointed our position to a matter of a few yards.

"Temperature!" he added. I hauled in the thermometer: "Twelve point five degrees."

You will note it was fairly chilly up there, even for spring.

"See if you can get a battery that would like to fire a few rounds." The major was speaking to the ground officer in the chart room.

Then to me: "Now we can get to business. Where do you suppose the German front line is?"

I glared into the far vista of the panorama laid out before me, then at the map.

"Out there," I answered, pointing to a thin trickling line away in the distance.

"Wrong," chuckled the major; "there it is." He pointed to a slight regular crack in the ground, seemingly almost under the basket. It dawned on me that when one is at a height things that are far off appear to be almost under one.

The major next pointed out the significant points in the terrain, comparing them with the map. For some time I could hardly take my eyes off Fritzie's front line, and as I studied the country I noticed how vastly different it was from its appearance even when looked at from a high hill. Simultaneously the thought hit me that what I was looking at was only a very extensive map, without the printing, of course; in fact, the original of what was shown on the map board. That thought convinced me then and there that a balloon must of necessity be the very best means of observing artillery fire, and from then on I was a thorough convert to the indispensability of balloons in warfare.

Just here the chart room called up and stated that a certain battery of ours wanted to register two guns on a hostile battery position. Instantly ensued much study of the map and surrounding terrain. Finally, when we were ready, they fired their first round, and we were notified of it. We knew where our battery was, though it was so well concealed that we couldn't see anything of it except the flash when it fired. After waiting about thirty seconds we saw the burst, a dusty, smoky upheaval to the left of and behind the target.

With our degree-scaled glasses we saw how far away from the battery it was. This done the major ordered: "Thirty minutes more right; drop one hundred."

What? Teatime Already?

The second round was right in our line of sight and beyond the target. As our battery was on our left it showed that the shell had fallen still too much to the left, so the order was: "Fifteen minutes more right; drop fifty." The next round apparently fell just a shade short of the target. We ordered "Repeat." The following round fell in the battery target, and the third fired at that range must have landed in a gun pit, blowing up the ammunition, for there was a great explosion. Smoke and flames shot up from the target and continued for sometime. Indeed, so much smoke floated over that section of the country that it obscured the rest of the target, and we were forced to stop firing because we could not see what we were shooting at. It was another case of not being able to see the woods for the trees. Though we could perceive what we were shooting at very well, owing to the smoke of the fire we had started we could not see our shells bursting in the smoke and we could not be sure whether they were doing any damage.

We waited for some time for the smoke to clear but the days were short, and as the evening mist began to gather we concluded that we could not continue to shoot, owing to lack of visibility. The major spoke to the battery, apologized for not being able to go on, and promised to call them up again the next flight. He then asked the chart-room officer for the time, as our own watches were under numerous layers of clothes.

When he was informed he exclaimed: "By Jove! We shall be late for tea tonight."

Meanwhile the wind had increased somewhat. The basket had swung about so that it was difficult, in fact almost impossible, to keep one's glasses directed upon the target. I had wedged myself into a corner of the basket and wound my arm round one of the basket suspensions. I did not feel comfortable—the tail parachutes were flying almost straight out now—and anyway, I hadn't had my tea.

A whole lot of criticism is directed against the afternoon-tea habit—undeservedly, I think; for when, as is the case with balloons, one doesn't get dinner till eight-thirty to ten-thirty at night one feels much better for a small bite about four-thirty P. M. Besides, when one is having an unhappy time in the basket and one would like to be on the ground very much, believe me, afternoon tea is a bully excuse!

(Continued on Page 77)

"It's simply wonderful—I never could get through my sewing without it"

Davis *Portable Electric Sewing Machines*

You can't imagine what a satisfaction it is to have a Davis Portable Electric in the house.

There are so many odd lots of sewing that you find to do—so many things that you can make for the children—and so little work about it all that it is a continual source of joy and comfort.

Then, too, you are not confined to the limits of a stuffy little sewing room. You can sew wherever it is most convenient—in the living room, the bed room, the sun parlor—or in these days of war activities you can pick up your Davis Electric and take it with you to your Red Cross work room.

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Manufacturers of Sewing Machines since 1862

Now is the time for Night-Light Saving

WITH the clock's hands set forward an hour, a million tons of coal have been saved since last April.

But now the days are getting shorter and the nights longer. So we turn our clocks back an hour to make them more nearly agree with sun-time. This is the time for night-light saving.

Electric power plants with few exceptions must burn coal to manufacture electricity. If every electric-lighted home used the MAZDA Lamp only (which requires but one-third as much current as the wasteful carbon lamp), and if everybody adopted the rule never to leave a room without turning off the electric light, the saving in electricity would keep several large war industries supplied with coal or electric power as long as the war lasts

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EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, HARRISON, N. J.

EDISON MAZDA

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 74)

As I said before I was not exactly comfortable with the basket swinging about in every direction, but I concluded it was a regular thing. The major had handed me the telephone and appeared to be studying the ground immediately below the basket very carefully. I did not notice him particularly, but when he stood up again there were tears in his eyes. He took the phone and called the winch

"Haul down slowly," he ordered.

The basket gave a sickening lurch as the winch started, and we heard faintly the four whistles to call the crew together

"You know," spoke the major, "I like to have you gunners in the company. You are used to artillery and generally take well to balloon observation. I'm expecting great things of you, for you've had a pretty fair test this afternoon. I wanted to see if you would get sick up here, and you didn't The joke, as you say in Canada, is strictly on me, for I got sick myself."

"But, major," I replied, "the test was hardly a fair one, for perhaps I was too interested to get sick. And, anyway, though I have never been seasick in my life I shall probably get good and sick in a high wind some day."

"Well," answered the major as the basket touched the ground and we climbed out, "to-day was rather an exception. The great majority of days you will get less than a quarter of the wind we had to-day There are very few days when you will have as much or more; though you will have a few of them, I fancy."

Subsequent events proved that he was right.

As a general rule officers training for the balloon services receive that training in England, where they do a certain amount of free balloon work. This is done in spherical balloons. They ascend in these and go floating, at the dictates of the wind, over the surrounding country. The very necessary training received in this way teaches a balloonist that indescribable thing known as the feel of the air. It also teaches one how to handle an observation balloon if for some reason or other the cable breaks and the balloon floats away on its own. If an observation balloon breaks away, with the wind toward the Hun lines, there is generally only one thing to do—get rid of the instruments, particularly the maps, and hop overboard with the parachute, letting the balloon continue its journey alone. If, however, the wind is away from the Hun lines it is necessary that the pilot of the balloon be able to bring his balloon down and land it in a suitable place without injury to himself, his passenger or the gas bag itself. Numerous funny things, and some that were not so funny, have happened in training.

Work at Vimy Ridge

A certain amount of ballast—that is, loose sand in bags—is carried in the basket of a balloon. Hydrogen gas is very sensitive to differences in weight, and the throwing over of even a handful of sand when the balloon is at a constant height will cause it to rise.

On one occasion a new pilot was making a flight with four cadets. The balloon was losing height fairly rapidly, and when it became apparent that the heavier air near the ground was not going to check the fall to a sufficient extent the new pilot, in his anxiety to stop the rapid descent, shouted out: "Throw over a bag of sand!" Each of the four cadets grabbed a bag and heaved it over, bag and all. The descent ceased abruptly. The balloon started to rise and when it stopped it was at fourteen thousand feet.

For some reason or other, however, I was to receive all my training in France, so for somewhat over a month after my first test flight I was the object of increasing attention from all the officers in the company. They fairly crammed me with knowledge. I made flights with one or the other of them almost every day. After a few flights the novelty wore off and I was allowed to carry on observation of fire under their supervision. I spent hours and hours of my time on the ground in the mobile workshop we carried, learned a good deal about the winch mechanism, got an insight into balloon maintenance and repair, and added considerably to my knowledge of motor transport. I was kept very busy, and time was not allowed to hang heavy on my hands.

At the end of the month I was gazetted as a balloon pilot and, as such, was qualified to make flights alone or to take up passengers. From that time on I fell into the regular routine, when I took my turn with the rest of the officers in flight duty.

Shortly after I was gazetted as a pilot I was sent down to the Vimy sector to build a series of camps for the sections in the wing, as a move south was contemplated. When we had our new camp built and, one dark night, had moved in, bringing the balloon overland inflated, things began to happen in quick succession. We found out almost at once that we were not on a peace-time Front. There was more going on in front of Vimy Ridge in a week than happened in a month where we had been before, and even at that the preparation for the Vimy Ridge assault had only just begun.

The artillery was being concentrated and was getting its guns calibrated. The amount of heavy artillery on this Front was something almost unbelievable

As soon as we were in position we were besieged by requests for observation, and soon our telephone switchboards were filled up with artillery wires. Of course the Germans knew there was something unusual going on behind our lines, for with a concentration of troops such as that was it was impossible to hide things from the enemy. However, by a feint on a northern sector the impression was given to Fritz that the attack might be in that direction, which gave him something extra to think about. Our aëroplanes were very busy and only very occasionally would a Hun plane get over our lines.

Just about this time it must have dawned on Fritz what work our balloons were doing, for he began to hate them regularly. Under such conditions life in an observation balloon began to lose somewhat of its monotony. Some days there was excitement enough and to spare Fortunately, for a considerable period Fritz was unable to accomplish his desire in regard to the balloons, but occasionally luck was with him and he succeeded in setting one of them on fire. As if that were not enough to contend with, the weather became very capricious. We had periods of high winds and some thunderstorms.

Some Narrow Escapes

One day a thunderstorm was threatening when word was received asking for some observation on a particular bit of the Front. Our balloon was in the air at the time in ballast—that is, without an observer. To take the observer's place about two hundred pounds of sandbags had been placed in the basket and the balloon sent up without telephone or instruments

A balloon is sent up in ballast for two reasons. The first, and perhaps the most important, is to intimidate the Hun properly. From behind the Hun lines it is impossible for them to tell whether there is an observer in the basket or not, and I know, from experience in the artillery, that a battery is very chary of opening fire when it has a balloon gazing down its muzzles. Indeed, on more than one occasion I have known the German artillery fire to fall off almost fifty per cent the minute a balloon ascended into position on our side of the lines.

The second reason is that a balloon in the air in ballast can be hauled down and manned, and be in position again for observation purposes in much less time than it can be taken off its bed and got into the air.

Therefore when this call for information came to my section I ordered the balloon hauled down preparatory to ascending. I was just struggling into my coat and making my way across to the balloon when a blinding flash of lightning zigzagged down the sky and a terrific roar shook the earth. The balloon, which was about six hundred feet off the ground, staggered and seemed to buckle up in the middle. A streak of flame and a cloud of smoke shot out from it, and then it folded up like a clasp knife while a mass of flame illuminated the sky. The balloon fell into the trees of a wood near by, where it was entirely consumed in a few seconds—all except the basket, which when its suspensions burned through dropped to the ground like an overripe pear.

The next time I was not so lucky A terrific wind was blowing, making at twenty-five hundred feet fifty-five miles an hour. An emergency had called for the

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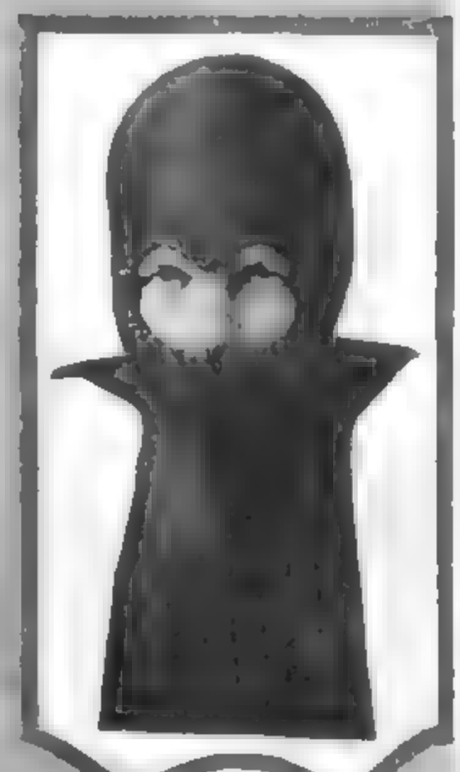

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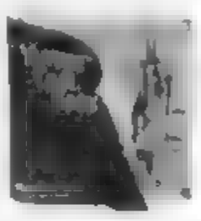

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia

Illustration below shows "YANKEE" Chain Drill being driven by "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill, No 535

ascent of the balloon, and along with another officer I ascended. We stopped at twenty-five hundred feet, and there I had the worst ride I ever had in a balloon. The basket simply flopped all over the place, making it necessary for us to hang on to the suspensions with both hands to keep from being thrown out of the basket. The strain on the cable rose far in excess of what we had been told was safe, and both of us fully expected the balloon to break away. We stayed up there for forty minutes, trying all that time to get some information that ordinarily we could have acquired in five minutes. Even at that we didn't do the job to our own satisfaction, though as matters turned out our information was sufficient to the need thereof. When we gave the order to haul down and the winch started, the strain on the cable rose to an alarming figure. The winch driver had to haul us down as carefully as one reels in a large fish on very light tackle. He would haul in a few dozen feet, then a gust of wind would come and he would have to pay it out again. In fact, he could gain only a few feet at a time. Meanwhile the basket swirled and bumped till we expected the rigging to be broken any minute. We were both of us braced into the basket and hanging on with both hands.

After a seemingly interminable time our aneroid showed that we were at one thousand feet. By this time more than a thousand soldiers, attracted from nowhere by the fact that we were in trouble, had gathered about the winch.

The officer with me had the telephone and was keeping up a more or less spasmodic conversation with the ground officer, who kept telling us what we looked like and adjuring us to cheer up—the worst was yet to come

He was quite right. We had just got below one thousand feet when a terrific gust hit one side of the balloon, driving it broadside to the wind. The nose of the gas bag went down and the wind pressure on the upper surface of the balloon drove it to the ground in a wild nose dive. The balloon hit the ground just outside of the crowd, which scattered like leaves before the wind. Immediately it bounced up again—so quickly, in fact, that the basket was jerked into the air without hitting the ground more than a slight glancing blow. The lift of the gas, aided by the wind under it, took the balloon to one thousand feet again in just seven seconds. I did not count them myself, but the ground officer assured me that he had. We both thought the balloon was loose and we were on the point of throwing out our map board—our instruments had thrown themselves out when we hit the ground—when the cable tightened with a jerk and—did not break.

On Terra Firma at Last

Then the struggle recommenced. Here the wind was not quite so strong. Gradually we were pulled down to about one hundred feet, when we ran into another pocket of ground wind. Once again the balloon got her nose down and nose-dived to the right, coming down with the cable still taut to within ten feet of the ground. Up she went, scarcely hesitated at the top of her swing and dived down the other side, came up and repeated the maneuver again on the right side, this time slamming the basket on the ground with more than a little force. It crashed in one corner of the basket and broke some of the rigging. Then she stopped at the top. We found afterward that the winch driver, driven to desperation at the difficulty he was having, had tried to haul us down in a hurry and that the stern of the balloon had not responded to the pull of the nose sufficiently quick to keep her nose up. It took him just twenty-five minutes to get the balloon down from one hundred feet. Even when the crew finally got hold of the handling guys the balloon dragged them to and fro, backward and forward, across the field. The flight sergeant immediately impressed the services of some forty or fifty Canadians to add their weight to that of the crew, and then the basket finally touched the ground gently. The other officer and I unhooked our parachutes and hopped out of the basket, amid the cheers of the spectators. They seemed to regard the whole performance as highly entertaining and staged for their especial benefit.

While we were in the air I did not know whether to be sick or just plain scared, and ended up by being both! I did not feel the strain until I was out of the basket, and then I found my knees acting like a well-oiled hinge. I simply could not make my feet track. Since that time, however, I have had a whole lot more respect for the strength of the cable and rigging of a kite balloon than I had before.

Given decent weather and the absence of Hun aëroplanes, ballooning in France is a very pleasant occupation. Conditions such as these held the afternoon I destroyed my first German battery from a balloon in preparation for the taking of Vimy Ridge. It was a very bright sunny day. I had ascended to thirty-five hundred feet, about two P. M., and sat up there watching for the mists to clear sufficiently for observation work. It was almost an ideal day for flying, only about eight miles an hour of wind. On the ground it had been unpleasantly hot; up about thirty-five hundred feet it was just pleasantly cool.

Away back in the Hun's lines I could see the smoke of a fire: either a town burning or a big ammunition dump that had been successfully bombed by our aëroplanes When I thought it was clear enough to get on with shooting I reported a shooting view. Then the day started for the balloon people and the artillery. Batteries woke to life and prepared to dole out to Fritz his daily iron rations with an unstinting hand. The other balloons in the wing rose one by one from their beds, swinging lazily to and fro until their fins filled with air. They looked for all the world like benevolent elephants wakening to life

Let Growler Do It

I was requested to take on a German battery, situated on the forward eye of the Bois d'Hirondelle. That battery was to be wiped from the face of the earth, and to do it I had a battery of eight-inch howitzers. A fifteen-inch-howitzer battery asked to be allowed to kick in a few rounds on a crossroads behind Vimy Ridge. This crossroads, a picture of which had been taken by one of our aëroplanes, was just visible in the distance. The Germans used it to a great extent in getting their material up to the front line. The reason for the destruction of the German battery I think is obvious. The fifteen-inch battery was ready first. It was situated beneath me; in fact, I could almost look down its muzzle. I saw the gun raise its nose into the air and blast forth its shell, weighing nearly a ton and resembling closely a small barrel, even to the hoops, amid a blaze of red flame and yellow gas. The basket under my feet was heaved up about three inches by the detonation and dropped back into place with a jerk.

The telephonist at the battery called into his telephone: "Battery fired, sir"

"Thanks ever so much," I replied. "Fat chance I've got of missing any of your rounds!"

Their third, fourth and sixth rounds landed right on the crossroads.

"How's the range?" their officer spoke to me.

"Great! You only made three hits on the crossroads."

"Do you think there is any crossroads left?"

"Judging by the mess I saw go up I don't think there is much of the village left," I replied.

"Very good. Then my job for this day is done. I guess I'll put the baby to bed again under its counterpane of wire netting."

"Righto!" I shouted, much relieved; for to be jolted into the air by the blast of a gun underneath one is disconcerting, to say the least.

Before this episode was over my battery of eight-inch howitzers had started, and I had managed to get one gun pretty well onto its target. By this time the Hun battery in the Bois d'Hirondelle was quite plainly in sight. The light was excellent, so excellent, in fact, that I was able to see with my high-power glasses the crews leave their guns when our first shell arrived.

The battery I was shooting with was the keenest for action I ever met throughout my whole time with the balloons. They were always simply pining for trouble, and we never called on them in vain. If at any time we wanted a battery to neutralize a Hun battery and we called up their group headquarters it was always: "Call up Growler and get them to put a gun on it." "Growler" was the code name of the battery. Growler always responded and shot well, much to the Hun's discomfiture and our own satisfaction into the bargain.

(Continued on Page 81)

To manufacturers doing war work

BERRY BROTHERS are now supplying finishing materials for metal, wood, cloth and other surfaces in accordance with official specifications of the United States Government, and so guaranteed.

This House is also prepared to send, at its own expense and upon short notice, practically trained service men to act in an advisory capacity to manufacturers wherever their plants may be located.

These men, because of their thorough and comprehensive experience in handling finishing problems of all sorts, are able to prescribe the most efficient and economical finishing methods and, in many cases, to make recommendations resulting in increased production.

With Berry Brothers Products and Service the manufacturer is assured of positively Government standard finishes, made by a house with the knowledge and skill acquired through sixty years of the production of high-grade finishes, together with correct and complete instructions for applying those finishes most efficiently.

Berry Brothers invite inquiries from manufacturers of war materials, or parts thereof, the leading groups of which are listed below:

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Ambulances and Trailers
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Liberty Motors
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World's Largest Makers

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DETROIT

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You just get-put with a jimmy pipe brimful of Prince Albert—*more-ishly good tobacco*—like your next job was next week, and, you didn't even have to worry about taking-time-out-to-eat!

For, P. A. quality and P. A. fragrance and flavor skip into your good graces so flashquick, and dig-in-so-deep, you'll put P. A. on the pay-roll as ok essential-standard-satisfaction-equipment and run-up the smokepennant sky-high!

Prince Albert cuts the fuss-fret out of tobacco! That's why every day more men talk P. A. and sing P. A. *and smoke* P. A. than they did the day before! It gives every man everything he ever hankered for in the smoke-line—*and without bite or parch!* Our exclusive patented process frees Prince Albert from bite and parch and lets you smoke-your-fill for the first time in your smokecareer! Your tongue's at concert pitch all the time, no matter how much Prince Albert you get-away-with!

Go on and buy a pippin-of-a-pipe and get jimmy-pipe-joy'us via P. A.! Why, it's as easy as cutting cross lots even for the man who figured it out a long-spell-since that he *never could* smoke a pipe! We tell you that Prince Albert will cut loose a bucket of smoke sunshine for your little old particular benefit every time you fire up!

The busiest thing you've got on your mind next is to see how fast you can get down to the nearest store that sells tobacco!

Choose any one of these popular P. A. packages—the toppy red bag, the tidy red tin, the handsome pound or half pound tin humidors—or—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition. Stock up and get going for what's wrong with your smokeapparatus!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Tobacco Co.

(Continued from Page 78)

Their group commander was a very strong believer in balloons; so much so that he issued an order that all the officers in his group were to make at least one flight with us for instructional purposes.

Instead of giving corrections to the batteries as had been our custom when I first joined the balloons, we now gave observations instead. This was done at the request of the counter-battery office. It relieved us of a good deal of work and laid it on the gunners. Previously we had decided ourselves just what alterations the guns should make and had telephone correction orders to the battery, so all that the battery officers had to do was to see that our orders were carried out. Now we told the battery where each shell landed, and the battery officers had to calculate the necessary corrections for the guns.

To illustrate: Suppose a shell landed twenty-five yards to the left of a hostile battery position and fifty yards behind it. If the range was three thousand yards the twenty-five yards to the left would be measured by our degree-scaled binoculars as thirty minutes, or half a degree. If we were giving correction orders to our battery as we did at first we would have ordered "thirty minutes more right; drop fifty," which should land the next shell on the target. If, however, we were giving observations we would give them the position of the shell burst as "thirty minutes left and fifty yards over."

My diary tells me that the second gun got on the target in two shots. Then we took on Number Three gun. When I saw the first shell land to the right and too far I telephoned the battery "thirty minutes right and over." They knew the balloon position and would compute from that exactly where the shell had fallen, and could make their corrections accordingly. When I reported each gun registered, the battery went into "battery fire, thirty seconds"—that is, each gun of the four-gun battery fired in rotation from right to left at thirty-second intervals. In that way each gun would fire one shell every two minutes. When Growler got going well I took on another battery for a shoot, at the same time keeping an eye on the first shoot to make sure that they did not get off the target.

With great satisfaction I could see the shells landing right on the gun pits; and from what I knew of eight-inch shells I imagined that that Hun battery, Number Z 12, would not be worth very much, except as scrap iron, when we had finished our attentions.

Congratulations for Growler

It is a lovely sight to behold our shells bursting right in the pits and sending up great showers of concrete and bricks that the Huns had piled on top of their gun pits. The best sign that one is actually reaching the Hun's conscience is when his ammunition supply goes up in smoke. That shows beyond a doubt that the shells are getting well into his pits. Fritz has a nasty habit of putting his ammunition in a recess even below his guns.

A few minutes later I had the pleasure of reporting to a very pleased group headquarters that Growler battery had sent up two ammunition dumps before he had used up his allotment of one hundred and fifty rounds.

Once again after I had come down I called up Growler and congratulated him on his shooting.

"Do you think it was effective?" he asked.

"Extremely so, sir," I answered, "both for the Huns and ourselves, though the effects lie in opposite directions."

The aëroplane photograph taken the next day corroborated my report, and the official report concerning the matter said, under the head of Hostile Batteries Engaged:

H. B.	Engaged by	Observation	Result
Z 12	Growler	Balloon	Destroyed

After Vimy Ridge and the ground behind it were taken by the Canadians the site of Z 12 passed into our hands, and one of the gun pits which was in the least state of disrepair was used as a Y. M. C. A. canteen.

About the time the people in North America were putting on their new Easter clothes the guns opened up the barrage for the attack on Vimy Ridge—to be exact, at five-thirty A. M., April 9, 1917.

It had been a beastly night. Rain, which was one half snow and the other half pure cussedness, had been falling since the previous afternoon. Added to this was a wind that blew from fifty miles an hour up to almost anything. Hardly pleasant weather for ballooning, particularly as the wind was blowing direct toward the Hun lines. We all passed an anxious night. Few of us slept very much. Several times after one o'clock A. M., when I bundled into rubber boots and slicker and went out to see how the balloon was standing it, I met the major, similarly clad, prowling about. From time to time we cast worried eyes upward to see if we could detect any promise of moderating weather.

About four o'clock, just before dawn, we met on the edge of the camp, each with a Pitot tube, to measure the wind. We each thought we could detect a slight decrease in velocity, which in the face of coming events greatly pleased us. At five o'clock it was apparent that the wind was dropping—it registered only thirty-eight miles an hour on the ground. It was more than that up above, evidently, for the clouds were scudding along at a great rate.

We climbed to the top of a near-by hill to watch the opening of the attack. I think we all felt like slackers not to be in the air when the show started, but it could not be helped. We watched the second hands of our watches as they crawled round.

A Busy Day in a Gale

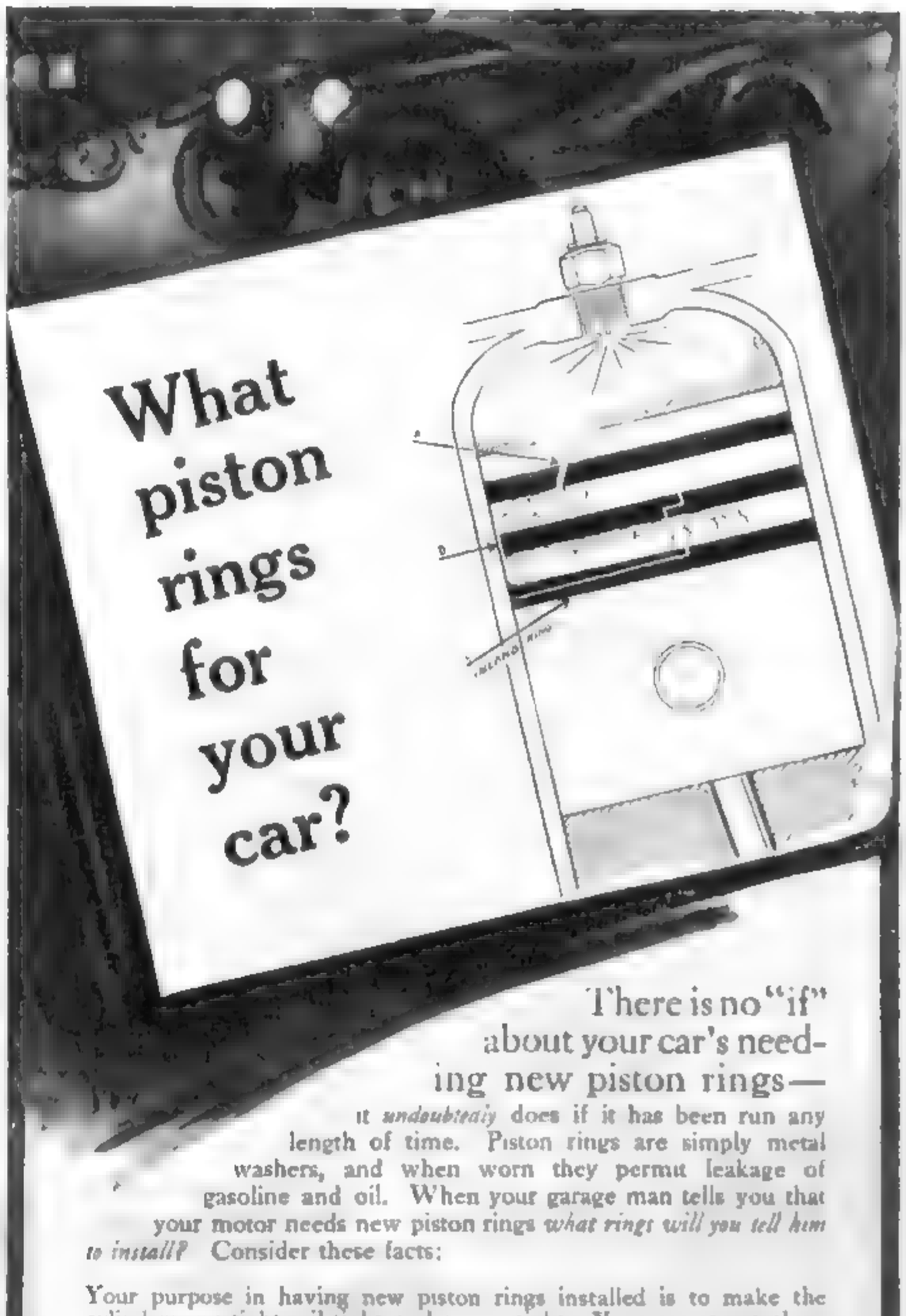
Everything was quiet. I made it twenty-nine minutes and fifty seconds past five when the first gun fired. It was our old friend, the fifteen-inch howitzer, which fairly shook the ground with the first shot. Before the echoes had died away they were all at it. It was a sound the like of which I never heard before. It was not loud, for all the guns were in front of us and the wind blew the sound away. It was just a mumble, continuous and sustained. There were no separate reports except when the fifteen-inch spoke. Indeed, so many guns were firing that it was all blended into one deep undertone.

In less than a minute Vimy Ridge was nothing but a cloud of smoke, and the battle, so far as seeing anything was concerned, was over. Regretfully we loafed back to the mess and tested the wind again. Yes, it was certainly dropping. When it dropped five miles more we would test the upper air by sending the balloon in ballast. After breakfast we began to get reports from our forward exchange about the progress of the assault. Seemingly it was going all right, for our operator reported numerous prisoners coming back under escort. As soon as breakfast was over we determined to try the air again. By enlisting the aid of some infantry reserves we got the gas bag off its bed and into the air, where it behaved exactly as though it didn't like the weather a bit. You have seen a puppy, when pulling on a rope, shake its head. That is how our balloon behaved. Our electric wind meter in the basket showed us the velocity of the wind was fifty-five miles an hour at one thousand feet. Moreover, it was stronger at every foot the balloon ascended. We hauled down and waited.

About nine-thirty the major, who had been pacing up and down like a bear in a cage up till now, said he could stand it no longer—he must ascend. He asked me if I wanted to come with him, and I tried to lie convincingly and said "Yes."

We laced our parachute harnesses on very securely and got into the air about ten o'clock. At one thousand feet the wind was forty-eight, and at two thousand feet, fifty-seven miles an hour. The old balloon tugged at her cable and the rigging sang in the wind. The basket stayed in one place for perhaps one-fifth of a second at a time. I hung on and thought of what a lovely place the solid earth was.

Most unsatisfactory of all was the view. The ridge was still covered by smoke, as was also a bit of the back country. The Hun was certainly getting his that morning. As soon as they saw we were in the air, counter battery called up and asked us to locate a bunch of machine guns on Hill 145 which were holding up our advance. We couldn't see for the smoke, and told them so. Then they asked us to strafe a Hun battery that had apparently cropped up from nowhere. We informed them that we would take it on, and while we were waiting a bunch of our aëroplanes came from all directions to attend to those machine guns on Hill 145. They flew from our Front and



There is no "if" about your car's needing new piston rings—

it *undoubtedly* does if it has been run any length of time. Piston rings are simply metal washers, and when worn they permit leakage of gasoline and oil. When your garage man tells you that your motor needs new piston rings *what rings will you tell him to install?* Consider these facts:

Your purpose in having new piston rings installed is to make the cylinders gas-tight, oil-tight and power-tight. You cannot get these results from a ring that has a gap, such as *A* in chart—nor from any kind of step-type ring (such as *B*) that does not expand in a perfect circle and thus makes uneven pressure against the cylinder wall and allows the gas to escape along the side.

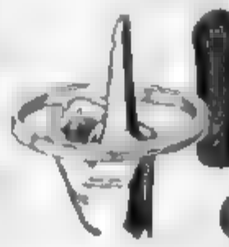
The Inland Piston Ring (*C*) is absolutely gas-tight because it has no gap and because it expands in a perfect circle.

Its patented Spiral Cut construction causes it to cling against the cylinder wall all around, making a positively gas-tight seal. The Spiral Cut produces an absolutely gas-tight ring in *one piece*, which makes it *low* priced, saving you money over any other type of gas-tight ring. This construction also makes the Inland strongest and most durable, because it is of equal width and thickness all around—no weak or thin places.

Overhaul Now!

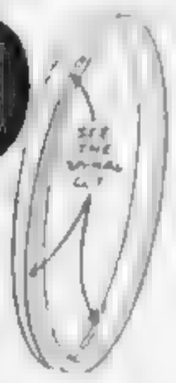
There may be a scarcity of new cars. Don't let your car get "down and out" from failure to keep it in condition. Put your car in A-1 shape for the period of the war. By overhauling *now*, you will also help the Nation save gasoline. See your garage man about Inlands today.

Now 3,000,000 Inlands in use



INLAND

ONE-PIECE PISTON RING



DEALERS:—The Inland is the best money-saver for the car owner and the best money-maker for you. The Inland sign on your place will be a bigger business bringer than ever—due to tremendously increased advertising. Jobbers everywhere stock Inlands—ask yours.

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THE "CHEMICALLY CORRECT"
NON-FREEZE FOR RADIATORS

Takes the "Guess" Out of Radiator Protection

Test it like a Battery! No mixing to do

YOUR radiator is too expensive to take chances with! When cold weather comes *this* year, *use a non-freeze you can test.* It is the safe way. All non-freeze solutions contain water—therefore, they all *change in strength* as a result of heat action. Instead of a solution whose strength you have to *guess* at, use the one you can *test*, quickly and easily.

NORWESCO TWELVE-TWENTY
PREVENTS FROZEN RADIATORS

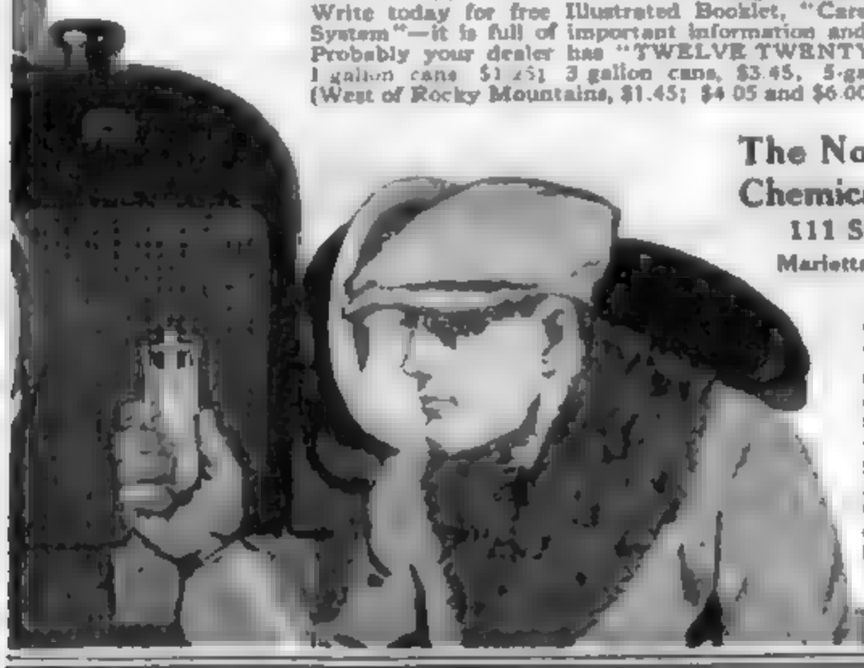
You will always be sure your radiator is safe, down to 20° below zero, when you use "TWELVE-TWENTY". You won't worry whenever a cold snap comes.

Your Hydrometer Will Tell You

On an ordinary battery hydrometer, "TWELVE-TWENTY", fresh from the can, will read 1220. Test it regularly—adding water occasionally when needed. Does not "find" leaks—tends to keep the cooling system fluid-tight and efficient. Boiling point 12° higher than water—evaporates very slowly—engine warms up sooner.

Comes Ready To Use—No Mixing

Empty your radiator and fill it with "TWELVE TWENTY" right from the can. That's all. No dissolving or measuring to do. Write today for free Illustrated Booklet, "Care of The Cooling System"—it is full of important information and suggestions. Probably your dealer has "TWELVE TWENTY". It comes in 1 gallon cans $1.45; 3 gallon cans, $3.45, 5-gallon cans, $5.00; (West of Rocky Mountains, $1.45; $4.05 and $6.00).



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Will Pay Your Christmas Bills

IN your *spare* time between now and Christmas you can easily earn enough money to pay all your Christmas bills.

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Write us to-day. We will authorize you to collect the many local orders for renewal and new subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

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from the direction of the French Front below us. We recognized some of them as American boys from the Lafayette Escadrille. Since I returned to America I have talked to one of them. He said he flew past our balloon that morning, and when he saw us tossing about like a toy balloon at the end of a string he lost whatever small envy he ever had of us.

Those aëroplanes certainly fixed Hill 145. They made it absolutely unnecessary for us to use our batteries on it. They bombed it and raked it so with machine-gun fire that when they had finished there was no further opposition to the advance of the infantry.

Meanwhile our guns were ready for the new Hun battery. We carried on with it as well as we could, though it was impossible to use our glasses at all on account of the unsteadiness of the basket.

Before we had finished, however, we were interrupted. Things happened so quickly that I am rather hazy as to just what did occur. One of the fins of the balloon ripped from end to end with a crash. Simultaneously the balloon jerked broadside to the wind. The next thing we knew we were driven down into the trees of the woods. Everything was tangled up. The balloon spun round and round like a fish on a line. The rigging was tied up in knots and tangled up with everything else. The handling guys were wound round the basket and the rigging, while the basket was twisted and twirled and thrown about, now up against the balloon, then away from it, now sitting right side up on top of the balloon and then thrown upside down, clean over the balloon—while all we could do was to hang on. The branches of the trees tore at the rigging and ripped the rudder and the other fin to ribbons.

Then the wood let go of us and we shot up into the air with the balloon going through indescribable contortions, utterly unmanageable. The valve and rip cord had long before been jerked out of reach and tied up with the rigging in a mass of knots. As we reached our highest elevation a gust of wind hit us and carried us away, snapping the cable like a bit of cotton and pulling the telephone cable off the drum at so fast a rate that the bearings caught fire. As soon as we broke away the jerking ceased. We rode quietly toward the Hun lines and shot up into the air at the same time.

Dropping Through Space

What followed took place in not more than a minute. The major threw out the map and glasses and I assisted him. The instruments were tied in. The best we could do was put our fist into them and smash them. The major was very cool.

"All ready?" he shouted. "Then over you go."

At that moment we discovered that one parachute had been carried away and that his was torn and useless through contact with the trees. Mine was all right.

"Go on, old boy!" he said. "Remember me to the others."

Instinctively I did a thing I shall always be glad of. I deliberately and profanely refused to obey an order. I was fully determined that if he was going to Germany I would go with him. I knew better than to offer him my parachute. Had I done so I believe he would have thrown me overboard. He might have done so, anyway, but at that moment I discovered the parachute we thought had been carried away hanging to the bottom of the basket by a bit of breaking cotton. Why it hadn't fallen away is simply a miracle. To fasten it to the basket was only a moment's work, and the major hooked himself onto it. It was his privilege to leave the basket last.

"Hop over now," he commanded. "Bet you I beat you down."

"Good-by, sir!" I cried. "See you later!" And over I went.

To make a parachute descent in cold blood is a thing that no one could coax me to do, but under those circumstances I didn't think twice about it. It was the first descent I had ever made, and I was cool enough at the time, but the excitement and reaction of the last half minute made me jump into space as though I had been doing it as a regular thing before breakfast.

The antiaircraft people told me afterward that we were up eight thousand feet when we left the basket. Down I went, the parachute pulling out of its case with a whung! It seemed like ten minutes, and probably was three seconds, before the chute opened. Just after it opened I saw the major come out. His opened slightly above me, but as he was nearly one hundred pounds heavier than I he overhauled and passed me very quickly. He waved his hand at me and he told me afterward that he also asked me to chuck him a cigarette.

Some considerable man he was, in more ways than one.

When I looked down my heart sank. I was almost above the ridge and drifting rapidly over the fighting lines. We had jumped only to land in Hunland!

But, no, I didn't seem to be drifting so fast as I thought. It looked as though I should land just a few yards behind the Hun's line. The major would probably land in the front-line trench.

No! There—he had landed; and his parachute was dragging him.

I must not let mine do that; I got out my knife to cut loose as soon as I hit the ground. I was almost down and drifting at an alarming rate.

The Runaway Parachute

Crash! Slither! Splash! I had landed all right in what had been No Man's Land before five-thirty that morning. I was drifting so fast when I landed that my feet went nowhere and my knife was knocked in the opposite direction. My parachute fell down, the wind caught it, and away it went with me, the same as the major's had done. Through mud, over shell holes, through broken barbed wire, over trenches it dragged me. Had I not had my thick leather flying coat on I should have been torn to ribbons. As it was, I was not entirely unhurt, and my coat was a total loss.

Finally I managed to pull myself up to the parachute and by pulling one side of it to me I spilled the wind from it and it collapsed.

I was fairly well shaken and certainly had some blood showing. I was no doubt a fiendish-looking object.

As soon as I got my breath and my bearings I left the parachute there and started to hobble back to our lines. Then I discovered that one of my long flying boots was gone. It must have been pulled off when I went through one of the shell holes. I splashed my way back to a dressing station, incidentally nearly being bayoneted by a Canadian Tommy who took me for a German; and there I got most of the blood washed off. In about fifteen minutes one of our officers came along and we limped back to where the tender was waiting down the road.

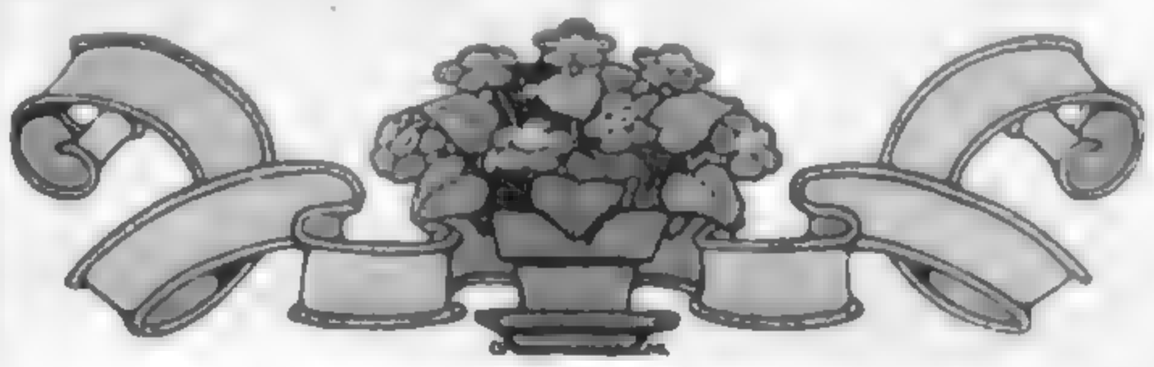
I do not know where the balloon went. When I last saw it it was disappearing through the clouds in the general direction of Berlin, hotly pursued by shells from both the Germans' and our own antiaircraft guns, the shooting of which, properly to uphold the traditions of the balloon service, I must describe as rotten.

The major was back at camp before me. He had tried unsuccessfully to butt over a stone wall with his head, and I found him swathed in yards and yards of white bandage.

When I got in and went over to shake hands with him there was very little said, but the grip of his hand told me a whole lot that could not be said in words.

The next day the reaction caught us both. I, for one, did not care, for we had permission to do what we liked and to go where we liked; and I did no more ballooning for somewhat over a week.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Lieutenant Black. The second will appear in an early issue.



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From the first we have believed that all types of sprocket chain could be bettered so as to reduce the accustomed costs of transmitting power and conveying materials.

So for forty-four years, men of this company have made Rex Chains better in design and construction.

The value of these Rex betterments to users, and to us too, is shown by the increased sales of all types of Rex Chain.

Some of the Rex improvements add slightly to first cost, but all of them greatly reduce final cost.

For the final cost of chain can only be measured by the length and kind of service given for each dollar invested.

By the Griplock method of linking, chains are made much stronger than their link pins and their durability is increased.

By designing the side bars of certain types of Rex Chain on the principle of cantilever beams, these Rex Chains give longer service without added first cost.

By testing carefully all malleable iron used in Rex Chains, their strength, toughness and capacity for keeping accurate pitch, are greatly intensified.

Every kind of Rex Chain has points of superiority not found in like degree in any similar type.

This No. 282 Rex Griplock Riveted Chain has these distinctive advantages towards long wear in hard service: Cantilever design side-bars, Griplock feature, larger pins, T-head pin lock, wider bearings.

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You can secure standard Rex Sprocket Chain of any style or type, either from distributors or direct, for every transmission and conveyor need

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers,
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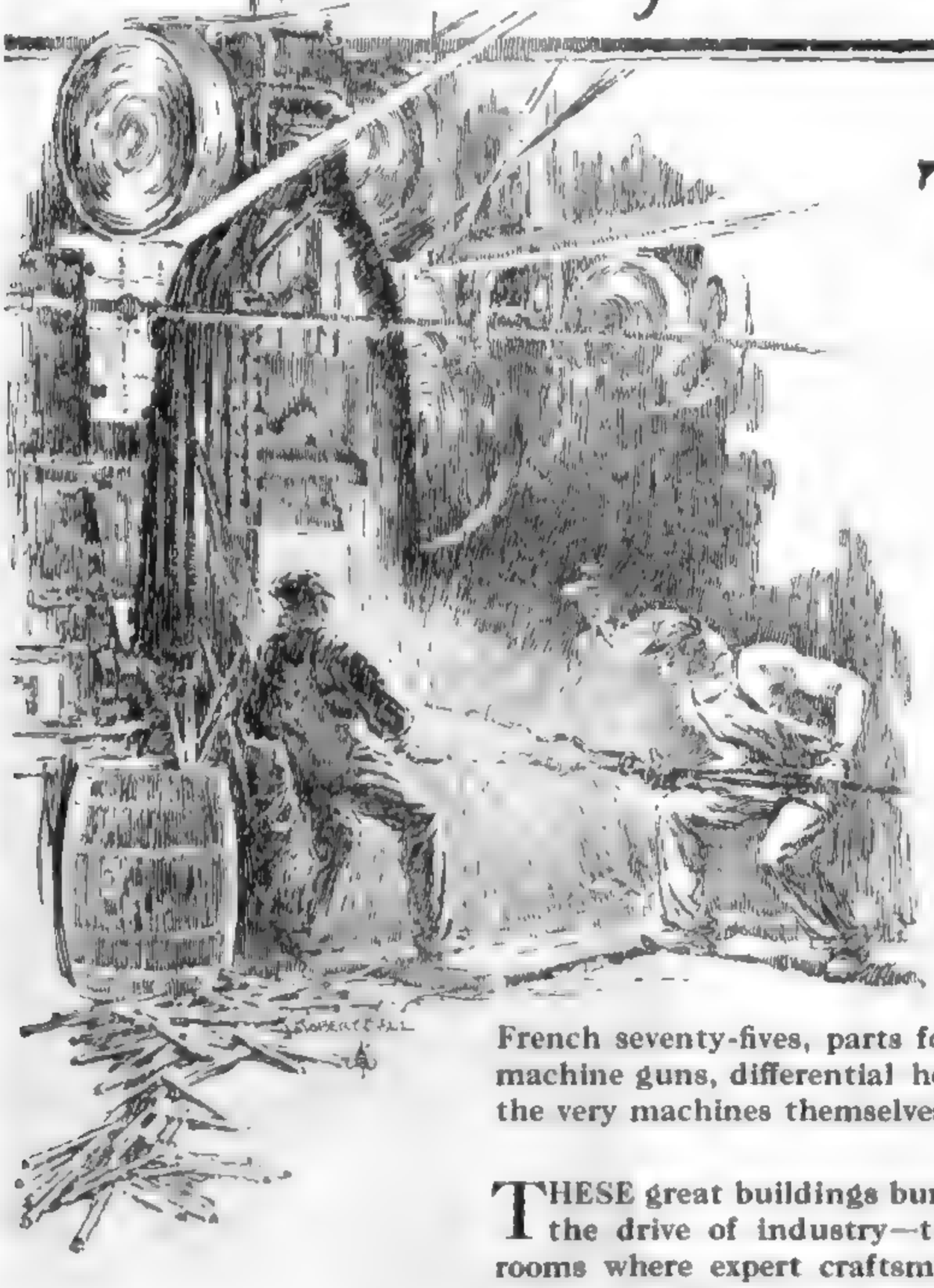
CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

The Story of a Great Smith



THEY stagger away from the glaring furnace mouth, three men bearing between them a white hot billet of steel.

It slides sparkling under the waiting die of the great steam hammer, and down comes the ponderous blow with an earth-shaking thud, again and again with a burst of sparks, until a crank shaft takes shape for a war car at the front.

Then under the steel ram of a trimming press that stands thrice the height of a man, where the extra metal is sheared off from the six foot shaft with the quiet ease that comes only of infinite power.

Then again under the hammer for a final crashing blow that there may be no doubt of absolute accuracy—and another drop forging is added to the pile that is going 3,000 miles to help win the war.

So with a hundred such steam and drop hammers, a hundred such presses, thundering along through the day's work amid an inferno of noise and Niagaras of white-hot sparks, while the great hot piles of forgings grow—diaphragms for French seventy-fives, parts for aëroplane engines, forgings for automatics and machine guns, differential housings for war trucks, parts for tractors, tools, and the very machines themselves which will work in other forges all over the world.

THESE great buildings bursting with the drive of industry—these quiet rooms where expert craftsmen all day long work with painstaking care on the micrometer hand-work of the master dies—have grown from the vision of one man. Half a century ago he founded the first commercial drop forging plant in America on the ideal best expressed when he said: "Into every one of our forgings goes our whole reputation."

It was to Charles Ethan Billings that Abraham Lincoln entrusted the forging of the pistols of the Black Horse Cavalry.

It is to Billings & Spencer that the nation of today has entrusted many of the forgings whose strength and accuracy will do their part to win the greater war.

In the building of the steel skeleton of war or peace, Billings & Spencer Triangle B forgings stand here and there at vital points where stress and strain must bring no doubt of strength, each with that superfine character of chosen steel, and that accuracy of execution which says "Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail."

RELY ON ME!

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO., HARTFORD

The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America

READY!

(Continued from Page 15)

bearing the Great Seal of the Censor of those times; and it was so ordered and ordained. Nor could any writings go forth concerning definite matters, no writings whatsoever save those that comported to the rote set down.

I trust the hundred and ten million Steves living in the United States will get me thus expressed parablewise. War is war, and the Navy knows what it wants, and, knowing, can maintain. Far be it from me, loaded to the guards with interesting things about the Nth Battle Squadron—which is the American Battle Squadron thus misdesignated—and its big British brother, the two comprising the Grand Fleet, to set free any item that might be of aid or comfort to the enemy. Wherefore what follows concerning my visit to the fleet, my stay in the fleet and the things I saw and heard will be expressed in general terms; and, at that, a general-term story about that amazing organization which ought to make the United States feel well satisfied with our share in the undertaking, as well as highly grateful to the greater British end of it; for the simple truth of the situation is that if it had not been for the British Grand Fleet and its outlying components and subsidiaries it is quite possible that instead of fighting now in France our men would be fighting in New England or New York or New Jersey or Pennsylvania; or farther inland, even.

It so fell out that they led me on an August afternoon beside certain waters sparkling in the sun; and on the bosom of those waters, tugging at their anchor chains, lay in long grim gray ranks the mightiest fighting fleet the world has ever known, the greatest armada ever assembled, stretching for miles adown the sparkling waters, and ready—ready to the last and smallest detail—to dash to sea to overwhelm the Hun. Smoke curled from every stack. Fire was beneath their boilers and steam in their cylinders. No man was out of call. Every gun was in commission. Every propeller could begin to churn the moment the signal came.

The Grand Fleet in Panorama

Flags whipped from their peaks, the red cross on the white field, of Britain, and toward the head of the line our flag—the Stars and Stripes—standing out gloriously over great ships that crouched beneath, set to spring to battle at the word; and on the decks of them I saw hundreds of our sailors, our fighting sailors, moving about at their various tasks, all intent on the work that keeps these giants of the deep in instant and complete preparedness for whatever adventure might ensue.

"The Grand Fleet," said my companion, with a wave of his hand that included many, many miles of craft of every fighting sort, ranged in long following files behind the colossal squadrons of superdreadnoughts.

We misuse that word "grand," tacking it to hotels and houses and shows and shops with thought to supply the deficiency of importance by splendor of designation; but here it is fittingly applied. The Grand Fleet! The sight of it is awing. The sense of it is overpowering. The force of it and the potentiality of it are inspiring. The sure shield. The great, dominating, dependable machine that has swept the seven seas clear of German shipping, and has kept it clear for more than four years; that has preserved France as an entity, and Britain as a nation; that has made possible the effort; held the Hun from America, and saved the world—the Grand Fleet! There it was, before me in all the grim glory of it; and there, as a great, fighting, powerful part of it, were American ships, with the American flag flying, and American guns and American men ready—ready—ready!

I was fortunate in finding most of the Grand Fleet at home on the afternoon I began my call. Some of the destroyers were out, and a few other smaller ships, perhaps; but, mostly, and in its gargantuan bulk and conclusiveness, it was there, swinging in its haven with the tides. The first two impressions a visitor gets as he looks at the long ranks of squat gray ships are the impression of power and the impression of effectiveness—strength and competence. One superdreadnought is a fearsome thing, a machine for battle that awes and exalts—but think of miles of them! One long lean insistent cruiser is an arresting portent of speed and destruction, but here were dozens of them! Spreading as far as the eye could reach, and farther, that great grim sure shield stretched out upon the water the sign manual of Britain's supremacy at sea—naval craft of every known description, and some that have not yet been described, and will not be until this war is over—ships—ships—ships—and all of them fighters.

Scores upon scores of great guns and small guns nosed through turrets and stuck menacingly from hulls and decks and tops. Everything was gray—navy gray—and each great ship bulked against the water dourly, and the mass of them filled the sight. Gradually the details began to pick out—all the complex machineries of them bestowed on decks and turrets, in and on gigantic masts and tripods, perched here, hung there, bolted yonder until the blurred intricacies took regulated shape and form and the vast scheme of it grew into coherence, for complicated as a battleship or a cruiser may seem to be it is a coördinate machine for slaughter and destruction, and works and interworks with all its parts as smoothly as a chronometer.

America Afloat

In the first line of vision were some of the biggest British ships—the superdreadnoughts, built with the bulk of them forward like bulldogs, and seemingly fashioned as if their designers had piled turret above turret, bridge above bridge, top above top until the mass should be so tremendous that nothing could withstand. Each one looked formidable enough to whip a dozen, with their great tripods and their monstrous guns. Multicolored pennants flew from them. Signal men wigwagged frantically far aloft. Their decks were alive with blue-suited sailors. Bugles blew. Boatswains' whistles piped. Gigs and barges and launches dashed in and out among them. Destroyers nosed daintily along. Colliers and supply lighters and tugs and motor launches—all had a part in the picture; the minor craft were moving but the big fellows lay haughtily at their moorings, taking the ministrations of these smaller fry with dignity, resting and waiting—waiting and watching—ready at a moment's notice to heave anchor and go out to battle.

I looked for the latticed masts of the Americans and found them, stretched in a row near the head of the line, the Nth Battle Squadron, and powerful and portentous as any; gray, like the rest of them, with sharper lines and not so much top-hamper; and the sight was good to see, for here were ships that I knew about, here were ships flying my flag, here were some of America's best, manned by Americans, fit and fine and formidable—great battle craft from the other side of the world joined amicably with the British and with but one end in view—the smashing of the Hun.

The admiral's barge came for me, and we bobbed down the long lane between the great ships until we reached the ladder of the American that led the imposing line of Americans—the flagship. Topside the Red, White and Blue was flying, and all round were American fighting men. The band was playing American music. The boys were skylarking Americanwise and talking American talk. The savory smell of American pies baking came along the deck. The officer who met me at the rail spoke my language. The cigarettes that stuck from the blouse pockets of the gobs who passed were American cigarettes. The cap ribbons carried the name of the state—port your helm or you'll be telling something, mister!—of a state with which I am reasonably familiar. I was home, right back among my own folks.

"Boy howdy," said the officer who was waiting on deck for me, the same man I had seen, on various occasions, tearing through the Army lines at the annual Navy-Army football games in Philadelphia, and as big and husky as he was when he used to spread the Army tackles all round the sward when they sought to impede his progress.

"Boy howdy," said another, the keen, clear-eyed gunnery expert, whose skill and knowledge I had learned to respect and admire in Washington.

"Boy howdy," as they came, one after another, men bearing famous American naval names, and worthy of them, men who

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Smart Clothes

The Stein-Bloch label is your protection and your guarantee. It stands for lasting service. It is a known quality.

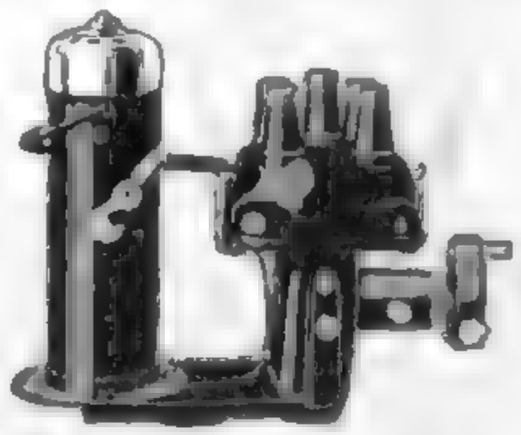
In these days when service counts for so much, isn't it worth a few minutes of your time to find the dealer in your locality whose label endorses ours?

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
MAIN OFFICES AND SHOPS AT
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Simple in Construction
Unfailing in Performance

ATWATER KENT

SCIENTIFIC IGNITION



Type CC Magneto Replacement Outfit. Specially adapted to Maxwell, Overland and other 4-cylinder cars

ATWATER KENT Scientific Ignition is manufactured in an environment calculated to encourage ideal production.

Every mechanical operation is produced by automatic equipment of special design. Two similar parts will not vary a fraction of a thousandth of an inch in any essential dimension.

Every worker is imbued with a spirit-of-quality ideal.

Every executive appreciates his specialized responsibility in the production of a perfected ignition system.

Your Atwater Kent System has the unqualified guarantee of excellence of manufacture and perfection of performance.

ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS
Philadelphia

SEE YOUR DEALER OR WRITE TO 4917 STENTON AVENUE

Sell Us An Hour!

Mr. Leonard C. Morgan, of Virginia, has only an hour or so a day to spare, but in a single month he has made that spare hour bring him

$40.00 Extra Money

Nine out of ten of us have from one to three hours a day to do with as we like. Haven't you? And right now you ought to *cash* some of those hours—now when every extra dollar *earned* and *saved* can be used to such good advantage for home and country.

If you want to turn your "off time" into money—$20.00, $50.00, $75.00 a month—we'll tell you how to do it surely, pleasantly and easily. No obligation. Just write to

The Curtis Publishing Company, 636 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

were making new famous American names for themselves, and their sons—why, it was like Old Home Week at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, and I took another look at the flag standing out in the breeze above me and just naturally gave three cheers for the Red, White and Blue. We were a long way from Pennsylvania Avenue, but everybody was on the job.

On the job—that is the only way to put it; on the job, whether it is a long one or a short one; whether it entails the clash of battle or the constant watching and waiting for it; whether it means patrolling or going in to the ultimate. On the job with a squadron of the best ships our Navy has, and right up at the head of the line.

But do not mistake this exultation at finding the American Navy thus represented, and in fighting trim, for any claim, assertion or intimation that our job is more than a part of it—for any bloviation over what we are doing or have done—for any spread-eagleism; because our American Battle Squadron is but one of numerous battle squadrons, our ships are but a few among many. In fact our strength in the Grand Fleet is but a certain per cent of the total, but it is a corking good per cent in quality, and will answer to its full and powerful capability when the time comes.

We are a battle squadron, operating as a unit of the Grand Fleet, and our admiral is subject to the orders of the British commander in chief in all phases of operations. The American Battle Squadron is merged with the British squadrons but retains its identity and its individuality—that is, the American ships are commanded by Americans, run by Americans, in the American way, and aside from operations are exclusively American in every particular. The British have no control of personnel or of administration or of any other feature of them, save that we work as a part of the great whole, under the general British command. The situation is exactly the same as in the Army in France. There is a commander in chief, who is Admiral Sir David Beatty, just as there is a commander in chief in France, who is General Foch. The American Battle Squadron operates as a unit of the force, directly under the command of its own admiral and officers, but merged in its entirety with the Grand Fleet, and not independently. The strategy is fleet strategy. The tactics are fleet tactics. Of course, our admiral has his voice in all councils and in all deliberations, but when in action our squadron operates exactly as the British squadrons do so far as general command and direction are concerned. We are a part of the fleet, not a separate fleet; and it is well.

The Grand Fleet's Slogan

When the American battleships came sailing in to the rendezvous, which was rather a long time ago as things go in this war, they were received by the British sailors with a glad welcome and with an expressed and demonstrated intention to operate jointly without friction and in the spirit of true comrades in arms. The joint idea of it was that there could be no friction, that both British and Americans are engaged in the same enterprise, with the same ideas and ideals, and that smooth and efficient coöperation must and would be maintained. Wherefore there has been no friction. There have been, throughout the long association, a cordial relationship, an entire absence of disturbing elements, a skilled, efficient working together for the identical aim, a meeting on a common sea and a unity of action and operation that have been both admirable and productive of results, running all the way from the First Sea Lord and Admiral Sims to the newest American gob and the latest limy recruit.

The Grand Fleet is the Grand Fleet, and the American Squadron is a part of it—a fighting unit. That is the status of the big ships and that is the status of all other of our ships scattered about in European waters. All the Americans have in mind is the finishing of this job, the complete and everlasting destruction of German sea power; and there is nothing vainglorious, nor any assertion of separate identities in it. We are here to do our share, and as much more as we can, and the matter of command or direction or subordination is not considered. "Smash the Hun" is the slogan and the watchword. Everything else is subsidiary to that.

Now smashing the Hun is one thing and finding the Hun to smash is another. The Hun is nobody's fool. He knows what the British and Americans have in store for him on the sea, and he has no appetite for getting into it. Hence he lurks behind his barriers, and only rarely ventures to sea, even in slight force. To be sure, he now and then sends out a few minor craft and his submarines are still operating, but his big fleet is securely packed in cotton wool at its bases, and at the time this was written, late in August, he had not unpacked it many times, nor sent it venturing away from the support of his shore fortifications.

The theory that animates the Grand Fleet, and has animated it since it steamed out to sea more than four years ago, was that though the German fleet might lurk indefinitely behind its barriers it might also come out at any moment. Hence there has never been a minute, not an instant, when the Grand Fleet has not been ready. Nor has there been a minute since the American Battle Squadron steamed into the rendezvous that said squadron has not been ready. Those big American ships were prepared to fight any and all German comers when they left the shores of the United States, and they have been ready every minute since. There hasn't been a second's laxity. There hasn't been the let down of an hour. They are actually in shape to go into action at the sound of the bugle, whether they are swinging in a haven or out on the open sea, whether they are in landlocked harbor or plunging through the waters that are adjacent to the German bases.

Talk about watchful waiting! Those ships are the greatest exemplars of that process the world has ever known, both American and British. They are like sprinters who have been set for the starting pistol for more than four years, and though it might reasonably be expected that the British, with their long years more of it than the Americans have had, might be a bit stale there isn't an evidence of it. They are as fit and as keen as when they left England for the north, and as for the Americans they are in the pink.

All Set and Ready

The Germans may show at any moment; or they may not. The natural assumption is that after four years in hiding they will not come out, but that assumption never has been held by the Grand Fleet. The operating theory of that vast aggregation of fighting ships, down to the smallest drifter, is that the Germans are coming out. Hence the order of the day, of every day and night, is to be ready. No one knows when the order to proceed to sea to engage the German Fleet may come, and no one knows, when at sea, when the longed-for signal that the Huns have been sighted may be sent. So no chances are taken. The credo of the Grand Fleet is that the Germans are coming, and everything is carried out on that basis.

When the big ships are in rendezvous or in haven no liberty is given for more than four hours at a time. No officer or man can leave ship for more than four hours, and that in the afternoon. Every officer and every man must be on board ship at seven o'clock each night, and each officer when on shore leave for his four hours must communicate twice with the chief signal officer of his squadron or division, to make sure no warning has come. That means, of course, that the longest possible time that would be taken for the fleet to get under way would be four hours, but in reality four hours is a century compared to the real time that would elapse. That aggregation can get going in less than an hour should the emergency rise. Still, when you think of getting that enormous collection of fighting craft of all sorts away to sea in proper formation in four hours it seems incredible. But it isn't. It is efficiency.

The ships lie in long lines when they are in their haven, in what is the preliminary battleformation—that is, the various squadrons are in their proper longitudinal positions, spread out one following the other, a certain distance apart, with their prows heading toward the open sea and their guns pointing to Germany. Each unit of each squadron is in its proper relation to each other unit, and to the squadron itself. The plan of formation is known. So if an order comes to proceed to sea all that is necessary is for each ship to cast off and get under way. Then as the long lines plunge out to sea the squadrons swing into their allotted positions and the formation is made according to the orders given or

(Continued on Page 89)

How "X" Liquid prolongs the life of your present car—Improves engine performance—Reduces upkeep costs

WITH automobile production drastically cut, it's going to be impossible to buy a new car—*until after the war.*

It is plain that the essential service rendered by the motor cars now in use must not be halted by troubles that are *preventable.*

Common sense demands constant watchfulness of the places where trouble *breeds*—the cooling system, for instance.

Many a man neglects a leaky radiator—ignores a rust-choked, scale-clogged water-jacket—until an overheated engine brings on scored cylinders, seized pistons, pitted valves—and other serious troubles.

Today, neglect is a *crime.* Every car owner should consider it his *duty* to use "X" Liquid—to prevent cooling system troubles and *conserve the life of his car.*

"X" Repairs All Leaks Without Delay or Expense!

These are days of sane *economy.* So what do you think of a man who has a leaky radiator soldered—spends anywhere up to $25—when with one can of "X" Liquid he could do a *better* job than soldering, at a small part of the cost?

With skilled labor mighty scarce, it isn't right for a man to send his car to the repair shop for two or three days—when with one can of "X" Liquid he can do a *perfect job* himself in *ten minutes.*

Soldering is both inefficient and risky. If leaks are hard to get at—they are rarely repaired *right.* The high heat of the soldering iron *weakens* the radiator—and causes *future* trouble.

"X" Liquid is the *most practical* method of repairing leaks *without danger to the cooling system.* It is simply poured into the radiator. It combines with the water, circulates freely, locates every leak or crack—whether in the radiator, water-jacket, connections, gaskets, etc.—and flows through.

When it strikes the oxygen in the air, the "X" is instantly solidified to a metal-like substance—*right in the hole.* The heat in the water then hardens this repair—making it absolutely permanent. It stands a pressure of over 500 pounds—and can't be jarred loose by the roughest road vibration.

In using "X" Liquid, it is not necessary to drain the radiator—or search for the leak. "X" works automatically. If left in the water, it repairs all new leaks the instant they appear—*and before they give trouble.*

Everybody has met the "know-it-all" type of man. When you tell him something extraordinary, he's sure to say: *"it can't be done."*

Perhaps this kind of a car owner won't believe that "X" Liquid has repaired a crack in a cylinder wall, four inches long and quarter of an inch wide, making the cylinder as good as new—and *saving the car owner over $150 in repairs!*

Yet the facts are on record—*and can be verified.*

It is not unusual for "X" Liquid to repair cracks in valve pockets—in water jackets—in parts of the cooling system where for any reason welding isn't *practical*—or *economical.*

"X" Eliminates and Prevents Rust and Scale!

All water cooling systems have from 8,000 to 32,000 square inches of cooling surface—*every inch of which must be kept free from Rust and Scale.* Otherwise, the engine doesn't get the cooling it *should*—and constantly overheats.

The same "X" that repairs and prevents leaks—also loosens the rust and dissolves the scale *now present.* And so long as the "X" remains in the water, no *new* rust or scale can form. The result is a cooler, better-working engine—plus a saving of oil and gasoline.

The use of "X" means an actual, visible reduction in upkeep costs. It means a cooling system that is LEAKPROOF—RUSTPROOF—SCALEPROOF—and *troubleproof.*

In preparing your car for the winter use "X" Liquid before you use an anti-freeze. This will repair *all* leaks, prevent the anti-freeze from leaking away—and save you money.

What "X" Liquid Does:

1—Repairs all leaks *permanently.*
2—Prevents *new* leaks—keeps the cooling system LEAKPROOF.
3—Cleans out Rust and Scale.
4—Prevents *new* Rust and Scale—keeps cooling system RUSTPROOF and SCALEPROOF.
5—Helps keep the engine cooler.
6—Saves oil and gasoline.
7—Works in any anti-freeze solution.
8—Guaranteed to make good or *your money back.*

Large Size $1.50
Does a $25 repair job!

Ford Size 75c
Does a $10 repair job!

Not a Radiator Cement

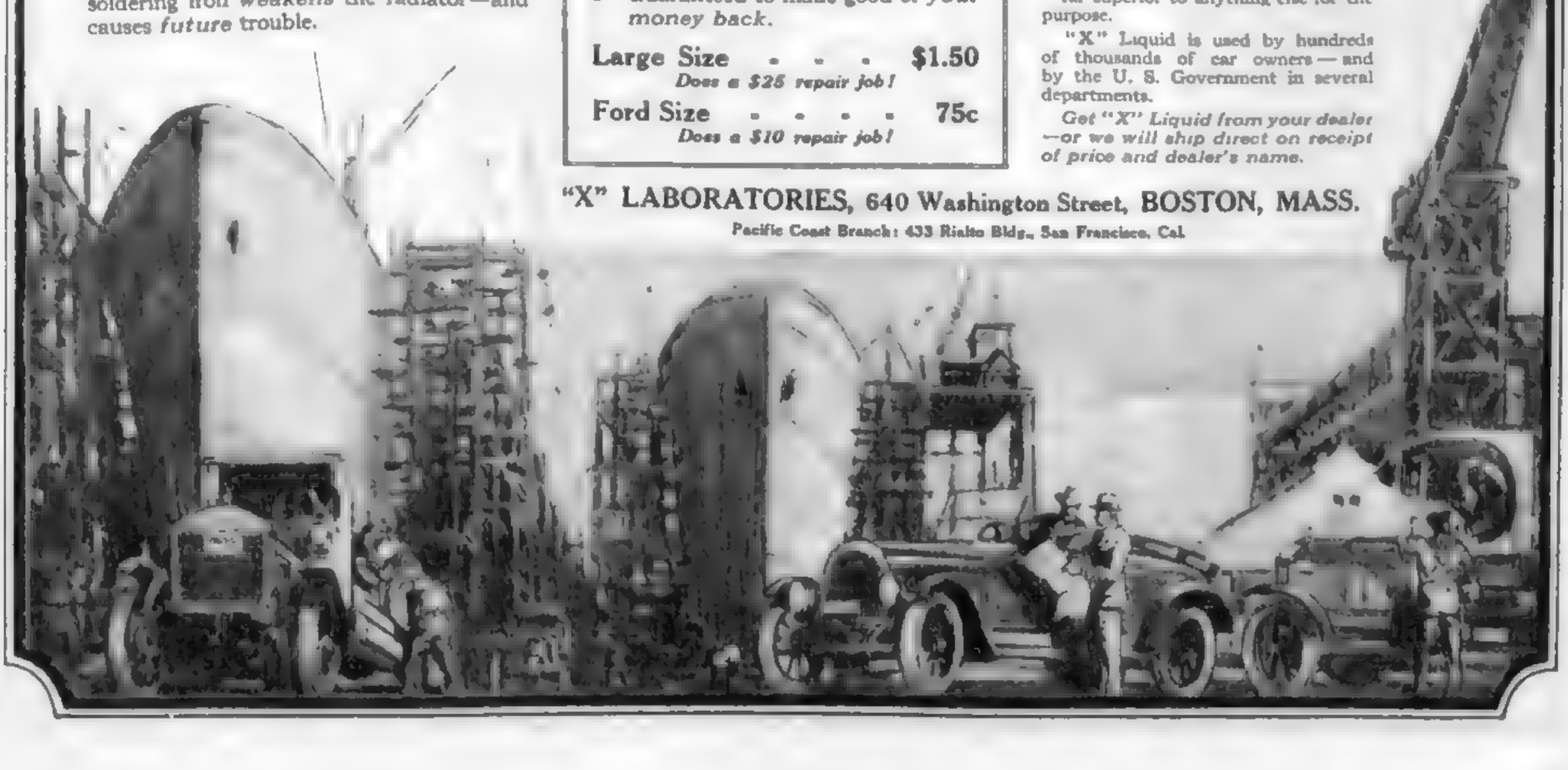
Don't confuse "X" Liquid with radiator cements, flaxseed meals and other preparations in solid or liquid forms. Most of these choke the leaks for a while—and injure the cooling system.
"X" is a product of *scientific thought*—far superior to anything else for the purpose.

"X" Liquid is used by hundreds of thousands of car owners—and by the U. S. Government in several departments.

Get "X" Liquid from your dealer—or we will ship direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

"X" LABORATORIES, 640 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Pacific Coast Branch: 433 Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.



Today's Gasoline

Less volatile product raises a new lubricating problem

Present day gasoline is less volatile than that formerly sold. It does not readily saturate the air in carburetion. Combustion of the explosive mixture is less complete.

This risk results: Liquid gasoline may be drawn into the cylinders and combustion chambers. The use of the carburetor choker valve to start the engine aggravates the trouble.

Once in the cylinders and combustion chambers, the gasoline tends to thin out the lubricating oil. As the pistons move up and down the gasoline tends to cut away the oil film on cylinders, pistons and piston rings.

On the compression stroke this liquid gasoline is forced down past the piston rings—into the crank case.

The amount of gasoline which reaches the crank case and mixes with the lubricating oil depends largely upon the correctness of the lubricating oil used. Oil must form and maintain a thorough piston-ring seal to prevent the escape of the fuel charge and liquid gasoline past the piston rings into the crank case.

To withstand the cutting effect of present-day gasoline, your lubricating oil must be of the highest quality and of the correct body. The Chart at the right specifies a grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for your car which fills both these requirements. The use of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils will give you scientific protection against premature thinning out of oil in your crank-case.

If you have not read the article on pages 19 and 20 of the booklet "Correct Lubrication," it will pay you to send today for a copy. This book contains valuable data in authoritative articles prepared by our Board of Engineers.

Address our nearest branch.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, New York, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Kan., Minneapolis, New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Des Moines

Correct Automobile Lubrication

How to read the Chart

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil to use, as above named. Thus "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil A, "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, etc. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial cars, unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models		1914 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott	Arc	Arc								
Abbott-Detroit			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (8 cyl)					A	A	A	A		
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Apperson	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Auburn (4 cyl)			A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-39)			A	Arc	A	Arc				
"(6-39B)	A	Arc								
" (6-39B) Cont'l	Arc	Arc								
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Briscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (6-40)					A	Arc				
" (6-30)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (F A)	A	Arc								
Cole					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cunningham							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (Mod. C)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (3 & 3½ ton)	A	A								
Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E		
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc		
Empire (4 cyl)	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Federal	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" Mod. S-X	A	A	A	A						
" Special	Arc	Arc								
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Gr. Twelve			A	A	A	A				
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 12 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Hudson					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Super-Six	A	A	A	Arc	A	A				
Hupmobile	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King							A	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Mod. 48					A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Leppard-Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Mod. M			A	A	A	Arc				
" (Mod. N-W			A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
6 Sedan	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Madison	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" 8 cyl			A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
35-70							Arc	Arc		
Mitchell	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 8 cyl					A	A				
Moline-Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Comm'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Paige (4 cyl)							A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc		
" (6-55)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (6-46)			A	Arc						
" (6-40)	A	Arc								
Paterson	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pathfinder			A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " (Comm'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl					A	A	Arc	A		
Renault (French)					A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rider	A	E	E	E						
Roamer	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Saxon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc
" 1½ ton			A	A						
Singlex			A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A
Stearns Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" (8 cyl)	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" 6										
" 2 & 3½ ton	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" ½ ton	A	A								
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (10 valve)	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Willys Six	Arc	Arc	A	A						
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc

Electric Vehicles—For motor bearings and cu[illegible]

(Continued from Page 86)

the plans previously set down—each unit where it belongs, both as affecting the battle line and the entire fleet; and away they go at high speed to whatever point is given them.

The American Battle Squadron has its specified place in each formation, and seeks it at the given time. That place is an important place, a vital place, a real fighting place. When that battle comes, if it does come, there need be no fear that our flag will not be flying in the crush and the thick of it. We'll be right there, precisely and positively and belligerently on our part of the job; and our part of the job is going to be a heavy one. Oh, boy! Wouldn't you like to see it?

After this war is over I suppose there will be a great naval review in which all the ships of all the Allies will take part, and that will be an imposing affair; but with all the grandeur of it it will not compare to the sight of that Grand Fleet plunging out to sea with its war paint on, its guns ready, its war signals flying, and its vast array of force stripped for action. The review will be a parade, a panoply of peace, but this is a panoply of war, grim, terrible, awesome.

The signal comes from the commander in chief. Word is passed by every ship. The decks are alive. Every man from admiral to water carrier is at his post. The pennants snap in the breeze. The bands play. The tarpaulins are stripped from the guns. The ammunition is in place, shells of every caliber ranged near their carriers. The anchors are hoisted. Heavy black smoke belches from the funnels. As smoothly as a trained military force starts on parade those vast ships move out, their broad bows turning foamy furrows in the water, the dull gray of them shadowing the sea. There is activity in the air, on the water, under it. And in long straight formidable lines they surge forward—force—force—power in its highest exemplification.

General Inspection

First line—second line—third line—all down the formation until the rear guard, they smash out to the open sea, each an exact distance from the other, each ready to the minutest detail to play its part, each virile, tremendous. There is a sight to thrill a stone man—the visible inspiring exemplification of authoritative domination. They may be going to the crash of battle, to destruction and death. Or they may be going on a fruitless hunt. Who knows? In either case the spirit is the same. In either case the readiness is complete. And up near the front is the American flag flying at the peaks of American battleships, and the American who sees the sight knows that flag will be well served whatever contingency may rise.

"Glad to see you aboard," said the admiral. "Make yourself at home."

So I camped down on the flagship, and was a spectator for a time of the routine, watching the men at work and at play, and getting the feel of it as best I could. Now it is no picnic these men are on. The sailors get liberty but once in sixteen days, and then only for a few hours. The officers are constantly on duty. The whole ship is at continued tension, as is every ship. The warning may come at any time, day or night. And the ship must be kept ready. Hence the work is unceasing. A battleship is, largely, sufficient unto itself. It provides its own upkeep in all but the larger repair way. It has its own shops, kitchens, hospitals, stores, and all other necessary appliances and appurtenances, from dentists to barbers, laundry and tailors. It has its own accounting department, its own paymasters, its own police, its own musicians. It is an independent versatile institution, operating on its own for its own needs.

Each one of our battleships carries a crew of about fifteen hundred men, and subsists them and uses them in all the various ways necessary. The machinery of organization is complex, but the results of its operation are well ordered and coördinated. An American battleship is cleaner than the majority of private houses—cleaner than the vast majority of private houses—spotless in fact; or if it isn't somebody gets into trouble over the particular spot for which he is responsible. Also its men are clean, and must keep themselves so, both as to clothes and as to person. No lapse is allowed. The discipline of cleanliness is rigidly enforced.

On one Saturday morning I went on the weekly inspection by the captain of the flagship, from top to the bottom of that vast fighting machine. First we inspected the crew, drawn up by divisions on the deck, inspected them fore and aft; and woe was the portion of the gob who had a grease spot on his uniform, or a hole in it, or dirt upon it. He got his. Every man was keenly looked at, and every dereliction inquired into. Each man was supposed to be clean from head to foot, with his hair well cut, his face shaved, and his general appearance healthful. An untoward spot on a man's face called for an explanation, and a rip in the seam of a blouse, ever so tiny, did not escape.

This inspection completed, we went below, and the captain pried into every corner of that ship, searching for dust, for dirt, for any evidence of sloth. He went over it all minutely, into every department, and made the men pull out drawers and open lockers and display the innermost recesses of their paraphernalia. His inspection of the various galleys was microscopic, and he wasn't at all polite to cooks and dishwashers if they were delinquent. The various mess attendants were all at attention when he came along, with their mess tables scoured until they shone, and their tableware spotless. He ran his fingers across the bottoms of big mess pans, looked into the copper coffeepots, and if a mess table showed even the slightest grease the unfortunate who stood beside it was ordered to scrub it again, and report. He turned the tables over, for they have to be as clean on the under sides as on the top, and he poked into every corner of every bathroom, lavatory and compartment. There wasn't a spot a foot square, in all that vast ship, from upper deck to the coal bunkers, that man didn't look into, and he demanded spotlessness all along the line.

He ordered paint here and scrubbing there, but mostly there was no complaint, for the crew know that captain, and they respect his antipathy to dirt. They have to, for he has not the slightest respect for any fondness of it or toleration of it anywhere about his craft. It is the same on all our other ships, for the American theory is that a clean man deserves a clean place to live in and that a clean place to live in helps in the making of clean men. Once a month the admiral inspects all the ships in the same manner, so there is a double check on them, and there isn't a place in any of them that isn't clean and sweet and sanitary; nor an implement, whether for fighting or feeding or for any other purpose.

The King Plays Stoker

The British officers marveled at this finickiness, and at times thought it was show pigeon—done especially for the benefit of visitors. So they took to making surprise calls, but they always found the American ships spotless. One night they thought they had it on the flagship. We had been coaling all day, which is a job that musses a ship frightfully. Next morning early the King of the Belgians, who was visiting the fleet, came aboard, and the British escort thought surely that there would be some signs of the coaling muss. But there were not; the flagship was immaculate. When the American ships get dirtied, by coal or what not, they are cleaned immediately. There is no delay in the matter.

The Belgian King was much impressed of course, and so, later, was the King of England when he came aboard the flagship. The program was for His Majesty to stay half an hour or so, but he stayed much longer and went all over the flagship. He is a sailorman himself, and he was interested and appreciative. He went to the engine room, and to the stoke room, and delighted the stokers by taking a shovel and throwing a scoop or two of coal under a boiler with the true professional swing and skill. Those stokers are all for the King now, and they have the shovel he used on that momentous occasion scoured and hung up in their quarters. A historic shovel no doubt, for it was the first time a King of England ever threw coal under the boilers of an American ship, and probably the last.

As the men are so closely confined to the ships there is much latitude given to their amusements. The band plays each afternoon on deck, and they dance, and they are encouraged to get up shows for themselves. These shows are usually given by divisions or by a combination of the talent of several divisions. There is plenty of talent aboard each ship, not only in the dramatic but also in the pugilistic line, and many

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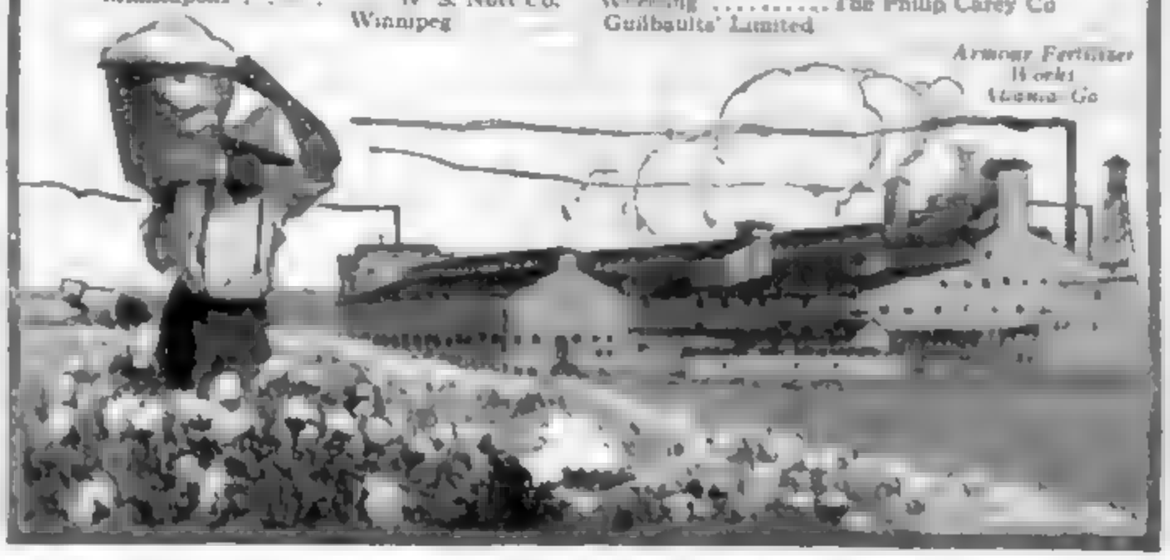

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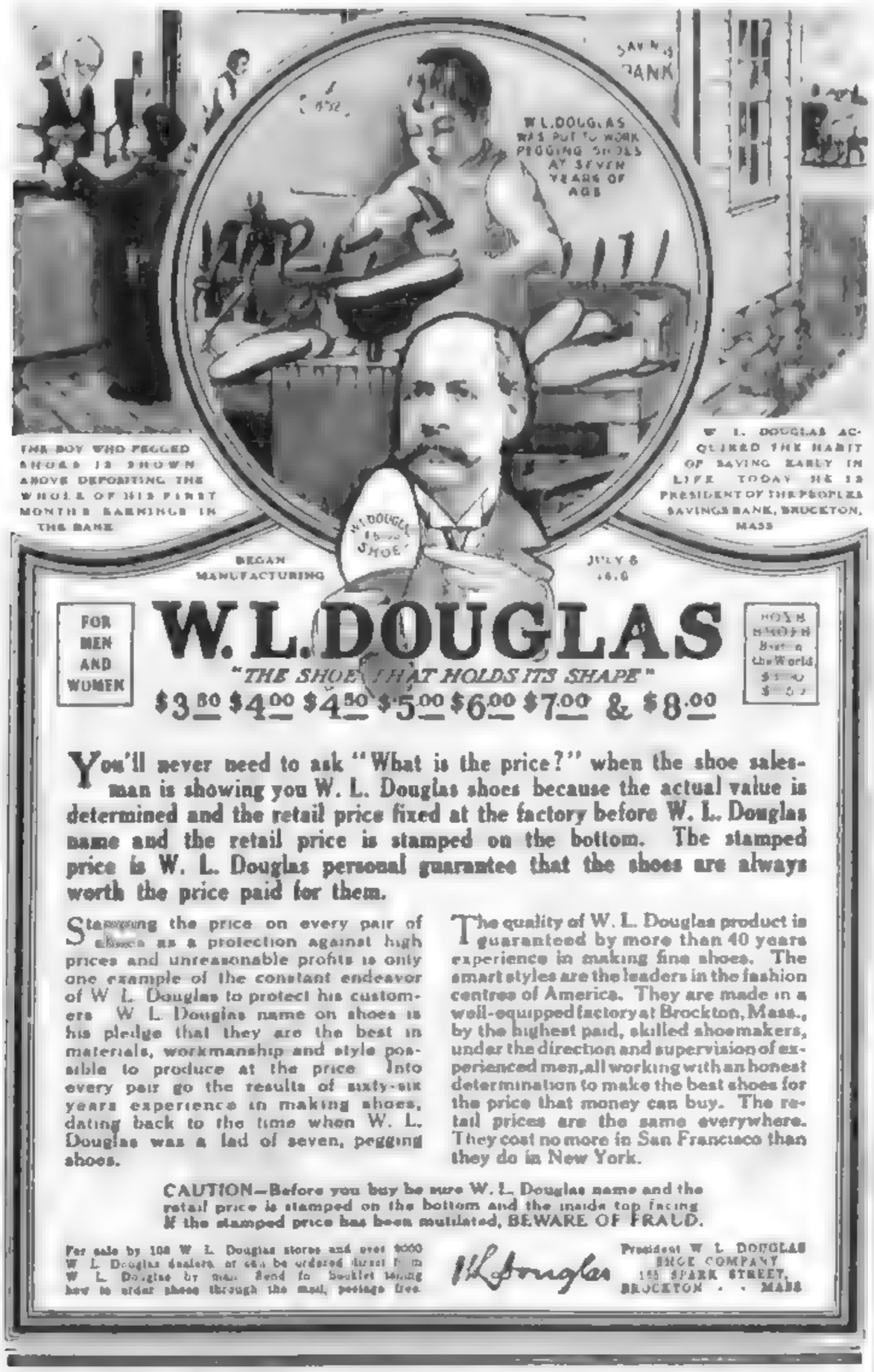
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boxing bouts are put on. The officers have moving pictures mostly for their entertainment, usually shown in the wardroom. The pictures are likely to be old ones, judged by the American standards, but the officers are not critical. Any sort of a movie is a good movie to men who are cooped up on a ship for days at a time.

Sometimes the dashes of the big ships from the haven are short ones, and sometimes the fleet stays out for weeks. They have various rendezvous and stations, apart from the main home base, and when the ships are on these there is nothing to it but sticking to the ship all the time. There are balmier places than the waters adjacent to Germany in the wintertime, far balmier places, softer seas and sunnier skies.

The stories the sailors tell of the seas they meet, of the storms they encounter, of the cold of it all—make one shiver and recall Palm Beach; and they have had but one winter of it as yet. The British have been through four of those winters up there in that gelid area. Life on a war craft then, when out on those seas, is a cold, stern, tough proposition; the coldest and the sternest I know anything about, in exact proportion to the size of the ships. It is bad enough on one of the big fellows, but fancy what the men endure who are on the smaller, down to the smallest craft. Haitch-he-double-hell!

The situation is inexorable when the ships are in battle formation. There can be no stops. The individual counts only as the individual, and not against the mass. If a man is swept overboard when the ships are smashing along out at sea in a storm he is lost. There cannot be a stop of an instant nor a swerving from the course by the variation of half a point, for that would mean, especially the stopping, that the following ships, no great distance astern, would inevitably collide with the ship that stopped, and that probably the ships and many of the men on them would be lost, to say nothing of disorganizing the whole formation and causing endless confusion, and possibly great disaster.

If a man goes overboard his ship sweeps on with naught but a good-by for him from those who saw him go. Nothing can stop them. They must proceed according to the plan. Each commander is responsible not only for the safety of his own ship but in effect for the safety of all other ships, for unless he steers and keeps his own course and distance he may not only destroy himself but others as well. Two sailors on one of our battleships last winter volunteered to go out on one of the turrets during a heavy storm, to make something fast. A tremendous sea swept them overboard. The ship was at the head of our line. It could not stop, nor could the others; and undoubtedly those two lads before they were sucked under were swept past several of their own ships, not one of which could move to help them beyond throwing out life preservers. It seems hard, but it is war; and the safety of fifteen hundred men, to say nothing of a fifteen-million-dollar ship, is in the balance against the individual who has the misfortune.

Will the Hun Come Out?

As in every other war organization there are constant rumors, mostly that the Germans are coming out; and these never grow stale, because the men want to believe them.

Every naval expert has his own opinion on the matter, and airs it. I have no idea whether the Germans will come out or not. There is one thing I do know, however, and that is if they do come out they will meet a fleet that is ready for them, that outnumbers and outmetals them, and that is manned by the finest collection of American and British sailors ever gathered together. I have no doubt of what the outcome will be, for I have seen the American ships and been on them, and I have seen the British ships and been on them; and before the war I saw the German ships and was on them. There is no gainsaying the fact that the Germans are good sailors and have a good Navy, so far as it goes, but it cannot and will not go far enough, for even if the British should lose many of their ships and the Americans all their battle squadron still Germany would be outnumbered, outmanned and outmetaled; and, in addition to that, the United States has many other battleships at home that would be sent there at once to fill the gaps.

This American Battle Squadron, so far as contact with the Germans rests between the two, is merely the first American naval hurdle the Germans must take. I do not think they can take it, but if by any chance they should there is still material in great and powerful array at home to make a second or a third or a fourth hurdle; and while all this hurdle taking is going on the Americans will be doing a few things themselves, to say nothing of the British. It cannot be done; for, if the Americans and the British lose ships, so, too, will Germany lose ships; and Germany has no reserve supply, while the United States has, and so has Britain. Further, even numerically considered, Great Britain could lose half her ships and still outnumber Germany, leaving aside any question of American reenforcement whatsoever.

Still, Germany may try at it. Let everybody hope Germany will! There are stories that the Huns have been perfecting various new methods of attack, including an especially disastrous gas shell, of the tear-making sort, that if properly placed in the interior of a big ship will incapacitate a large proportion of the crew. And that Germany has built many new ships, and so on. However, the British and the American Navies may be trusted to have full cognizance of such maneuvers and are quite likely to be prepared for them, whatever way they may come. All they want is the opportunity. If the Germans do come out a lot of them never will go back.

A Matter of Percentages

In considering the effort of the American Navy in European waters and elsewhere it is necessary that we should keep our perspective, retain our sense of proportion. The American Navy, as I am describing it, in the articles I have written and shall write, is doing its allotted work in foreign waters, and doing that allotted work in excellent American manner and in full accord with the traditions of the service—efficiently, loyally, splendidly; but when compared with the entire naval field our share of the total is small, though being expanded constantly.

For example, in the antisubmarine campaign Great Britain supplies eighty per cent of the destroyers, France six per cent and the United States fourteen per cent. We have only five per cent of the submarines operating here, and three per cent of the miscellaneous patrol craft, while Great Britain has seventy-eight per cent and France seventeen per cent of the submarines and eighty-six per cent and eleven per cent respectively of the miscellaneous patrol craft. Our percentages are even smaller, in fact the smallest, in the Mediterranean.

Of the total number of patrol craft operating in British and Eastern Atlantic waters we supply but five per cent. The British naval aviation service is four and one-half times as large as ours at present, though we are increasing our percentage daily, and it is large as it is. The British have three times as many officers and four times as many enlisted men operating in European waters as the Americans, and this does not include the very great number the British have in their auxiliary patrol service. So far as transports are concerned Great Britain supplies destroyer escorts for seventy per cent of them, the United States for twenty-seven per cent, and France for three per cent.

We supply thirty-five per cent of the cruisers needed for escort of convoys and transports, Great Britain sixty-one per cent and France four per cent. The British Navy also operates in many other ways in protection of our shipping.

These percentages are presented in order that the sense of proportion shall not be lost at home. The United States Navy is playing a great and a glorious part in this war, and in European waters, and is daily expanding its line and strengthening its position, but it is not doing it all, as some home comment has stated.

Together the British Navy and the American Navy have the situation well in hand. The submarine is scotched, if not killed, and the seas are rid of all other German craft, and will remain so. The Americans are operating at top efficiency, in complete harmony with their Allies and with true American spirit. Our ships and our men are ready—ready to the last man and the last ship. That is the keynote of it all. We are ready! Come on, you skulking Hun!

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Fresh meat was in those days hard to get. The refrigerator car had not then been developed, and therefore it was practically impossible to ship perishable meats from the city packing houses into rural communities.

In the larger towns the local meat shops did their own meat dressing, but on the farms each family did its own butchering in the winter and used salted and pickled meats in the summer. The small villages depended on the farms in the winter for what meat they could get.

* * *

Today there is no village so small, and few farms so isolated, that fresh, sweet meat is not regularly available at all times.

This change came with the establishment, by the large packers, of a nation-wide system of meat distribution into the small towns and rural communities.

This system is known as the "Car Route" system. It means that practically every village and small town in America is visited at regular intervals—in many cases as often as three times a week—by refrigerator cars loaded with fresh, sweet meats.

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Thanks to the initiative and progressiveness of America's packing industry, they are no longer confined to an unchanging diet of salted and pickled meats.

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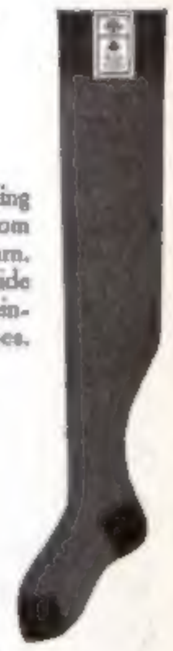

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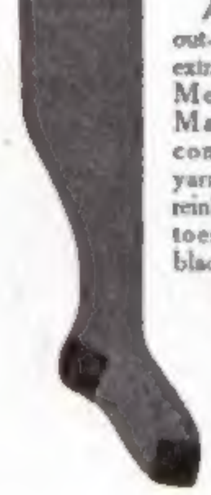
A serviceable stocking for women. Made from soft lisle finished yarn. Medium weight. Wide elastic top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black and white.
Price 25c pair



BIG SISTER
A fine, wide elastic out-size stocking with extra wide elastic top. Medium weight. Made from soft combed lisle finish yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Balbriggan, black and white.
Price 40c pair

"SEE how well they're made!" A glance reveals why you get extra months of wear from Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. Extra fine yarn is knitted with utmost care and finished in a smooth, business-like way so that the superior quality can be seen inside and out, from the wide, elastic top to the smooth even toe.

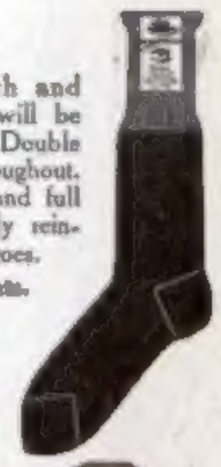
DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

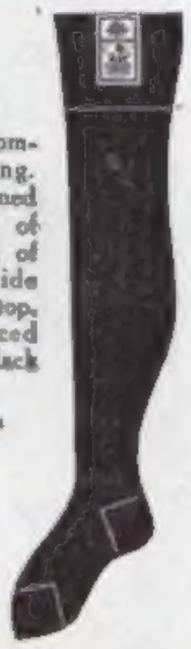
Made Strongest Where the Wear Is Hardest

Every detail of the making of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery receives the same deep study and skillful care. Legs are full length; tops are wide and elastic; sizes are correct; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Your dealer will gladly show you the many different Durable-DURHAM styles—for work, play or dress; for every season; for every member of the family. Look for the Durable-DURHAM ticket on each pair. Prices are 25, 35, 40 and 50 cents per pair.

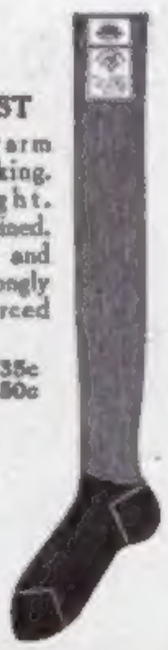
Write to Sales Dept., 88 Leonard Street, New York City, for free catalog showing all styles.



HIKER
Extra warmth and wearing quality will be found in this sock. Double fleecy-lined throughout. Full of warmth and full of wear. Strongly reinforced heels and toes.
Price 35 cents.



ALPINE
A warm and comfortable stocking. Double fleecy-lined throughout. Full of warmth and full of wear. Extra wide and elastic flare top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black only.
Price 35 cents



JACK FROST
A good, warm children's stocking. Heavy weight. Double fleecy-lined. Full of warmth and full of wear. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes.
Sizes 6 to 7½, 35c
Sizes 8 to 10, 50c

Durable-DURHAM
Fleecy-lined Hosiery

Full of Warmth and Full of Wear

No more cold feet or legs, no matter what the thermometer says! Put on a pair of Durable-DURHAM fleecy-lined socks or stockings. Every pair is double fleecy-lined throughout. Extra warmth—and extra wearing quality, too! You can wear Durable-DURHAM fleecy-lined hosiery on the coldest days and your feet will be warm and comfortable.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, DURHAM, N. C.

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